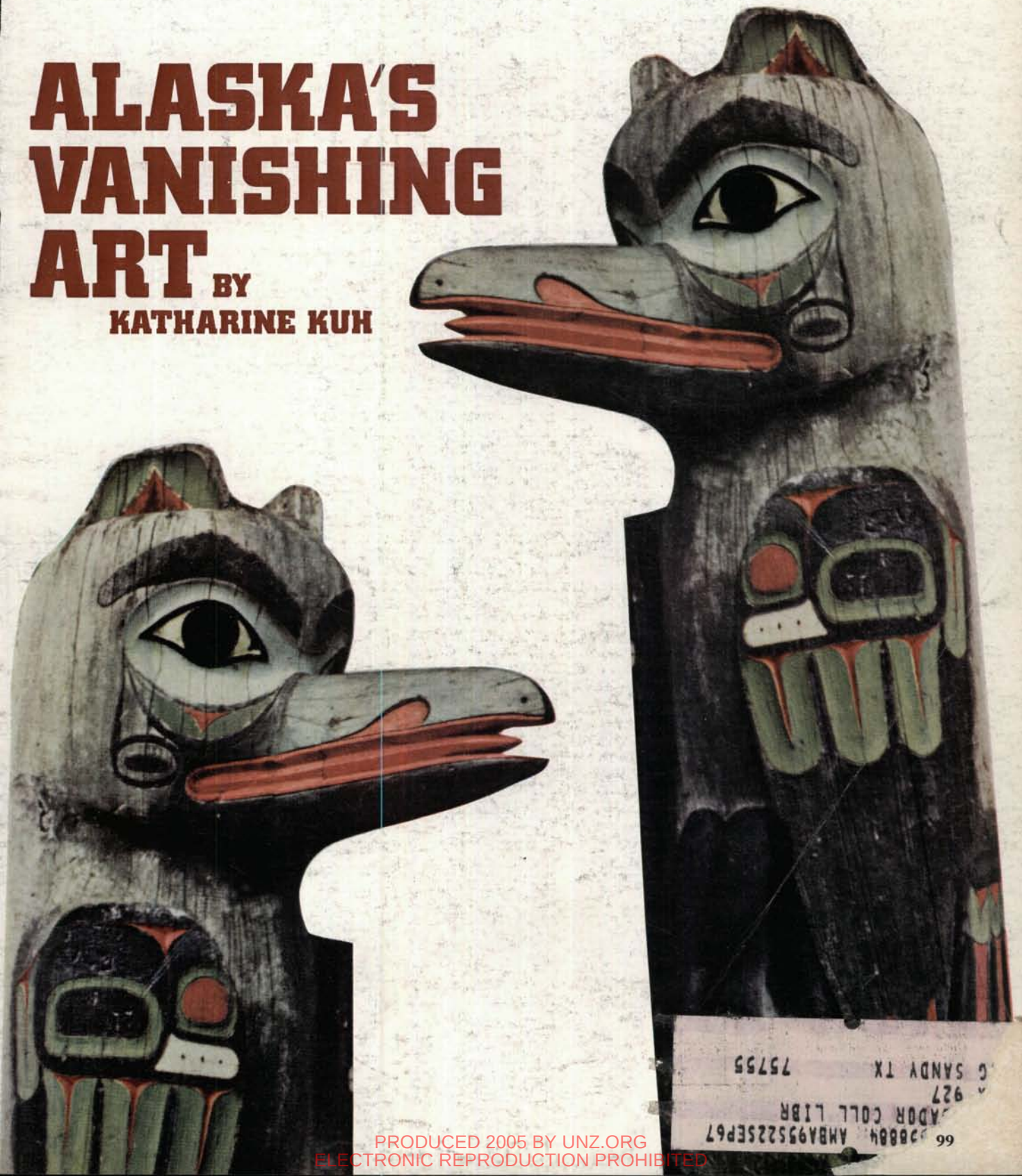
Saturday Review

October 22, 1966 35¢

ALASKA'S VANISHING ART

BY KATHARINE KUH



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Saturday Review

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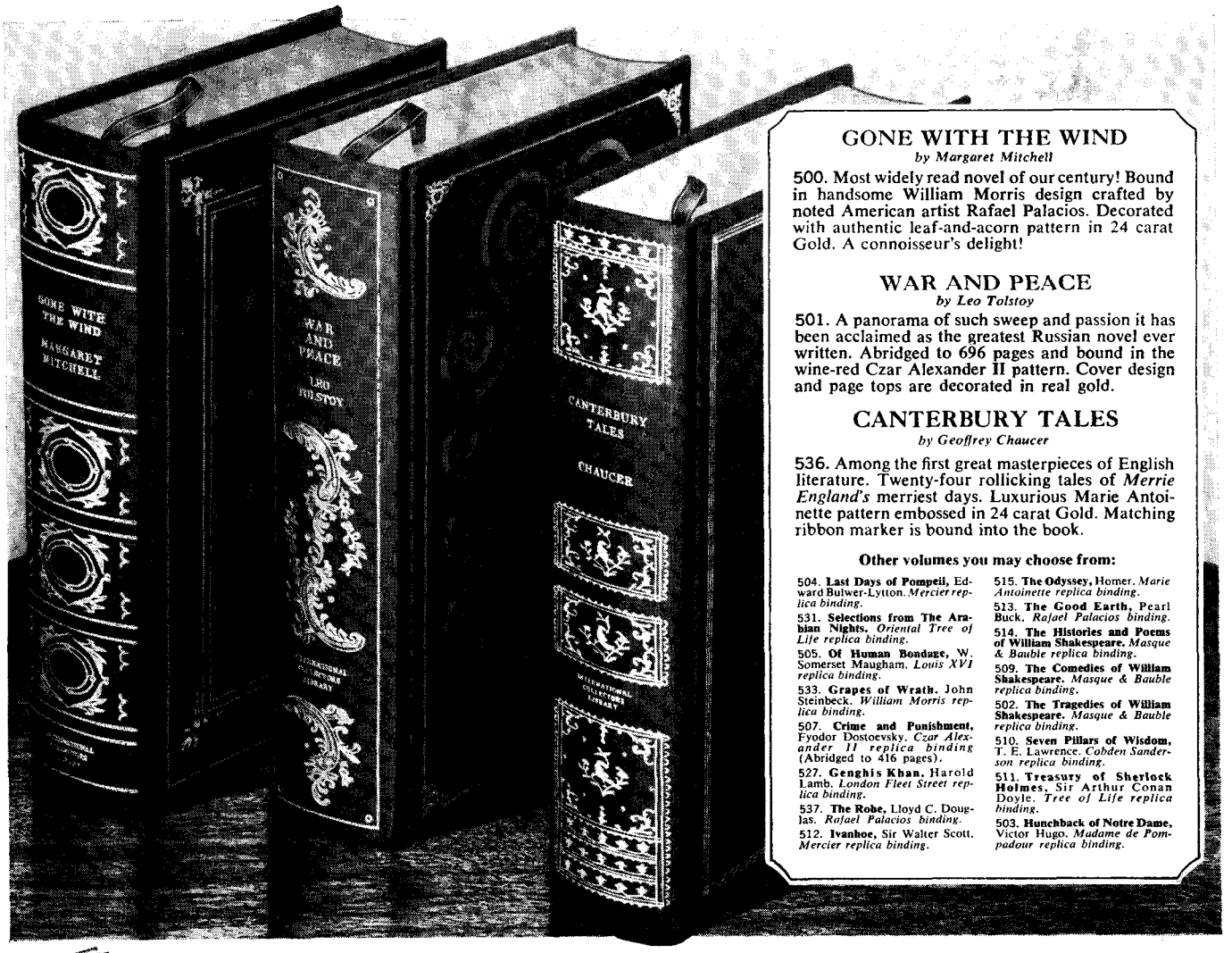

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The Villager

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Rough as Silk

The Amish

The Amish are a surly sect.
They paint their bulging barns
with hex
Designs, pronounce a dialect
Of Deutsch, inbreed, and wink at
sex.

They have no use for buttons, tea,
Life insurance, cigarettes,
Churches, liquor, Sea & Ski,
Public power, or regrets.

Believing motors undivine,
They bob behind a buggied horse
From Paradise to Brandywine,
From Bird-in-Hand to Intercourse.

They think the Devil drives a car
And wish Jehovah would revoke
The licensed fools who travel far
To gaze upon these simple folk.

—JOHN UPDIKE.

There's No Show Business Like City Hall

THE growing popularity of the word ineluctable among writers and radio announcers who are always on the alert for word fashion trends has led me to wonder what ever became of threnody.

Threnody is a good word and in the days when it was stylish everybody used it. Poets loved it; reporters sneaked it into stories, and I remember a friend of mine using it in a magazine piece about Governor's Island to describe the sound of the harbor buoys. It was a godsend to the authors of canned sermons to which so many of the clergy subscribed. It turned up everywhere. Its meaning frequently was distorted, but it was comforting to have around, for it sounded right even when it was wrong. In this respect it was like fantods, a word which may be misused safely since few people know its meaning.

I should say that most people do know what banter means, but banter, as a verb or a noun, can be annoying because it is inconclusive. In *The New York Times* the other day I read that Mayor Lindsay, whom the paper called "a polished performer in his own right," was relaxed in the presence of a couple of show people who dropped in at City Hall. The Mayor, the story went on, "engaged in light banter with reporters."

It seemed to me that the *Times* was cheating its readers. What did the Mayor say? What did the reporters say? The Mayor, we all know, is not only a polished performer but has a superb sense of humor. Recently, when a radio reporter dropped a cigarette butt in front of City Hall, Mr. Lindsay laughingly served him with a summons for littering. And when Deputy Mayor Price, a man who had a large boyhood reputation for teaching fellow public school pupils how to use coat hangers, went to Paris for a week's vacation, Mr. Lindsay waggishly placed an ad in a Paris newspaper urging him to come home.

We also know that Mr. Lindsay, in moments of crisis, can rouse a crowd to rib-cracking laughter by having himself heaved up on the shoulders of four husky youths who apparently stand around for that purpose, and we know with what humorous zest he walked to work during last winter's subway strike, exchanging quips with passersby.

But what about his bantering remarks at City Hall? As Franklin Pierce Adams (1881-1960), better known to an older generation as F.P.A., used to say, "More than forty-nine must be fifty at least" —and how about giving us a sampling of the jokes. After all, New York is the Fun City and as taxpayers we are entitled to share the jollity at City Hall.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Dog at the Kitchen Door

MY WIFE can improvise comedy routines better than any professional comic I've ever seen. She differs from the performing comedians, however, in that her improvisations are unconscious, unplanned, and accidental.

We live in the country and are subject to occasional invasions by small insects and bugs—crickets, beetles of various kinds, spiders, and other creepy-crawlies. When one of these invaders appears on the living room floor, it is our custom to leap up and stomp him to death. The action is usually brisk, because quite often the varmint is the little black cricket, not much bigger than a house fly; he moves and leaps with such rapidity that it is difficult to nail him. It's like trying to stomp on a whirlwind.

One night we were watching television and the light in the room was somewhat dim. Suddenly my wife saw a varmint—it appeared to be one of the crickets. She jumped out of her chair and got it on the first stomp. But just to make certain, she stayed with it

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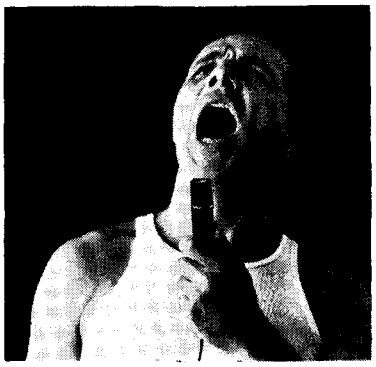
When you're doing your famous imitation of Enrico Caruso, will your next tape recorder be kind enough not to hiss?



Panasonic invents a tiny cartridge tape recorder with a motor you can't hear.

There you are, pouring your heart and soul into "Vesti La Giubba." Giving it all you've got. And there's your tape recorder giving you all it's got, right back.

Hisssssssssss.

Or maybe it's giving off with a buzzzzzzzz. Or, if you're really unlucky, there's a soft bump...bump ...bump...that can drive you right out of your skull.

Panasonic doesn't think that a sensitive artist like you deserves this kind of treatment. So we've done something about it. We've designed the RQ-3100. It's a portable, Solid State cartridge tape recorder with a silent motor.

No big deal. Just a cartridge tape recorder that has sense enough to keep quiet when you're making some noise.

The Panasonic 3100 is made by the same people who make professional studio equipment.

The 3100 gives you the convenience of a cartridge. Your hands never touch tape. All you touch is a button.

You get a battery-powered recorder that plays one full hour per cartridge. With fast forward and rewind. AC adaptable. A remote pencil mike that's button controlled to save you tape. A 2½" PM Dynamic speaker. Long-life batteries. The whole kit and kaboodle weighs just 3¼ lbs. and costs just $79.95* (suggested list price).

Panasonic also makes a great Solid State stereo tape recorder. It's the RS-755.

It has 4-track stereo recording and playback. Two Pencil-type Dynamic Microphones. Separate volume and tone controls for each channel. Two built-in 4" x 6" PM speakers. Pause level and automatic shut-off. Sound *on* sound and Pan-A-Trak sound *with* sound in case you want a Toscanini symphony orchestra playing behind you when you're Caruso.

And it's only $199.95* (suggested list price). At this point you're probably asking: "Who is Panasonic? And can I trust them?" A good question to ask yourself.

Would you trust a company that has 2,500 scientists and research engineers? Panasonic has. Would you trust a company that has more than 40,000 technicians in 72 factories? Panasonic has. Would you trust a company that sells 4,500 products in 120 countries? Holds 14,048 patent rights and designs? Panasonic has.

We design, make, and assemble every vital component in our equipment. So you get quality control ...from start to finish. We don't just put tape recorders together. We *make* tape recorders at Panasonic.

And that's not all. We make TV sets...radios...phonographs...and other appliances, too.

So just walk into any store permitted to carry Panasonic and ask a salesman what he thinks of it.

We have a feeling that after he tells you all about Panasonic, tonight at your house, Enrico Caruso will live again.

Additional stereo speaker system optional

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Ingenious, these PANASONIC

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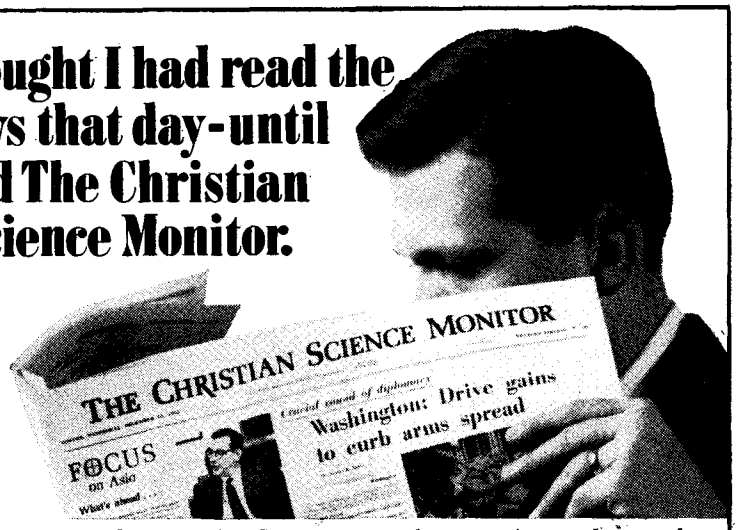
I thought I had read the news that day-until I read The Christian Science Monitor.



When I finished reading my local newspaper that evening and turned to the Monitor, what a surprise I got!

You see, I had never read the Monitor before, although I'd certainly heard of its reputation. I knew that no paper in the world was more respected. Now that I think back, I believe that is probably what scared me off. I think I felt the Monitor might be kind of stuffy and high-brow and hard to read.

But that evening I felt like reading an extra newspaper to help keep me company while my wife was out shopping and picked up a copy on the way home from work.

I'm thankful I did. Because the Monitor showed me I hadn't read *half* of the news that day. And the part I *had* read was probably the less interesting part!

It was almost hard to believe that the Monitor wasn't talking about some other day, perhaps in the future!

Here was a late story on new tensions in Africa. And new word on the Chinese-Russian split. And a story on the Republicans' secret plans for the next Presidential election — why had I missed that one before? And here in the sports section was a witty story on major league spring training.

The Monitor is *easy* to read. Of course, it always treats me as an intelligent adult. But you don't have to be an expert on anything to read it — because the Monitor always *explains*.

And my wife also likes the way it deals with fashions and entertainment.

Throughout this newspaper is news that we read with real interest.

We're still taking our local paper, because it provides good coverage of the news around here. But we wouldn't be without our Monitor — we're the kind of people who hate to miss anything.

(A year's subscription to The Christian Science Monitor costs $24. You can receive a special trial subscription of 100 issues for just $3.93 — less than 4¢ a copy. That's half the usual price.)

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and stomped it five or six more times. Then she got a bit of tissue to pick up the remains . . . and it was a watermelon seed. It had popped out of my plate a half hour earlier. I recorded her heroic feat in the public prints, for the benefit of future historians of social behavior, and it didn't embarrass her at all. She figured it was an error of the type all people commit from time to time.

Now she has another fine exploit to her credit. Since Rufus died we have never kept a dog, but certain neighborhood Fidoes make a practice, now and then, of calling at our back door. We have a box of dog biscuits handy and always throw one out when we have a visitor.

On a recent evening I got a can of beer from the refrigerator, and when I had finished it I put the empty can near the kitchen door. Now, I suppose other people who drink beer from cans know that after the cold metal warms up a little, it often goes *clank* in a loud and unseemly manner. Five minutes after I had discarded that can, it did just that. *Clank!* My wife got out of her chair and went to the kitchen and I heard her open a cabinet. Then she opened the kitchen door and called out, "Here you are, boy!"

She had thrown a bone to a beer can.

—H. Allen Smith.

Reflections on Corn Silk

I WONDER if having that first cigarette is as daring a feat as it once was? I doubt it. Any youngster who really wants to can get a filter cigarette as easily as a chocolate bar. Vending machines brought this progressive change to our world.

My first cigarette was made of corn silk and it took a lot of guts to finish it. If anything ever needed a filter, it was corn silk. It also could have used one of those Indian water pipes. Corn silk was really a man's smoke. It shriveled your tonsils, dried up your nasal passages, and heated your pipes like nothing ever had before. If you smoked enough of it in one day, your eyeballs bled and the smoke came out of your ears.

It was usually wrapped in newspaper. Anyone who tried to get some roll-your-own paper was suspect, so newspaper filled the bill. It also filled the mouth with a foul taste. But none of the guys who smoked behind the barn would ever admit it.

What we usually did was go into a corn field and pick the dry silk from the ripe ears. If a new boy came around before the silk was dry on the ears, and the gang thought it was necessary to impress him, the corn silk got picked earlier.

(*Continued on page 71*)

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The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one.

We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

It will average an honest 35 mpg.

It has a liquid cooling system that is infinitely quieter than air-cooling, yet it will not boil or freeze.

The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

Yet it costs only $1647.*

Now the bear is on the ground.

If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.

RENAULT

The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast, P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. *Whitewalls optional. Automatic Transmission $165 additional.
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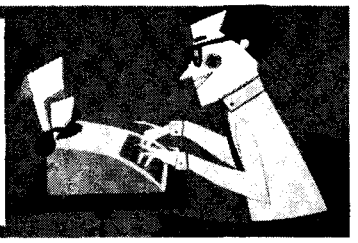
Top of My Head



Charity Begins

And now abideth faith, hope, and charity; these three. . . .

AND THE GREATEST of these is hope.

I hope I don't get any more invitations to what are charitably called charity luncheons, which are diabolically designed by paid workers to aid youth and other sicknesses of our society.

It's not that I'm not a charitable man. I have compassion for my fellow man, empathy for the crusades, commiseration for the underprivileged, and an auditor's advice that it is all deductible. It's the chicken a la king I resent.

I have the heart for it but not the colon: It becomes irritated as I am irritably embarrassed at these luncheons into giving an inordinate amount because my luncheon partner has publicly announced he was giving an inordinate amount. I feel certain that an inordinate percentage of all these inordinate amounts is contributed to the paid workers who send out the invitations.

I admit modestly that I am rather popular in the mailing-list field. One, in particular, comes every year. I can tell it at a sniff—that chicken a la king. It is drenched in its goo; and my colon telegraphs it to my brain, and yet I open it. This year's was gold embossed. I must have given inordinately more last year than I remembered.

The invitation was for a luncheon to be held on Thursday, November 4, and this year it included a space for either acceptance or rejection. They don't want to be left with one extra chicken a la king; so I courageously decided this year that I'd fill in my rejection and would send a small un-inordinated check.

"I can't make it on Thursday, November 4," I lied, "because on Thursday, November 4, I have an appointment with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. I claim they have misread some of my figures, and they claim I've misread their ability to catch me at it. They feel we should sit around a peace table and negotiate. The question will be whether they should recognize me, or escalate the war against me. So, you see, Thursday, November 4, is a tough day for me. I may be in duress vile or in too vile a mood to go to lunch. I will send a check in due course."

Done! Two days later came a phone call, the follow-up to my letter. It was the man who had sent the gold-embossed invitation.

"Got your letter. Sorry you're having trouble with the income tax people on Thursday, November 4."

"Well, death and taxes, you know," I laughed bitterly. "But that's the way the cookie crumbles."

"That's Thursday, November 4?" he asked again.

"That's the date—Thursday, November 4," I replied, hoisting my own petard. "Any other day but Thursday would have been fine."

"I'm glad to hear that," he said. "That's a mistake in the invitation. It's Friday that is November 4. Not Thursday, which is the third."

"How's that again?"

"It's a mistake we made. You're busy Thursday, but the luncheon is Friday. So you can be there. OK?"

Well, it's rather difficult on the spur of the moment to ad lib your way out of something like that. I could have said that I had made the same mistake he did. My appointment was for Friday. I did say it.

"I made the same mistake you did," I said. "It's Friday, November 4, instead of Thursday, which is not the fourth."

He laughed.

"But I made that mistake on purpose," he said. "You see, every year we get a lot of turn-downs from people who suddenly find they're busy on the day of our luncheon, so when they write to explain why they can't get there on Thursday we tell 'em it's Friday. Hard to get out of that one, isn't it?"

"Yes, I imagine it is rather—"

"Oh, we didn't mean you. Because you're always there. You're one of our preferred clients. I know you'll be there. We always look forward to seeing you there with your inordinate contribution. So I'll see you there Friday, right?"

"Yes, see you at the chicken a la king."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. No chicken a la king this year."

"No? What is it?"

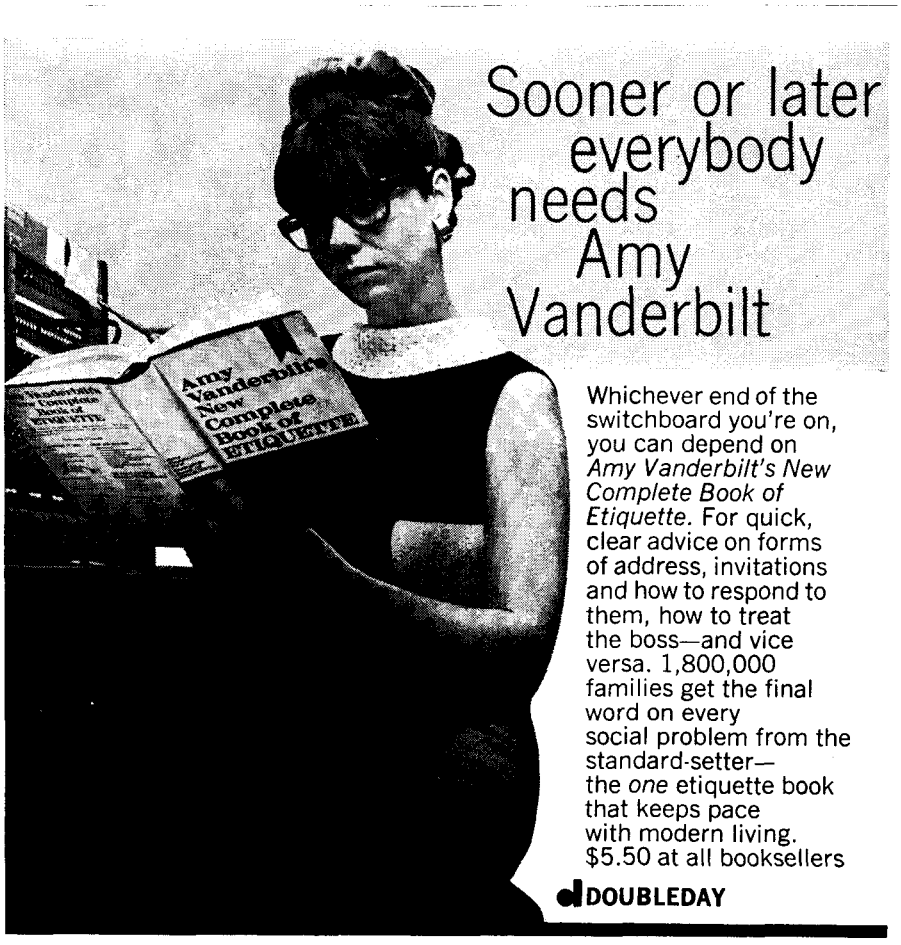
"Chicken fricassee."

"Chicken fricassee?"

"That's right. You'll love it. Come early. So long."

Chicken—fric—assee. . . . Will you excuse me a minute, please?

—GOODMAN ACE.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Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see–and be seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renato Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.

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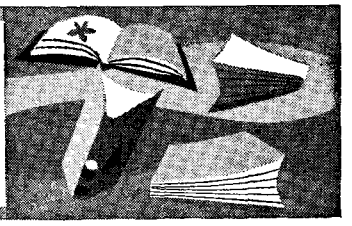
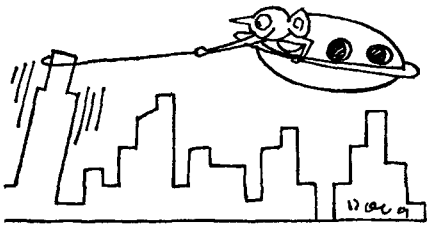
Trade Winds



In a front-page story *The New York Times* reported on September 23, 1966, that the Fawcett Building at 67 West 44th Street, New York City, had the day before been subject to "mysterious vibrations." The building had started shaking at 2:45 p.m., causing window-sill plants to jiggle, water to slosh in glasses on desks, and lamps to jump up and down. By 3:30 the 450 workers in the building had been evacuated to the street, while the city building inspector toured the structure. He found nothing out of line. Everyone went back to work the next day.

No explanation has been given for the mysterious vibrations. However, it is worth noting that the top seven floors of the twenty-two-story building are occupied by the Fawcett Publishing Company, a firm which publishes, among other things, *True* magazine. That is the magazine which only two months ago printed a very long condensation of a book about a recent incident involving flying saucers. Is another world retaliating?

An investigation showed that there had been no blasting that day on the nearby subway construction job. Furthermore, the Fordham University seismograph recorded nothing unusual. There was speculation that the blame might be placed on underground slides caused by the heavy rains of the previous day. But the owner of the building pointed out that it was built on solid granite only fifteen years ago. What's more, no other edifice in the area budged an inch that day. In other words, *there is no explanation for the trembling of the Fawcett Building that logically fits into our past experience.*



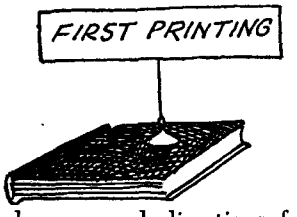
We must look to another dimension for the answer. It is apparent that the Fawcett Building was singled out for a visit by an Unidentified Shaking Object. Just what it is, and where it comes from, we don't know yet. But it is to be hoped that more facts will be forthcoming. If anyone has observed any mysterious vibrations, please let us know the time, place, and circumstances.

A young lady I know returned to Michigan to visit relatives, and reported this story to me. One evening she found herself at a social function attended by numerous neighbors. At one point they all seemed to be discussing the devices that opened their garage doors automatically. When you drive up to the garage, you press a button in the car and the door goes up. Then you can lower it the same way after you're inside.

It's done by short wave, and everyone seemed to have had some trouble because the wave lengths in the area often got crossed. Sometimes a door would start going up and down in the middle of the night, unasked. Or, a neighbor would press the button and someone else's door would respond.

One man at the party didn't contribute a word to the conversation, and someone finally asked him if he had had any similar experiences. He explained that he didn't own any such automatic device. The others looked at him for a moment in what seemed to be bewilderment. Finally, someone said: "Then how do you open your garage door?"

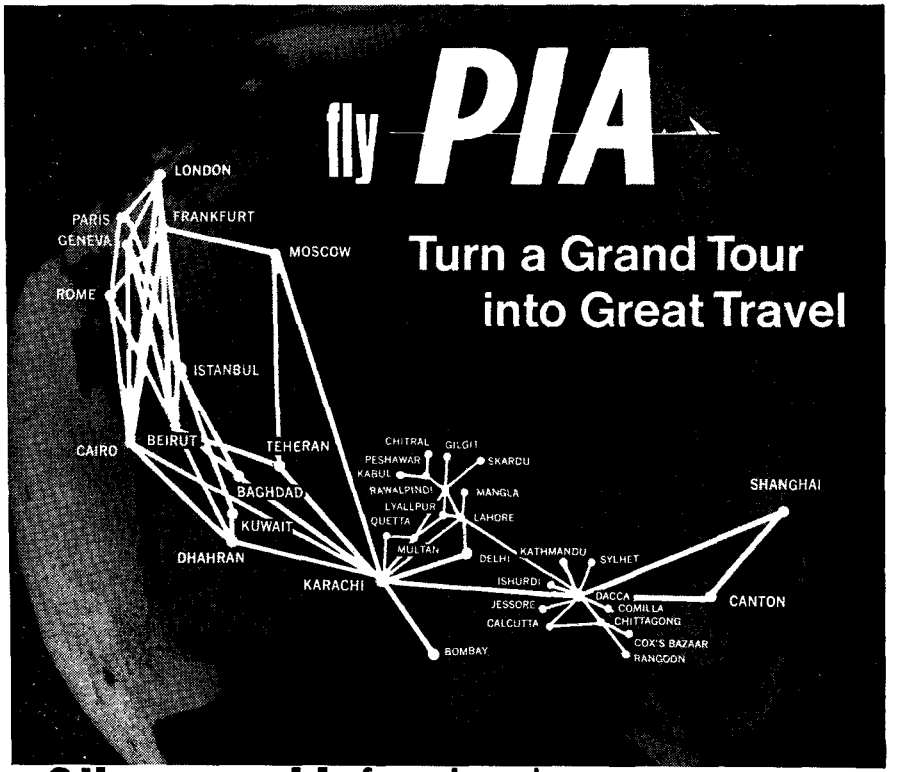
I saw an advertisement in a Sunday newspaper for a *Toll Gate Book*, which



included maps and directions for the best way to avoid toll gates in the Northeast part of the country. The ad said you could drive on the parkways, thruways, and turnpikes, yet by judicious use of back roads save lots of money on tolls.

I sent $2 for the book. After a couple of months, my check came back. I tried to get in touch with the publisher to find out why, and he didn't have a phone. I went through the newspaper and got hold of the people who had placed the ad. I made such a nuisance of myself that they finally revealed why I didn't get my *Toll Gate Book*.

There was no such book. And there



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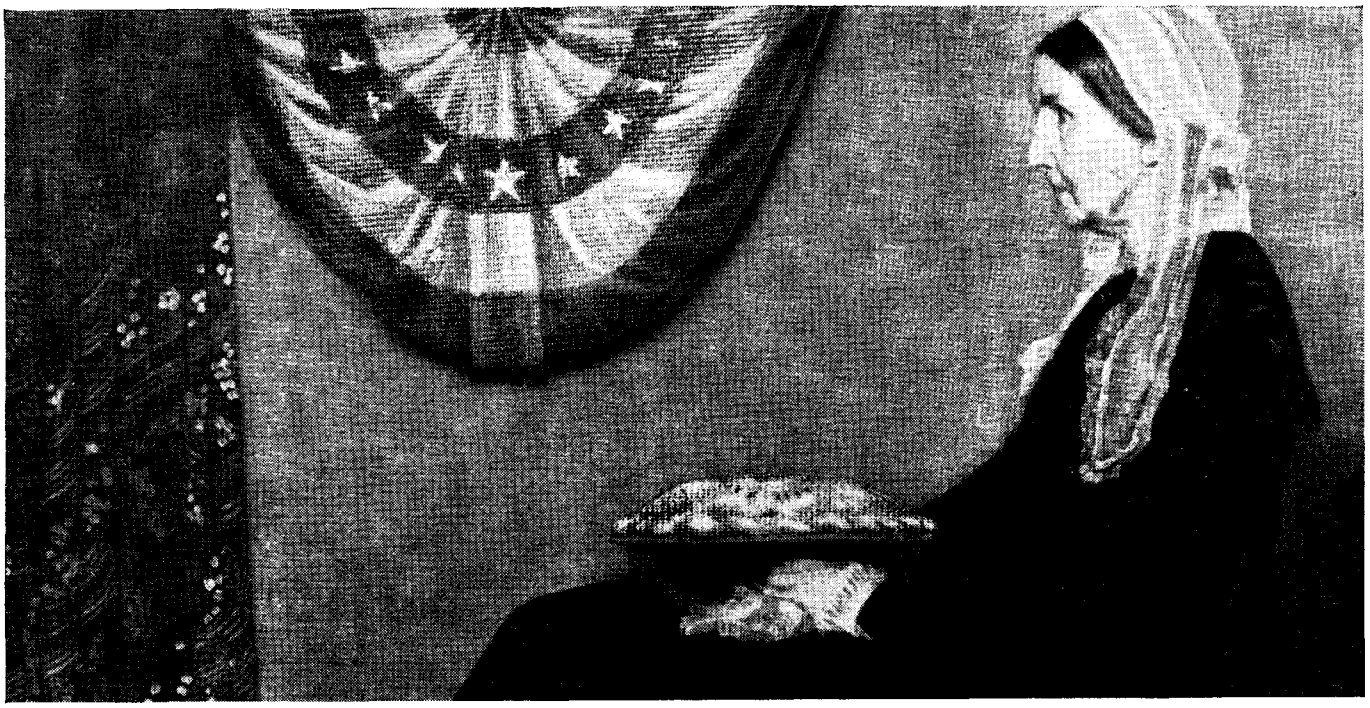

Is education becoming like mother? and apple pie? and the American flag?

Is it becoming one of those nice things
people are in favor of
but do little about?
At Central National we are concerned.
Because we feel education is not one of those nice things.
It is something more.
It is freedom.
Over the tiger. And the rainstorm.
And the drought. And the virus. And the machine.
And ultimately it is freedom over ourselves.
Why does a bank in Cleveland care about education
and freedom and wish to support them significantly?
Because we're in business.
And business is what people naturally get into.
But only when they're free enough to do so.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK OF CLEVELAND

Ohio's Lively Bank Member F.D.I.C.

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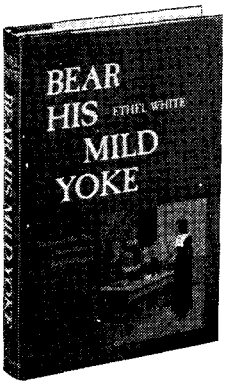
In 1660, Mary Dyer was publicly hanged on Boston Common



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wasn't going to be one. The ad was placed to see if there was enough interest in knowing how to avoid toll gates. If enough people had paid $2 then the operators would have rushed out and put together a *Toll Gate Book*. Not only did the response fail to justify going ahead, but I was the only cheapskate who had ordered the book.

Sharps and Flats: A good many of my high school and college friends were killed in World War II. Now those that weren't, I notice in the papers, are starting to lose their own sons in this one. Which is worse?

► Bernard Shaw said, "It is an instinct with me to attack every idea which has

been full-grown for ten years, especially if it claims to be the foundation of all society."

► Do you know what Robert Louis Stevenson's first published work was? *A New Form of Intermittent Light for Lighthouses.* It was a paper prepared when he was studying to follow in the footsteps of his father and grandfather. They were in a rather specialized business: They built lighthouses.

► Another one of those epistle books is in the works. It's entitled *Letters from the FBI.*

► Why doesn't someone design a decent-looking gas station?

► Bob Orben says he can't wait to see that motion picture about socialized medicine in Britain—*Born Free.*

► Rose Hoffman remarks: Show me a Klan member and I'll show you a man who's rotten to the CORE.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1697)

(ANGELO) PELLEGRINI:
IMMIGRANT'S RETURN

(Quotation suggested by Mrs. Everett St. John)

When we came to America, such fancy realities as freedom, opportunity, education were values of human dignity which existed only vaguely as wonderful privileges in the world of *citizens*, to which we, as peasants, had never been admitted.

Chess Corner—No. 106

THE world champion, Tigran Petrosian of the Soviet Union, a modest man, once said: "I try always to play perfect chess." Implicit in the remark is an adherence to a refinement of style which relies on positional nuance above all and inhibits tactical risks. But it worked out indifferently for the world's best player during the recent Piatigorsky Cup Tournament in Santa Monica.

In that 10-man field, 18-round double-round robin, Petrosian achieved only an even score: He won three games, lost three and drew the others.

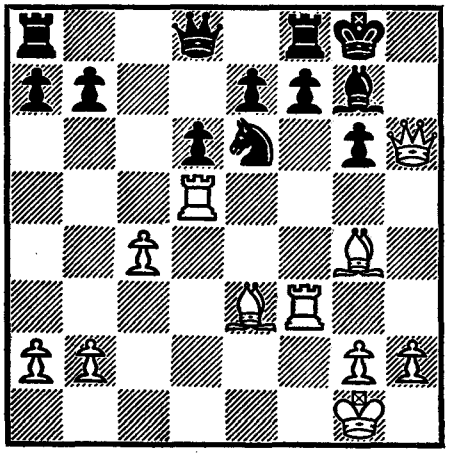
Two of his defeats were at the hands of the doughty Dane, Bent Larsen, who, if sometimes carefree in matters of technique, is always confident, imaginative and aggressive. The following game is characteristic.

Never has a world champion been so caught with his pawns down as was Petrosian as Black in this Sicilian Defense against Larsen.

A profound conception, based on niggling tactics, triggered the irrefutable 25 QxP. The continuation of the most startling move in the entire event was crystal clear.

SICILIAN DEFENSE

Larsen White	Petrosian Black	Larsen White	Petrosian Black
1 P-K4	P-QB4	13 QR-Q1	B-QB3
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	14 N-Q5	R-K1
3 P-Q4	PxP	15 P-B4	N-B2
4 NxP	P-KN3	16 P-KB5	N-R3
5 B-K3	B-N2	17 B-N4	N-B4
6 P-QB4	N-B3	18 PxP	RPxP
7 N-QB3	N-KN5	19 Q-KB2	R-KB1
8 QxN	NxN	20 P-K5	BxP
9 Q-Q1	N-K3	21 Q-R4	BxN
10 Q-Q2	P-Q3	22 RxB	N-K3
11 B-K2	B-Q2	23 R-B3	B-B3
12 O-O	O-O	24 Q-R6	B-N2



25 QxP!	N-B5	28 RxR	K-R1
26 RxN	PxQ	29 R-N5	P-N4
27 B-K6ch	R-B2	30 R-N3	Resigns

—AL HOROWITZ.

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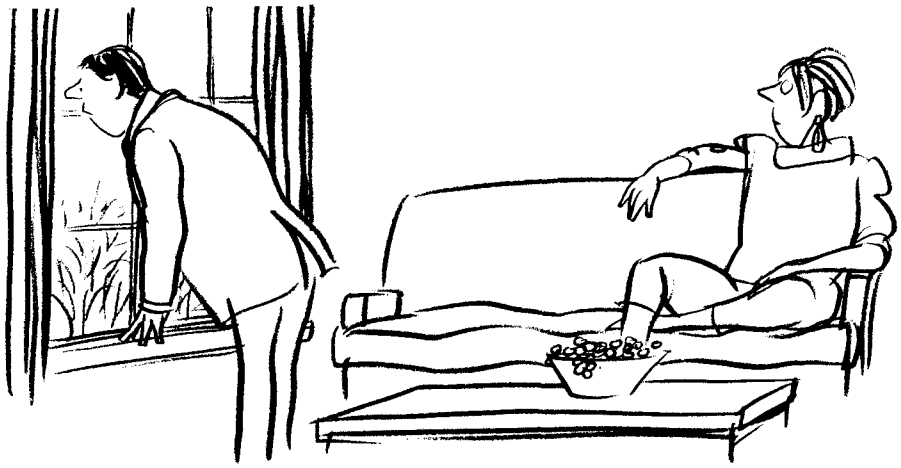
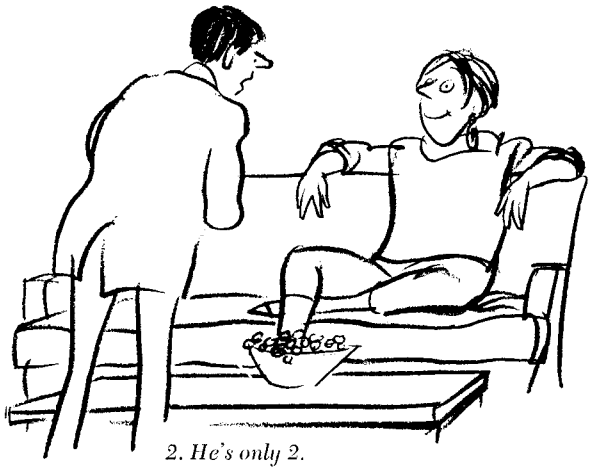


1. *Don't you think Freddie's a little young to be selling lemonade?*

It's high time he learned the economic facts of life.



2. *He's only 2.*

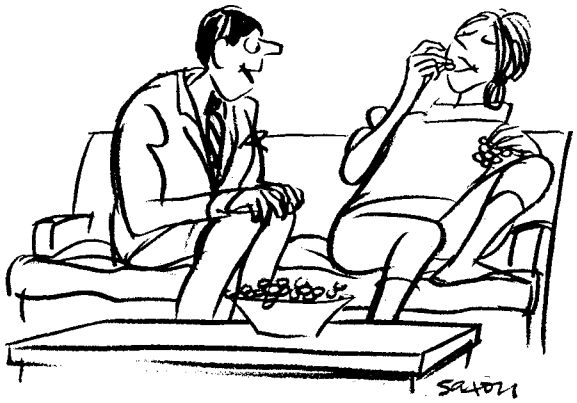
But big for his age.

3. *And what's that mess Jane is making in the kitchen?*

Baking is a useful skill. She's past 3, you know.

4. *Wouldn't they be better off making mudpies?*

We have to have something to fall back on should something happen to you. I myself am taking up tailoring—I shortened all your trousers today.



5. *Wait a minute! If I died, my Equitable Living Insurance would provide for you and the kids. You'd have money to live on, to pay off the mortgage, even educate the kids.*

I wonder how you'll look with your ankles showing?

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

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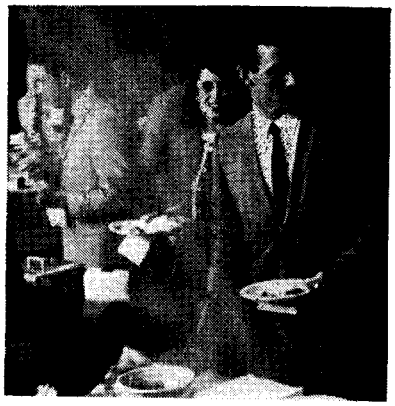

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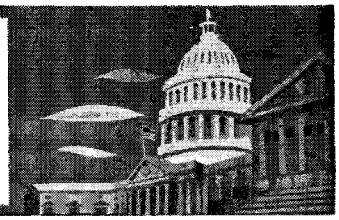
WFF'N PROOF

State of Affairs



European Notebook—I

WESTERN EUROPE is afflicted with many of the same problems that are plaguing the United States. Inflation and traffic are the worst. Prices in most countries, especially France, are almost as high as in the United States and, as a consequence, labor unrest is rising. Britain is trying to cope with the situation by imposing a drastic wage and price freeze. The West Germans have resorted, not unlike President Johnson, to stringent credit restrictions. Spain, which once had one of the lowest price levels in Europe, is also suffering from inflation. There are no bargains in the shops of Madrid or Barcelona, but at least French and German tourists find hotel prices still cheaper than in their own countries.

The English still come; they yearn for the sunshine. The Spanish coastline, once so beautiful, is being fearfully exploited by real estate speculators, and parts of it already look as spoiled and vulgar as the worst parts of Florida or California. Real estate has become so expensive that few people can now afford to buy land to build small villas. Hence, high-rise apartments are going up everywhere.

Spain compared to, say, Italy still looks poor, and yet, at least comparatively, it is quite prosperous. The great unknown that troubles most Spanish people and that overhangs the hope for further economic improvements is what will happen after Franco. A similar question is being asked in France about de Gaulle. The question of succession does not trouble the British or the Germans or the Italians. It is only acute where dictators or near-dictators rule.

One serious American problem that is not yet being felt in Europe is insecurity in the streets. It does not occur to one walking through the narrow streets of Florence or the English Garden in Munich or the harbor area in Barcelona or the badly lit streets of Vienna that there is danger lurking. Children are still safe in the streets and women don't seem to be exposed to attacks as they are in many of the big American cities. This does not mean that crimes do not occur, but there is a greater sense of safety in the cities of Europe.

* * *

ITALIAN BUSINESSMEN, industrialists, and politicians have never been less worried about the Italian Communist party than they are today. Not only is it losing electoral support, it is also deeply divided within itself. It mirrors the conflicts and contradictions of world Communism. And so Western Europe's biggest Communist party is in trouble. Only two years ago some of the most important members of the business community thought that a deal would have to be made with the Communists by letting them into the cabinet. They saw no other way of preserving some sort of political stability. Now the idea is forgotten.

* * *

SOCIOLOGICALLY, one of the most far-reaching steps the Soviet Union has taken recently is the decision to increase the production of motor cars. Fiat, the brilliantly managed Italian car manufacturer, has been entrusted with building in the Soviet Union not far from Moscow, a factory which by 1970 is expected to produce 600,000 compact cars of a sturdy, conventional type, the four-seater Fiat 1300. This means that together with the existing and expanding Russian production facilities the total output by 1970 is expected to reach 1,000,000 cars. This is still very small compared to American production figures, but for the Soviet Union it is something of a "leap" forward. It means that Khrushchev's idea of relying on a car rental system has been discarded and that the social and political pressures for private cars are becoming irresistible. The production of cars, of course, is only the beginning. It means that pressures for better roads, for parking facilities, for garages, for repair shops, and, above all, for more cars, have only begun. For

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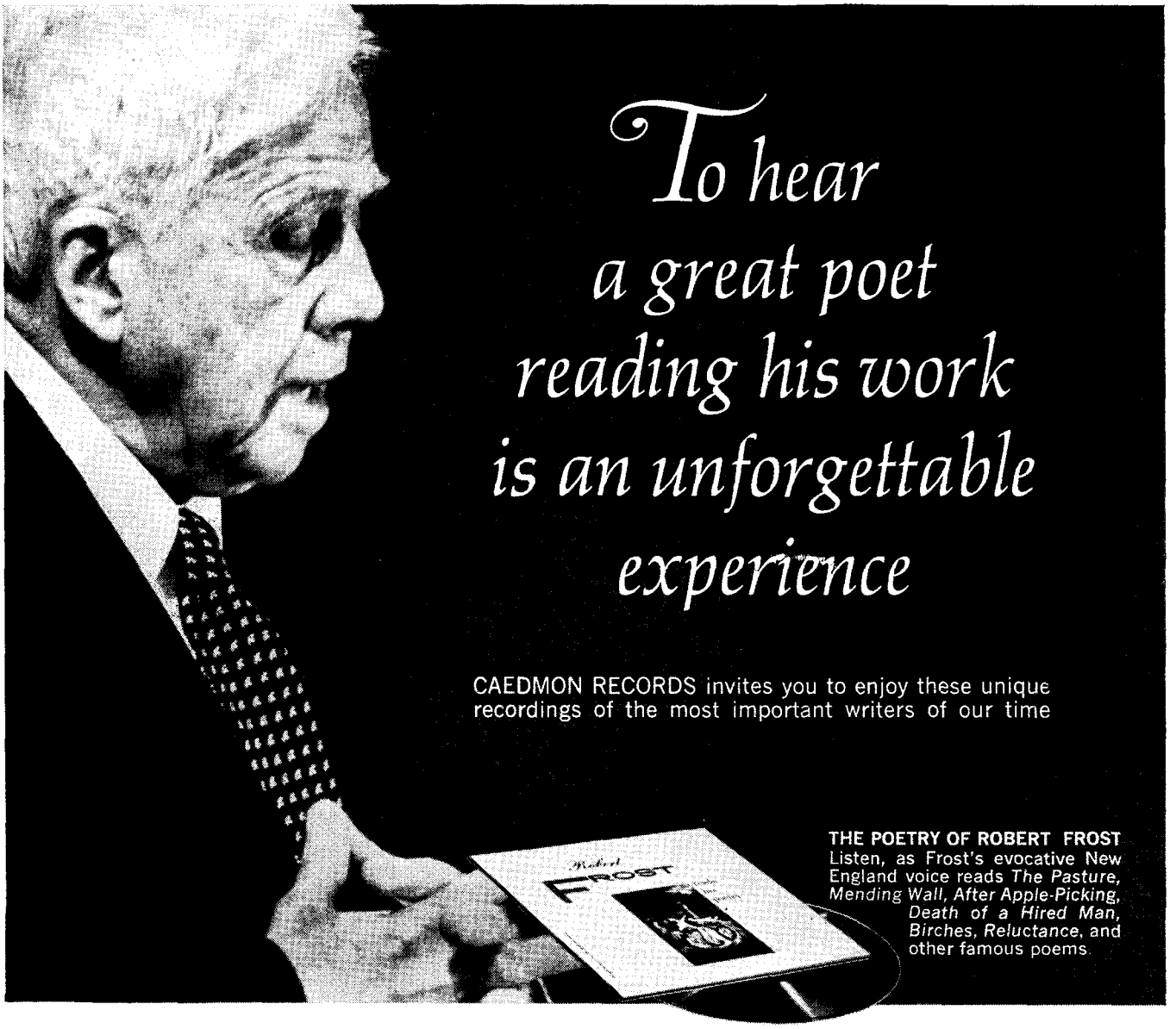
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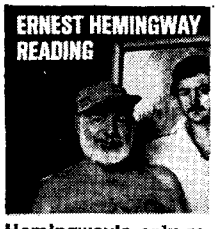
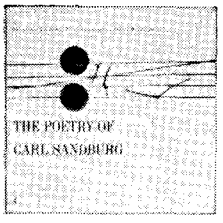
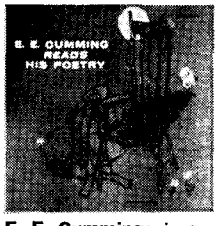


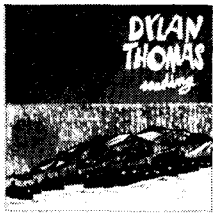
Hemingway's only recording! Includes *Second Poem to Mary, The Fifth Column, In Harry's Bar in Venice,* other works.



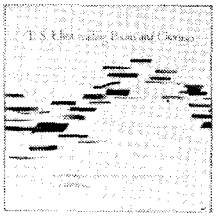
Carl Sandburg reads *Windy City, In Tall Grass, Four Preludes, Southern Pacific,* and other well-known poems.



E. E. Cummings in selections from his poetry, including *when god decided to invent, Santa claus, i say no world.*



Dylan Thomas in a lyrical reading of *A Child's Christmas in Wales, In the White Giant's Thigh,* and other poems.



T.S. Eliot interpreting a choice selection of his poetry, including *Prufrock, Portrait of a Lady, Ash Wednesday, Marina.*

William Faulkner reads his famed *Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech,* selections from *As I Lay Dying,* and other works.

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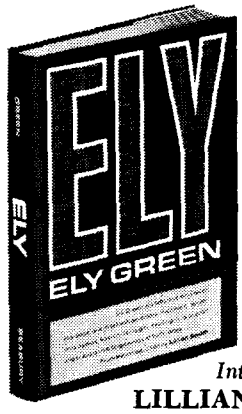

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the taste comes with the driving. And even though it is not the beginning, it is another significant sign of the Soviet Union's going middle class.

* * *

A CLEVER, VIVACIOUS Italian drama critic told me that, for a change, he will step across the footlights and direct an opera and a play this season. He thinks it is a good thing for a critic to have this experience. "Anyway, what is culture today?" he asked. "It is simply a belief of 'why not?' 'Why not?' That's what everybody seems to be saying to himself. It accounts for that fearful mélange of values. I hope my ventures on the stage will be big flops. Then they will get a lot of publicity. People will be talking about them and will want to see them. But if they're only little flops nobody will take any notice. At any rate, I am saying to myself 'why not?' and it gives me courage."

* * *

I SAW Margot Fonteyn and Nureyev dance in La Scala. It is still the most beautiful opera house in the world. Especially the moment before the curtain rises, when all the lights are dimmed except for those in the boxes, is of great and delicate beauty – it's like looking into a jewel box. And even its blasé audience was enraptured by the two dancers.

* * *

BRITAIN'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE does not count for very much these days on the Continent. Its entry into the Common Market seems far off. It is economically too weak, say the Europeans—especially the French. Some of the lack of confidence is due to the resistance among trade unions to the government's price and wage freeze, some to the belief that the Wilson government is not strong enough to resist these trade union pressures. It is somewhat reminiscent of France in the early Fifties: a weak government and an indifferent public.

There is a curious *je m'en fiche*-ism among the English, foreign visitors report, a continued lack of realization among the people that they must work harder, that things are really bad. There are reports current in London that people are buying gold in all forms as an insurance against devaluation. (This used to be a French habit.) However, in cultural influence, which used to be a French preserve, the British seem to be leading. British painters, sculptors, and especially dramatists are very much in demand. Seven plays by British authors, all under forty, are a rather remarkable phenomenon of the opening of the Paris theatrical season.

(To be continued)

—HENRY BRANDON.

"You honestly don't remember me, Mr. Dunlop? I'm Grogan, number two man on your black list."

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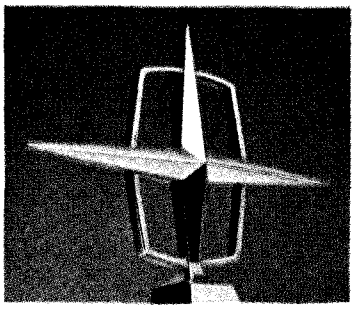

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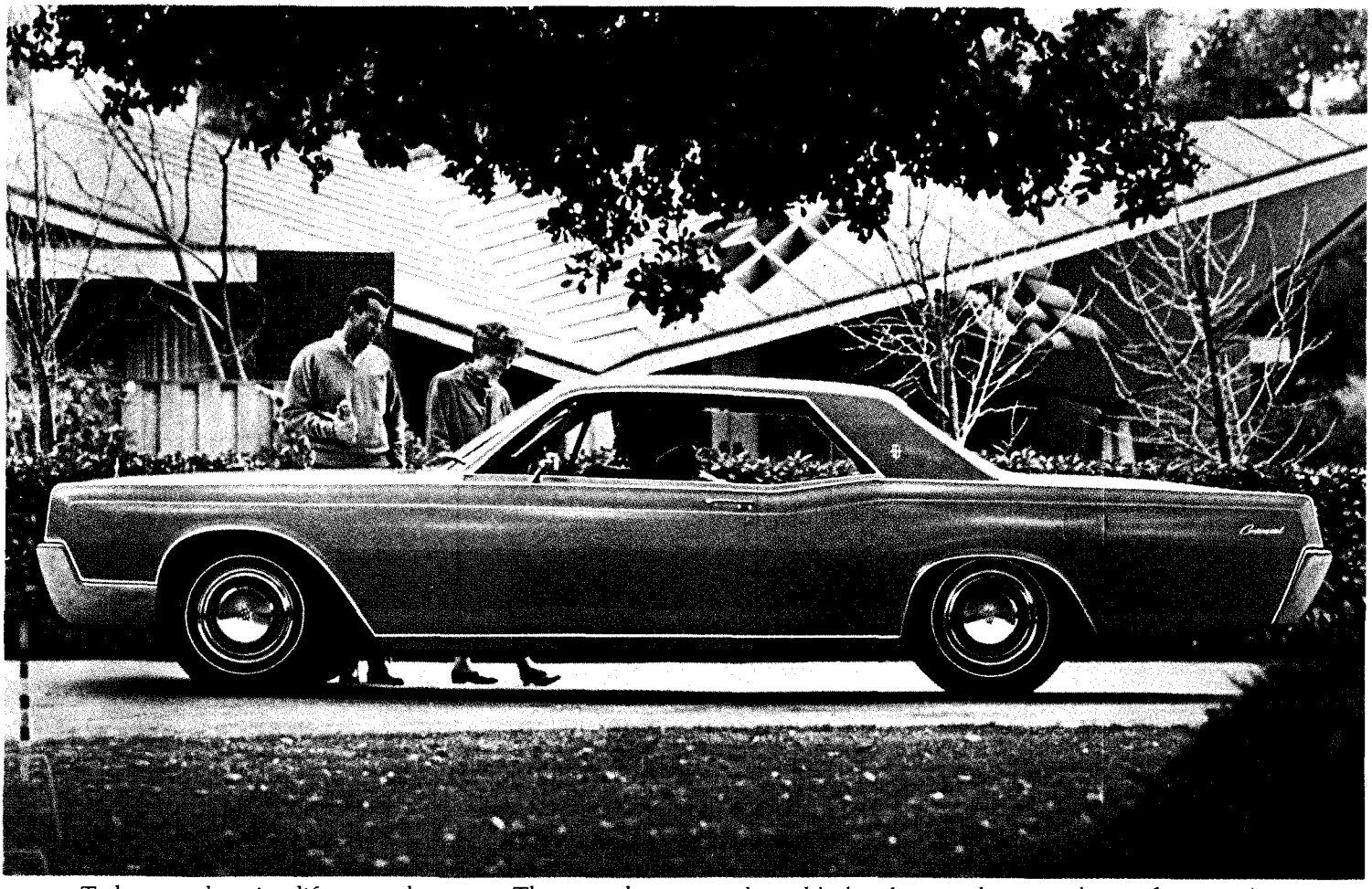

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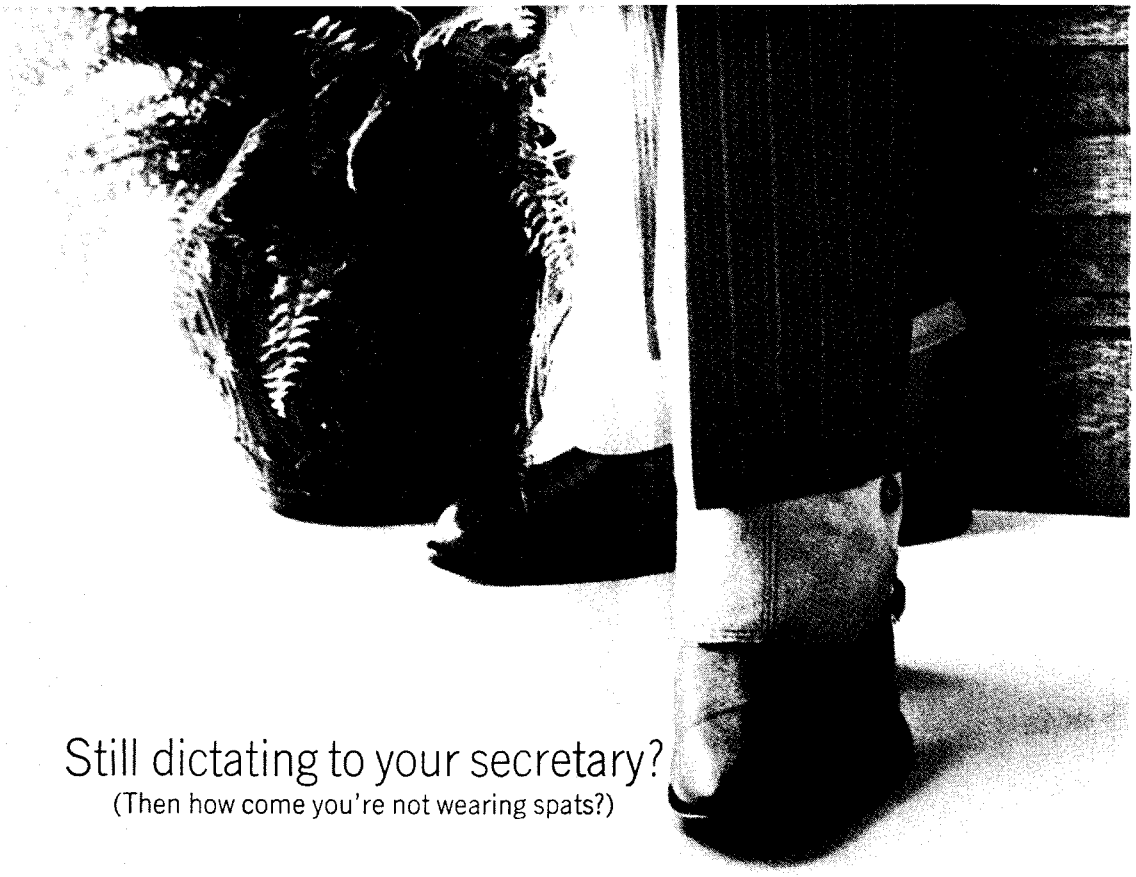

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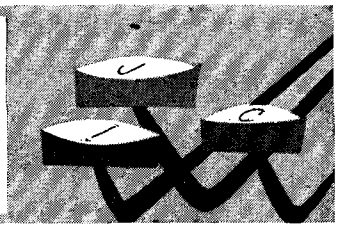
Manner of Speaking



Fatso and Bourbon: A Last Mailbag on the Subject: Fatso, let me say, is part of my soul's chosen furniture. My loathing of him, like dust on an overstuffed chair, should be a temporary thing with proper housecleaning, and is entirely due to the fact that he is the fatso doctor who put me on a diet the day after he had cleaned me out in a poker game. As I reported in this column on September 10, he told me to stop drinking bourbon (he did allow me one drink a day), to make do with Tab, and to begin a general calorie count.

Well, I did it. At least I began my summer by submitting to rationing, but I found myself so revolted by the idea of pouring bourbon in tidily measured jiggers that I found I would rather give up the stuff completely than offend pure spirits by miserly handling. And I did shed fifteen pounds by Labor Day, plus two or three more since. It worked. Painfully, alas. But it worked.

One of the things that kept me going through those dreary sands of abstinence was the thought of revenge. Come the next poker session, I dreamed, I would finally force him to call me at the end of a big pot and I would lay down four aces, and sneer.

And that worked, too, as I am delighted to report toward an ultimate defense of virtue. We've had the game. And, no, I didn't have four aces—that, of course, is dream stuff. But there he sat betting up what turned out to be three queens, and there I sat clobbering back at him, and when he finally called me, I had my dream line to recite, as I reached for a half-bushel of lovely greens: "Full house—Fatso!" And, carried away by the golden auguries and by the obvious fact that *he* hadn't shed any of *his* lard, I turned the knife. "Have a Tab," I offered, "It's great stuff."

I had never thought of my dream accounting except as part of one fat-fiftyish soul's lament for the passing of the binge, a lament all the sadder in that I am persuaded it is every American's minimum duty to strangle a bobcat barehanded, tunnel a mountain before breakfast, and howl the coyotes off the air—none of which, I submit, can be done by any man save that he be a bourbon drinker. I see from the mailbag, however, that I am not the last patriot at the bar. Americans, I rejoice to note, take their bourbon seriously and want me to know about it, perhaps in the hope that by pooling our strength we may yet achieve greatness.

Such strength as I have, I am happy to pool with W. G. of Bedford, Ohio, from whose letter I quote:

> You are not alone! I suffer from the same symptoms, and am trying hard to be a good patient. Please encourage me—how long did it take between Association meetings for you to lose fifteen pounds?
>
> Anxiously,
> W. G.

No, I didn't go to any Association meetings, but I don't want W. G. to give up, for there is a simple secret: *Hate your doctor.* As I have said, Fatso is still a fatso. And that makes for times when my gloat is worth even Tab and the miseries of moderation. So to W. G.: Remember that pallid motives will falter, but that a primary-colored hatred can sustain a man in all things. Pick a fat doctor, listen to him prescribe a diet for you while he continues to lap it up, and then hate him and grow lean. It works, friend. Take heart! Learn to hate constructively!

Mrs. Henry M. Robertson of Temple Terrace, Florida, is not hating anything, to my knowledge, but she does know how to begin with a good preliminary scorn for foul subterfuge:

> I enclose an ad from the Tampa *Tribune* for September 12 as evidence that bottled goods more treasonous to American mythology than Tab are now available.
>
> I can imagine only one use for a low-cal bourbon and that is revenge. You might serve it to your fat doctor.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> Phyllis Robertson.

The ad Mrs. Robertson enclosed offers for sale a non-alcoholic bourbon called "Old Sol" and subtitled "Flavored to the Taste of Bourbon (also contains no carbohydrates)." I don't know what has been flavored to the taste of bourbon, but if you are in Tampa you can get the stuff at Sol's Store at 901 17th Avenue for $1.50 a fifth. All I ask is that you have the decency to cancel your subscription to *SR* before entering Sol's with felonious intent to purchase, or to cause to be purchased, or otherwise to procure whatever the stuff is. I offer fair warning that sensing devices have been attached to the mailing machines, and I cannot be responsible for the quality of the messages they smear across your *SR* once they get a whiff of Old Sol on your breath. At the limit of decency, alas, there is only indecency, and once the sinner has pushed the machines to that limit he must bear the consequences of his own sins.

It would be sad, however, to close a discussion of obvious national consequence on such a note of doom and outer darkness. As a note of hope, therefore, I have been saving the following letter from a medical engineering consultant of Keswick, Virginia. I here reproduce it in full:

> Dear Mr. Ciardi:
>
> It is my pleasure to inform you that your friend, Doc, exaggerated when he said, "An ounce of whiskey contains as many calories as the whiskey is proof. The correct figure is 81.75 kg.-cals. per proof per ounce, as the appended calculations demonstrate.
>
> This 22 per cent discrepancy (*sic*) may be due to overenthusiastic rounding [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Yeah, the Doc's got that, all right.*]; but I would not play poker with a man who, when you owed him $81.75, required you to round it off to a nice, even $100. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *So* THAT'S *how he worked it!*]
>
> A more likely explanation is that Doc failed to take into consideration the fact that 100-proof spirit contains 50 per cent ethanol by *volume*, but only 42.47 per cent by weight.
>
> Now for the Good News! Who needs Tab! You can escape the Calorific Consequences of Indulgence merely by ingesting a little ice. Well, maybe more that just a little. About 1.55 pounds per ounce of 100-proof alcohol. That means sixteen average-sized ice cubes per one-shot drink, although they need not be eaten at the same time as the liquor. In fact, unless one wished to gather data on the consequences of uncontrolled, self-induced hypothermia, it would be advisable to string them out over a period of time.
>
> Surely, no confirmed devotee of Bacchus would hesitate to incur an icy gut if it helped his worship. Skoal!
>
> Yours very truly,
> Robert J. Crosby.

And if only to prove that *SR* has something for everyone, I hereby append Mr. Crosby's calculations with (it's a promise) no editorial comment:

> 1 fl. oz. of 100-proof booze X 29.57 ml./fl. oz. X specific gravity of 0.93002 g./ml. X 0.4247 g. ethanol/g. mixture X 7 kg. cals./g. ethanol equals 81.75 kg.-cals. Q.E.D.
>
> 81.75 kg.-cals. divided by 0.1167 kg.-cals./g. ice X 0.002205 lbs./g. equals 1.545 lbs. of ice.
>
> —JOHN CIARDI.

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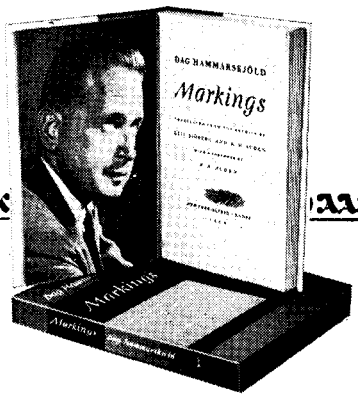

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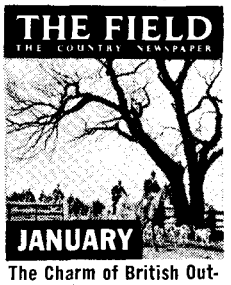

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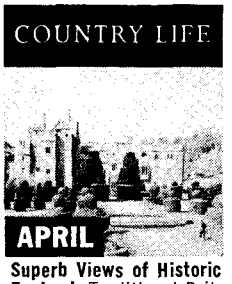

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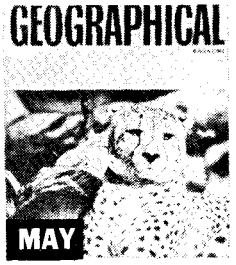

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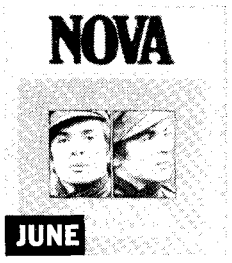

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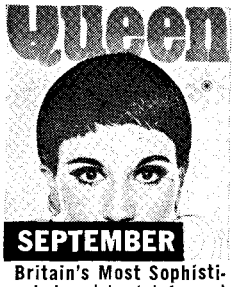

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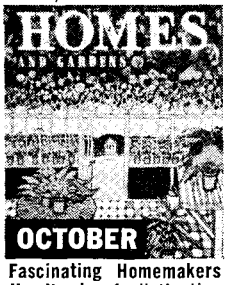

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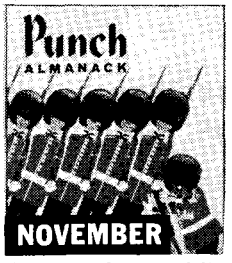

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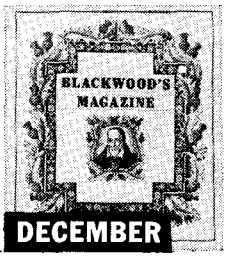

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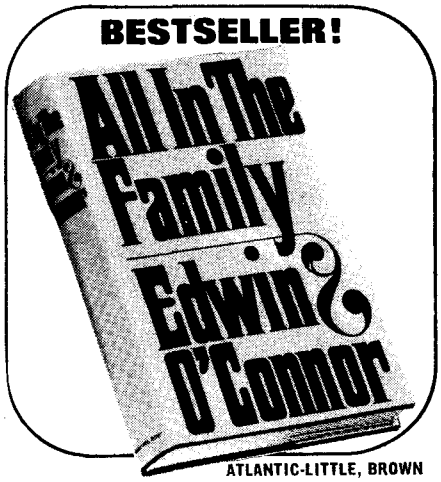

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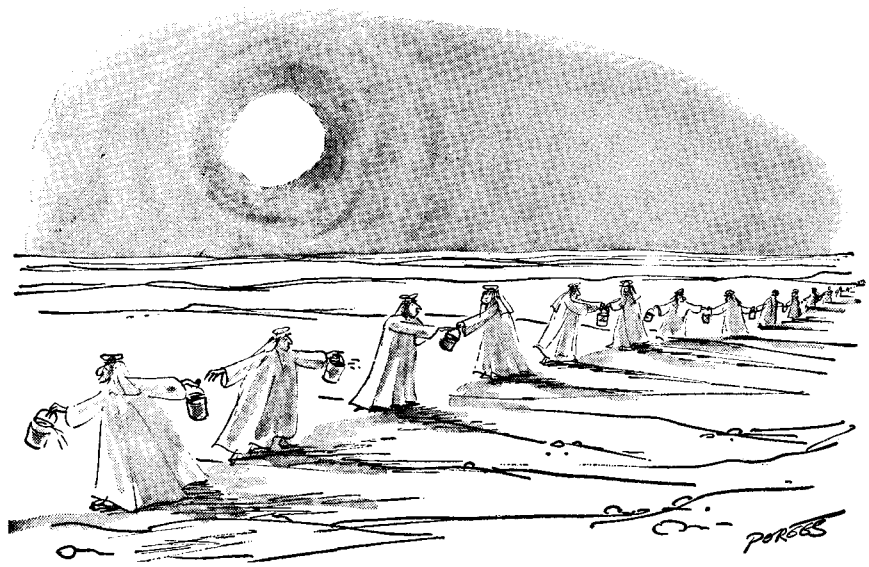

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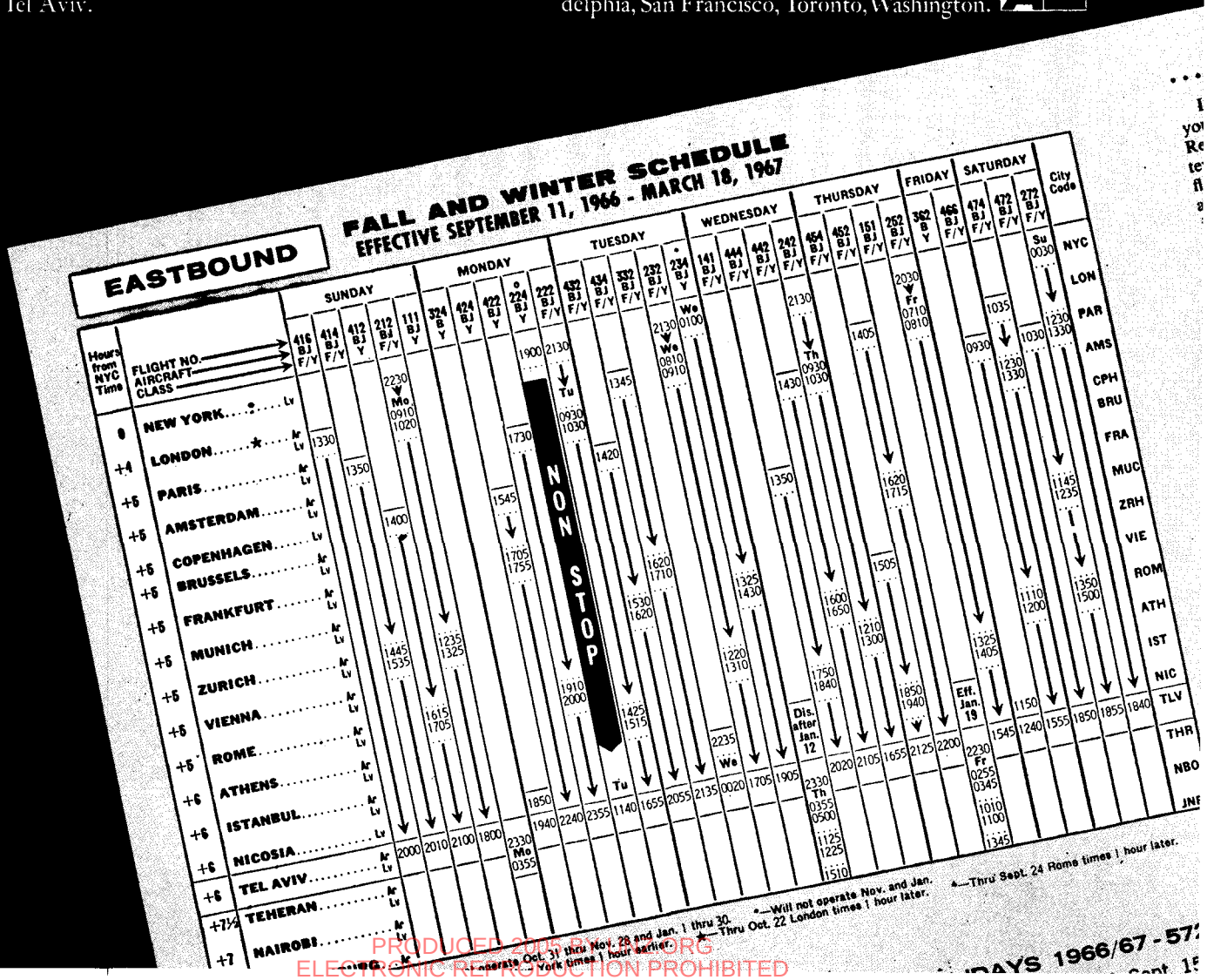

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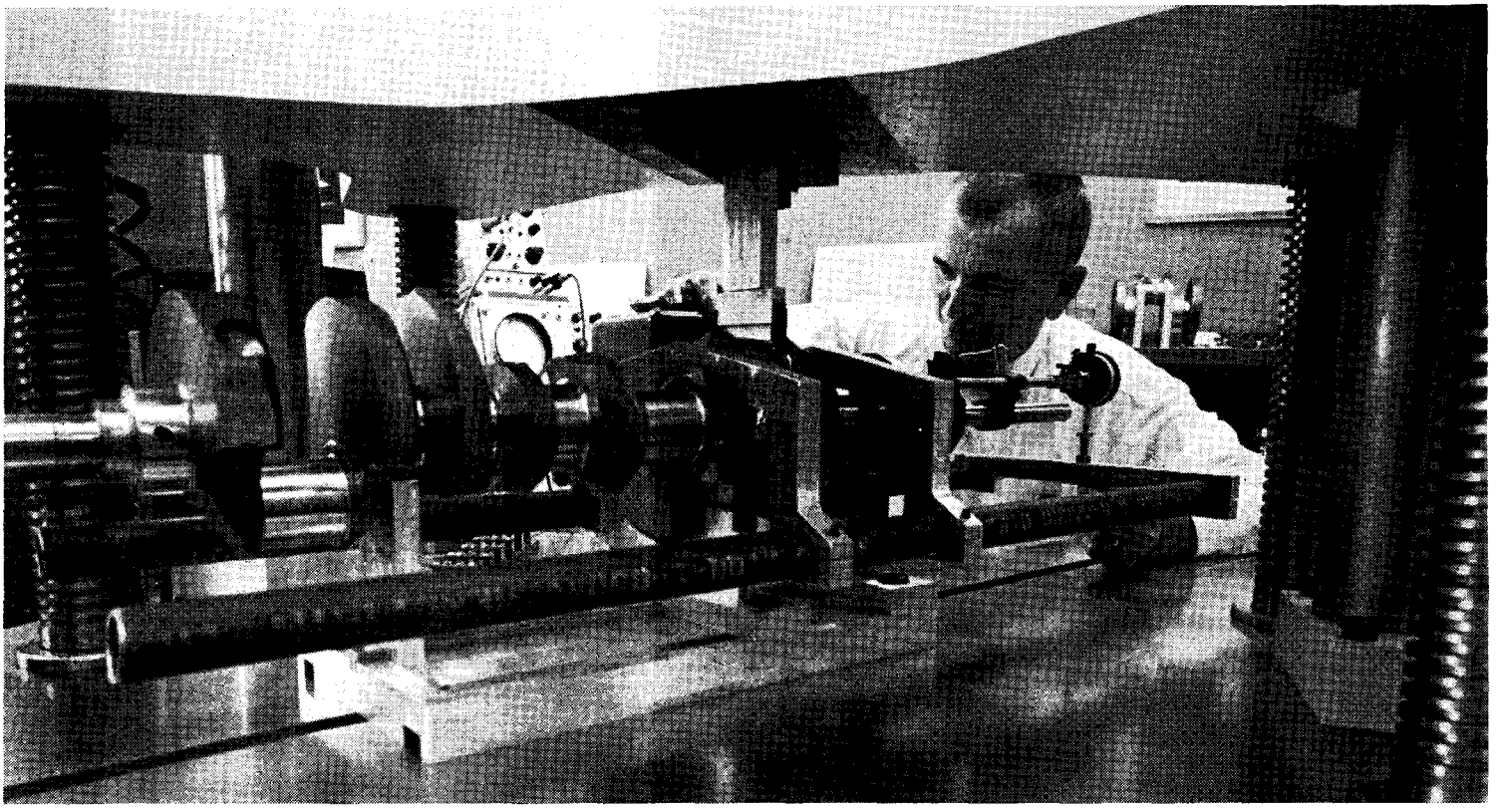
Ev Sherrick was a "test pilot" at twelve.

Today he tests materials to make cars safer.



Seven years before the "Spirit of St. Louis" landed near Paris, young Ev Sherrick was launching his first plane—a home-made model, powered by an outsized rubber band. His goal: to design the plane to fly as long as the power would last and to ensure a safe landing.

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Saturday Review
October 22, 1966

ALASKA'S VANISHING ART

By KATHARINE KUH

IN ALASKA, Man is an uneasy intruder. Jagged black mountains geometric with snow, rivers bloated from glacial silt, impenetrable ice wastes, and tangled northern jungles conspire to dwarf human beings. Space in Alaska is on an unprecedented scale. Rivers are wider, mountains are higher (more than sixty-five peaks exceed 10,000 feet), valleys are vaster than eyes can encompass. Here, a burgeoning geology stars nature in the making. At every point one feels the scarring push of glaciers, the beat of gigantic tides (second highest in the world), the harsh erosions of a country still gripped by the Ice Age, still molded by ungovernable winds, snows, and explosions.

The name "Alaska" comes from the Aleut word "Alayeska," meaning "the great land," and that is precisely what it is—not merely another state, but a boundless territory of frozen tundra. In comparison, the rest of the country seems tame, middle-aged, even pinched. One thinks of early Chinese paintings where human beings are habitually dominated by nature. But there is a difference. In Chinese art, Man, though subservient to the landscape, is yet in harmony with it. Not so in Alaska; except for the old totemic Indian carvings that repeat the vertical majesty of mountains and towering forests, this country's man-made environment is curiously at odds with its natural surroundings.

Urban planning is virtually ignored; recent architecture is vaguely utilitarian or of a semi-suburban, semi-subdivision variety. Take, for example, Anchorage, Alaska's largest and most modern city. Here, where nature has been particularly lavish with mountains and sea, choice residential sections composed chiefly of hybrid-style ranch houses might just as well be located in the flat Middle West. Singularly, the more prosperous the neighborhood, the less interesting the view. In the business area, too, meaningless high-rise buildings punctuate a sprawl of untidy shacks. Even now after the earthquake, when Anchorage could be rebuilding with an eye to its own identity, the city continues its random growth. And out on the wild Kenai Peninsula a bedraggled little settlement called Seward is challenged by the radiant unfolding of Insurrection Bay. That human beings were able to establish even a foothold in this formidable terrain is a feat never to be underestimated. One can hardly expect them to worry about "good design" when faced with the most elemental difficulties. Nor is it surprising that the architecture best adapted to the environment remains the best-looking. I refer, of course, to the log cabin and its derivations.

After four visits, the most recent last summer, I still find Alaska hypnotic. Its people are warm, responsive, resourceful and brave, its spirit is free, its mosquitos monstrous, its wildlife still wild, its possibilities for adventure exhilarating, even though its famous "sourdoughs" are fast disappearing, only to be replaced by new Carol Kennicotts from new Main Streets. "Culture" is on every tongue. There are art societies, art guilds, art classes, but rarely do any of these organizations suggest Alaska; they could as readily be flourishing in Iowa or Minnesota. And why not, since their members are mostly newcomers from

—*Emery F. Tobin.*

Totem pole rotting on Village Island—"One questions why objects of undeniably historic importance have not been preserved, especially in the United States, where native carvings of high quality are rare."

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—Emery F. Tobin.

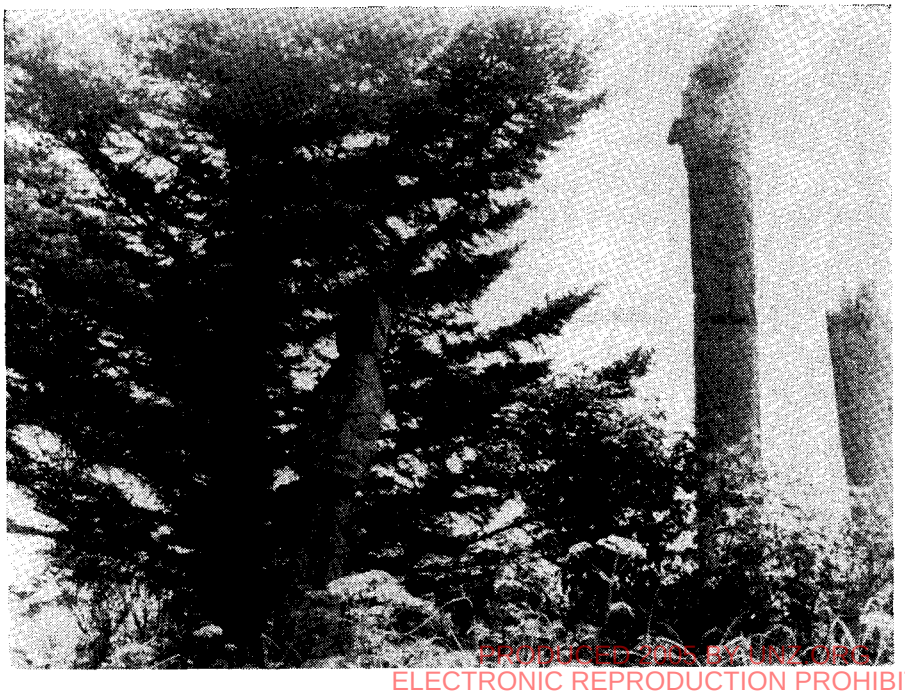
Old Kasaan—"Until a few years ago this concentration of ancient poles and grave markers was considered a National Monument."

the "lower forty-eight?" Contemporary paintings and sculpture are usually competent and up-to-date, despite numerous artists who still depend on the earlier meticulous Alaskan tradition of Sidney Lawrence, a tradition that tends to reduce incomparable scenery to sentimental clichés. Visually aggressive, especially in summer with its almost twenty-four hours of daylight, the land eludes graphic interpretation. Its limitless reaches stretch beyond the ordinary boundaries of imagination and canvas.

The only art that approximates the magnitude of this country was produced by early Indian aboriginals, whose totemic carvings captured the magic of northern jungle life. Using interlocking symbols to transmute animal images into partly human ones, the Northwest Indian invented a personal, poetic, yet pragmatic mythology geared to placating and honoring his environment. The Indian never attempted to reproduce his surroundings realistically; instead, he distilled and then paraphrased their prime characteristics according to his own needs. What he made was not intended as individualistic art. His superbly decorated, often utilitarian objects resulted from group exigencies. Animistic symbols in both hostile and friendly manifestations became the Indian's dominant themes. Southeastern Alaskan artifacts were produced less for religious than for ceremonial occasions, notably for the potlatch feast, which, as a rule, celebrated some outstanding family or clan event. Hence, the totem pole became a biographical record commemorating specific achievements and identifying specific groups. Sometimes intended as mortuary vessels, the poles also dramatized the prestige that invested every nuance of Indian life.

Village Island—"Fine poles are so nearly gone as to be hopelessly lost."

—Emery F. Tobin.



These lofty wooden monuments were produced only along the southeastern coast, where a relatively mild climate, plentiful fish and wildlife, and forests of cedar and spruce encouraged an advanced aboriginal culture to develop. The Tlingit Indians, representing the largest tribe in Southeast Alaska, were already well established when the white man first appeared. Later the Haidas and Tsimpshians came from British Columbia. Living in permanent settlements, they had evolved a complicated social structure dependent on two separate fratries which, in turn, were divided into numerous clans. Characteristic animals of the terrain became the recognized totems of these individual groups.

In Ketchikan today, a splendid tottering totem pole called the "Wayward Husband" epitomizes the tragedy of Alaska's vanishing past. Carved by a Tlingit Indian in 1884, this handsome monument, though neglected and disfigured, still bears traces of its original grandeur. Further north in Wrangell, the famous "One-Legged Fisherman" pole is suffering the same fate. Names are wantonly hacked on its symbolic eagle, one of whose wings is severely damaged, the other gone—either stolen or eroded. Defaced, debased, dishonored, the noble carving mildews in a deserted section of Wrangell's cemetery, surrounded there by tin cans and an encroaching rain forest.

Everywhere in Southeast Alaska the same indifference is depleting the state of its heritage. In Old Kasaan, on Village Island, in Wrangell, Saxman, Klukwan, and at many other Haida and Tlingit sites, fine poles and smaller ceremonial objects have either wasted away, been destroyed, or are so nearly gone as to be hopelessly lost. And yet no tourist blurb about Alaska neglects the lure of its totem poles. Along with Mount McKinley, they seem to have become official trademarks of the land.

To the average visitor these heroic works are presented as little more than "colorful curios," which, to be sure, they are fast becoming as they are splashed with shiny new house paint totally at variance with the original Indian colors. Ostensibly to protect the wood but more likely to attract tourist eyes, bright pigments now virtually obliterate sensitive surface carvings. Ketchikan, with a false view to economizing, hands all the repainting over to ill-equipped prison labor. In our scientific age it is sheer nonsense to believe that only thick house paint can protect monuments of wood. In addition, visitors to Alaska are usually fed a bit of incorrect, if romantic, folklore about totemic symbolism and are introduced to a few recently set up "totem

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—*Courtesy, Wrangell Historical Society.*

Chief Shakes, one of the last Tlingit patriarchs, with his priceless collection of ceremonial objects.

parks," where the carvings are generally anemic copies of old ones. Often arranged in arbitrary formation, in no way resembling their original Indian sites, these assemblages have little esthetic or documentary validity.

One questions why objects of undeniably historic importance have not been preserved, especially in the United States, where native carvings of high quality are rare. Comparable at their best to pre-Columbian sculpture of Latin America, these works by Tlingit, Tsimpshian, and Haida Indians include not only totem poles, but intricate bentwood boxes, rattles, masks, dance sticks, magnificently woven Chilkat blankets, baskets, potlatch bowls, and richly inlaid ceremonial headdresses. There are, of course, certain extenuating circumstances that explain Alaska's seeming indifference to its past. First come the perils of the land itself. An inordinately wet climate coupled with a wood culture results in the rapid disintegration of carved objects. Dry rot takes over unless patient care is devoted to conservation. Today, there are relatively few poles still standing that were erected more than a hundred years ago.

Fire is another hazard. Forests, winds, and wooden buildings make flames a daily threat. In 1941, I visited the Indian town of Hoonah, where a large exterior painting on a chief's house gave distinction to an otherwise drab settlement. Five years later I returned, only to find that a recent fire had destroyed the painting along with numerous carved ceremonial objects. All that was visible of this town's history was one small totem pole in an overgrown cemetery. The same story repeats itself with sickening monotony. Many of the finest carvings in Wrangell were victims of fire; so also those in Old Kasaan and Sitka. Only a few months ago, Sitka's renowned Russian church was burned to the ground. Now it is to be rebuilt, but copies can never replace originals.

NOWHERE is this fact more evident than in Alaska, where certain government agencies operate on the theory that totemic art can readily be reproduced by any qualified carver, a point of view that has led to shocking abuses and that is perhaps the single most recent cause of unnecessary destruction. Some twenty-odd years ago, the U.S. Forest Service, without benefit of archeological or anthropological direction, instituted a program in which the local Civilian Conservation Corps undertook to rehabilitate—but, alas, more often to dismember and copy—old poles in Ketchikan, Wrangell, Sitka, Kasaan, Klawock, and Hydaburg.

There is no doubt that modern copies, even when faithful, lack the fire, mystery, and obsessive intensity of the originals, which were made by a people who still believed in and practiced a totemic culture. The aborigines created records of clan prestige and designed ornamental potlatch objects because this was their way of life. Once that way of life was lost, so, too, was the Indian's urge to celebrate it. When the United States Government benignly banned the potlatch as an impoverishing influence (in their zeal to outdo each other, clans often gave away their entire wealth at these rites), the social structure of community life collapsed. What the Indian had created less as art than as symbols of group supremacy became in fact art, not "relics," "curios," "souvenirs," documents, or "gift shoppe" trophies.

In 1946, I was commissioned by the

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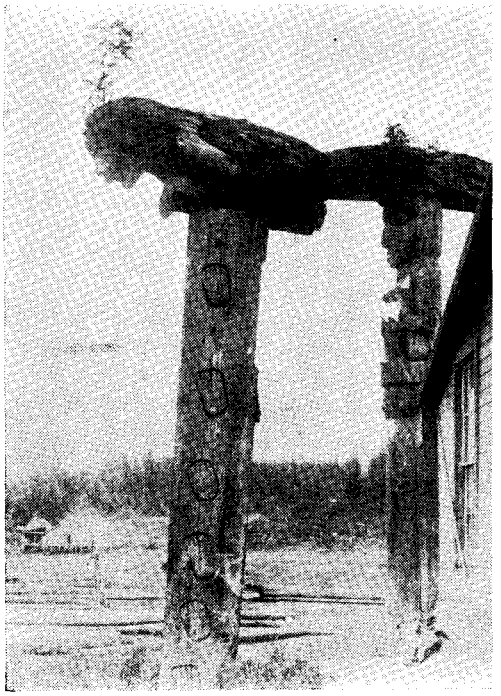

—Courtesy, Wrangell Historical Society.

Chief Shakes views totem poles in front of his home in 1915. (At right) Same poles twenty years later, showing deterioration from neglect.

U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs to prepare a comprehensive report on extant totemic art in Alaska. Wherever the CCC had been, I found remnants of fine old poles, either abandoned in forests or stacked under open sheds. Since many of these carvings were still redeemable, I reported on their condition in some detail and urged that they receive immediate attention. Last June, twenty years later, I retraced my footsteps to find my worst fears justified. Scarcely one of these rare works remains. They have either been burned to cinders or left to rot in rain forests. Nor shall I soon forget the public servant who assured me that "nothing had been thrown away but the originals," many of which, may I add, could have been correctly restored rather than poorly reproduced.

Today, it is a sorry sight to see Alaskan curio stores filled with horrendous imitations of the past. Gaudy, mass-produced knickknacks do little to elevate the Indian's self-respect or economic status. Nasty small totem poles, sometimes only three or four inches high and frequently imported from Japan, phony masks, ineptly carved potlatch dishes—the two latter often surprisingly overpriced—are sold in every town or tourist stop. Neither the glory of Mount McKinley nor the breath-taking ice-blue sweep of Portage Glacier is forbidding enough to frighten away ubiquitous souvenir concessionaires. This unrelieved commercialization degrades the memory of a once vigorous civilization as it also corrupts the taste of uninformed visitors, who themselves are not entirely blameless. Certainly, the time has come for Alaska to encourage a more discriminating tourist trade. To this end, better maintenance of existing monuments, plus improved transportation to authentic out-of-the-way Indian sites, would constitute a promising start.

The rigors of pioneering in a wild terrain partly explain why many newcomers to Alaska have tended to disregard the civilization they disrupted and displaced. Ignorance, fear, and a sense of guilt have also caused the white man to underrate his Indian predecessors—their history, customs, and art. Then, too, the natives themselves considered their ritualistic objects expendable. Soaring totem poles and ornate potlatch dishes were designed to honor specific occasions. Since the Indian firmly believed there would always be such occasions, and always skilled artists to commemorate them, he spent more time on future plans than on past accomplishments.

Dr. Erna Gunther, a specialist in native cultures of the Northwest, is presently organizing an exhibition for Alaska's centennial celebration, to take place next year in Fairbanks. Called "The Native Arts of Alaska Come Home," the exhibit poignantly underlines the state's dilemma. That most of the finest artifacts are no longer in the land which produced them is an incalculable loss, both esthetically and financially. One finds these objects in the Soviet Union, in European museums, in Canada, New York, Portland, Seattle, Denver, and elsewhere.

Alaska has been denuded and is still being denuded. Only recently, two privately owned Ketchikan poles carved by a Tsimpshian Indian named Chief Neesh Loot were sold to a collector in Switzerland. Ketchikan did not raise a finger to keep these carvings, which had long decorated one of the town's main streets. Far more serious was the dispersement some twenty years ago of two important Wrangell collections. The first to go was the Rasmussen collection, assembled by a white schoolteacher who had long taught among the Indians. Though Mr. Rasmussen had ardently hoped that his collection would remain in Alaska, even going so far as to offer it to the Territory for the nominal sum of $10,000, he found no takers. About the same time, the Alaska Legislature approved a special $3,500 appropriation to acquire several banal pastels of aboriginal types. Painted by a local artist, Nina Crumrine, these picture-postcard potboilers now decorate the State Museum at Juneau, while the Rasmussen collection has become a prize attraction in Portland, Oregon, and has vastly increased in value. Fine North Pacific carvings come high these days.

A few years later the second private collection was lost to Wrangell. Today, in sad contrast to the past wealth of that town, a pathetic little group of innocuous Indian objects is on display at Wrangell's public library. One can only remember with nostalgia the Bear Totem Shop when Walter Waters was its proprietor. The best of his collection, offered for sale in 1946 shortly after his death, came directly from Chief Shakes, one of the last Tlingit patriarchs. Now most of these works are divided between Denver and Seattle.

It is unfortunate that the museums at Juneau and Fairbanks, then under Territorial jurisdiction, did not wheedle or insist on the funds necessary to keep the Rasmussen and Waters collections in Alaska. Though the State Museum at

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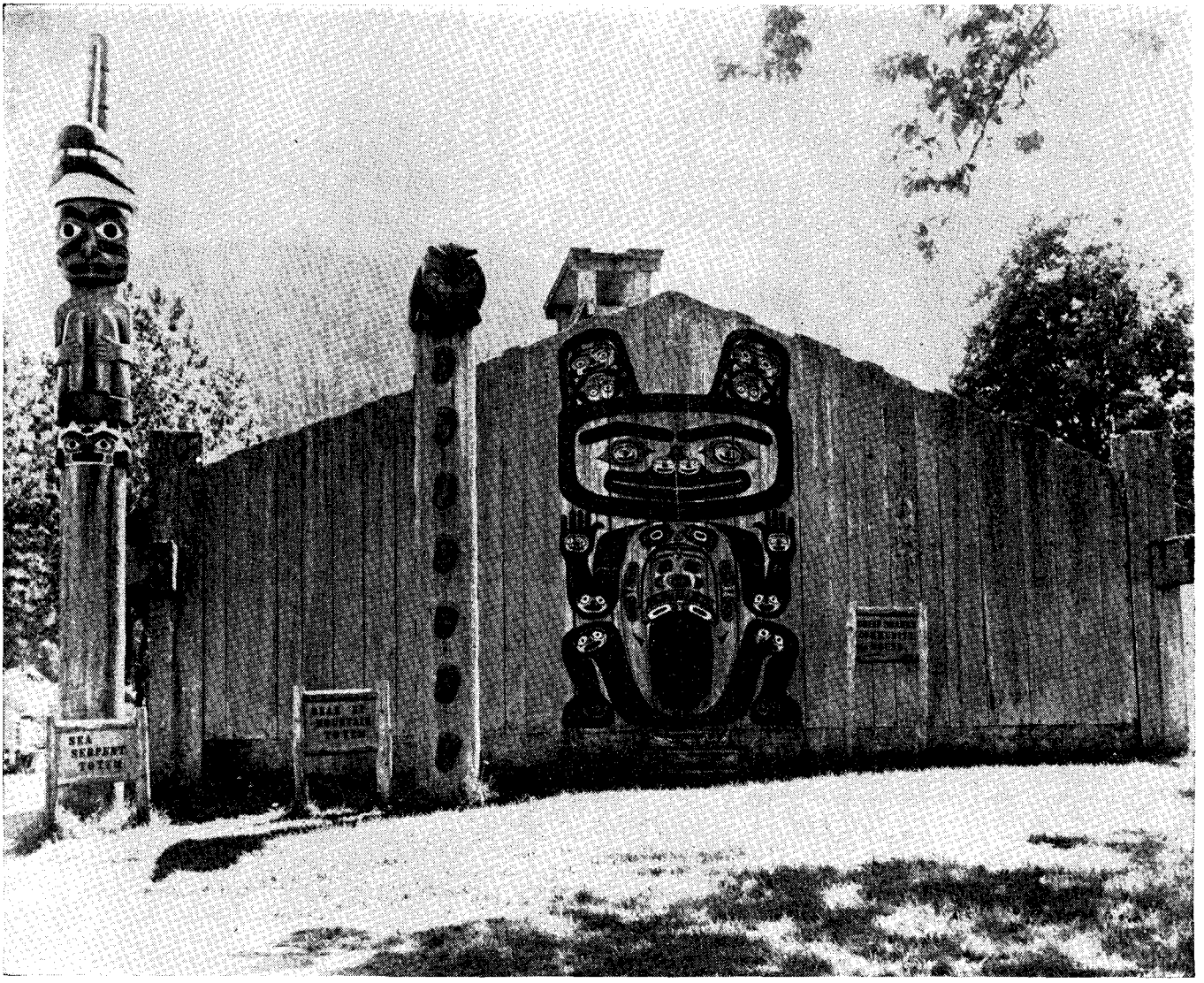

Tlingit Community House, with replicas of poles shown on facing page—"Copies never can replace originals."

Juneau has some fine Indian and Eskimo objects, as well as a small group of choice Aleutian baskets, it certainly cannot claim a representative Northwest collection. Nor can the University of Alaska Museum. Here the specialty is small prehistory bone and ivory Eskimo carvings, most of them simplified human and animal figures of surpassing dignity. With uncompromising economy, the Eskimos also created powerful masks; some of the finest can be seen at a small private museum connected with the Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka. Because the Eskimos lived in a barren land where unimaginable hardships demanded all their attention, they found neither the materials nor the impetus to produce monumental sculpture comparable to that of the coastal Indians.

Though time is rapidly running out, there are still Indian sites not yet totally lost to Alaska. Village Island and Old Kasaan, originally two of the country's outstanding Indian settlements and now long deserted, are in such deplorable condition that only the most immediate skilled attention can save the little that remains. When, twenty years ago, the Coast Guard took me to Village Island, we found a miraculous strip of land dense with extravagant growth. And there, leaning madly in all directions, were sixteen totem poles, among the oldest Tlingit carvings still standing. I made a crude map of that fantastic island, noting the poles that might be preserved entirely or in part. I did the same for Old Kasaan, Alaska's finest Haida site. Until a few years ago this concentration of ancient poles and grave markers was considered a National Monument. Now, apparently, the government has abandoned it. Why, I cannot imagine, and no one at the U.S. Park Service office in Juneau could explain, or, indeed, had ever heard of Old Kasaan.

A recent offer by the University of California at Los Angeles to rescue what still remains of these two sites was discouraged by the U.S. Forest Service, presumably because local groups oppose moving the carvings from Alaska—although the same groups, whether Indian or white, offer no alternative solutions. Even complicated problems related to native ownership that are often cited by Alaskans could be unraveled, given proper legal advice. No one argues against keeping the poles in their original settings whenever possible, but surely it is better to move them than lose them.

Wrangell, a town with a population well under 2,000, seems more seriously concerned with conservation than is any other settlement in Alaska. Yet, due to inadequate funds, most of Wrangell's poles, rated among the best in the state, are in precarious condition. Four ancient, very valuable, unpainted Tlingit house poles, located in a largely unattended wooden Community House on Shakes Island, face daily danger from fire. Impassive and inscrutable, these hieratic masterpieces rival as they recall great Oriental sculpture. Likewise, in Klukwan a peerless group of smaller ceremonial objects is constantly threatened by possible fire and decay. Saxman, a tiny impoverished Tlingit village, bears most of the responsibility for maintaining a totem park erected there

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—*Collection, Alaska State Museum.*

Shaman's rattle, probably Tlingit—"Superbly decorated, often utilitarian objects resulted from group needs."

—*Collection, University of Alaska Museum.*

Baleen box with carved wooden cover from St. Lawrence Island.

—*Collection, Alaska State Museum.*

Sea otter dish used during potlatches.

—*Collection, University of Alaska Museum.*

Okvik Madonna — ancient Eskimo carving found near St. Lawrence Island, Bering Sea.

in the early Forties by the CCC. Apparently of no vital interest to the community, this transplanted totemic revision languishes in sordid disarray. Several years ago the wife of an old Saxman chief explained the situation to me. She said, "Government give, government take." Indians in Saxman sometimes even refer to the park as "the government poles."

With the exception of the Sitka National Monument which is under U.S. Park Service jurisdiction, intelligent explanatory data on Indian art is rarely available, not even at Saxman, where tourists flock by the busload. Well-planned labels and informative folders could do much to educate the layman. And for students, the lack of documentary photographs, particularly of lost

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and destroyed objects, is little less than a catastrophe.

That the U.S. Government allocated sizable sums to save Abu Simbel when it was threatened by the Aswan High Dam is highly commendable; yet why that same government does nothing to save its own landmarks remains an enigma. Perhaps at this point Alaska's developing art guilds and craft societies should appeal for help from the Smithsonian Institution, where specialists in archeology, anthropology, and conservation are available. To expect small communities or even the State of Alaska, with its farflung population of only 250,000 people – about one-fifth of whom are Indians, Eskimos, and Aleuts –to generate single-handedly the funds and technical know-how necessary for extensive restoration is asking too much. Federal assistance is sorely needed if important works are to be saved. Scarcely an island in Southeast Alaska is not distinguished by isolated carvings that need immediate professional attention.

If Washington has been lax in matters of preservation, it has not ignored Indian life on other levels. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is sometimes accused of over-paternalism; so, too, is the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, a separate agency of the Department of the Interior that describes itself as "an informational, promotional, and advisory clearing-house for all matters pertaining to the development of authentic Indian and Eskimo arts and crafts." Convinced that a serious arts and crafts program depends on pride in native background, I have long wondered why these agencies are so little concerned with accurate preservation of the past. Respect for and first-hand knowledge of one's own traditions are essential if earlier forms are to be creatively adapted to present-day needs.

Because arts and crafts in Alaska have become almost entirely a shoddy curio business, because at one time missionaries misunderstood and strongly discouraged native carvings, many younger Indians today are ashamed of their past. And many present-day Eskimos, though often expert carvers, are repeating *ad nauseam* the salable little ivory animals that are only slick echoes of earlier amulets. This summer, the Indian Arts and Crafts Board helped to establish a newly organized Eskimo Craftsman's Association in Nome, a cooperative and promising enterprise. Should this project expand and generate Eskimo leadership, there is hope that increased production and improved standards might lead to wider, more lucrative markets. But Eskimos remain the most severely underprivileged economic group in the United States, and it will take more than kindly arts and crafts programs to raise their living standards appreciably.

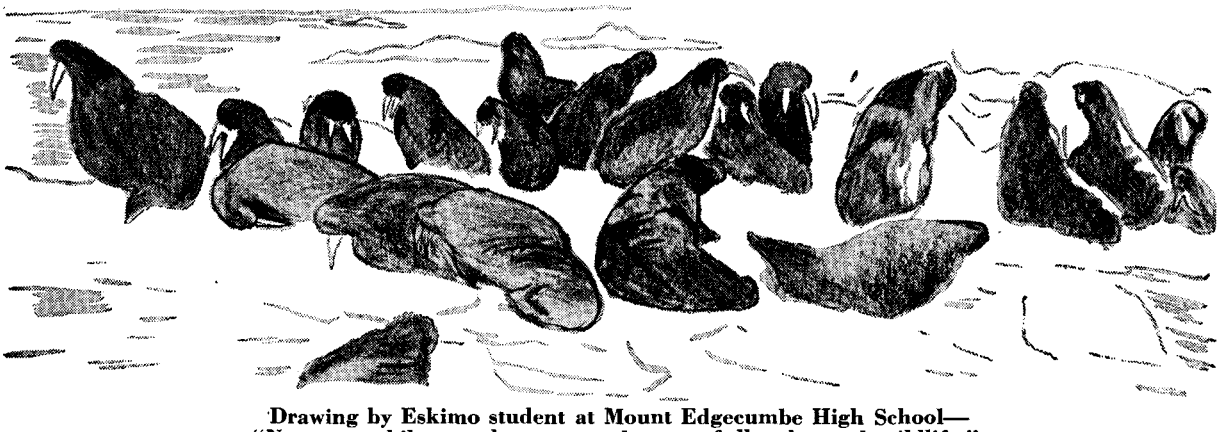
That Indian and Eskimo history is not incorporated in the curriculum of all Alaskan schools seems an opportunity lost. As it is, most children are rarely informed about or taken to see important aboriginal art, even in their own communities. There are, of course, exceptions that point the way to a more promising future. In Wrangell, a high school instructor takes his classes to the beach, where a number of neglected petroglyphs become a living history lesson. And in Anchorage, a third-grade teacher introduced her students to Northwest Indian art through a potlatch celebration. The children themselves made all the ritual objects with the exception of certain authentic ceremonial robes that a small Tlingit boy brought from home.

At Mount Edgecumbe, near Sitka, the Bureau of Indian Affairs administers a high school for native students who come from remote villages where only grammar school instruction is available. There, on the walls of a large classroom building, the pupils have painted fresh, free interpretations of their home surroundings. One sees no automobiles or skyscrapers, but carefully observed wildlife and lovingly recorded landscapes. These children are not bound by past tradition. Wisely they avoid those old forms of their ancestors that no longer relate to present-day lives.

In a wing of Sitka's handsome new Visitor Center, the Indian Arts and Crafts Board has installed a demonstration workshop where four native craftsmen are employed. Other Indian and Eskimo artisans are encouraged to use these facilities but they rarely do. One doubts whether this project, even if expanded, would be vigorous enough to make a dent in Alaska's decadent curio industry or would justify the funds expended. One also questions the wisdom of isolating native craftsmen in segregated groups and the feasibility of nurturing native skills artificially. To pay Indian and Eskimo artists to perform for the public (in this case mainly tourists) seems a dubious stimulus, especially for creative work.

Preferable would be some type of cooperative enterprise, such as the one at Nome, or special grants permitting gifted natives to expose themselves to the same training that any other American receives. The presidents of Alaska's only two universities agree that segregation, even under the most benevolent conditions, is undesirable. Dr. William Wood, President of the University of Alaska, feels that "separate programs for special ethnic groups are anachronistic." And Dr. Frederick McGinnis, President of Alaska Methodist University, finds "the Indian, Eskimo, and Aleut of Alaska America's most dispossessed citizens." He adds: "I think the greatest hindrance to solving the 'native problem' is the Bureau of Indian Affairs. In spite of impressive efforts, it has not been able to create patterns by which these people can embrace their full human and civil rights. The crux of the matter centers on policies of segregation and paternalism."

The American government understandably has tried to compensate Alaskan natives for cruel losses they have suffered since the white man's arrival. But, clearly, enough time has now passed to question whether segregated high schools, segregated craft centers, and segregated hospitals are any longer desirable. Where art is concerned, the creative process springs from personal life and past art, not from well-meaning intervention. No amount of outside help can substitute for self-determining social relationships. And no amount of technical advice can make up for the loss of a people's pride in itself.



Drawing by Eskimo student at Mount Edgecumbe High School— "No automobiles or skyscrapers, but carefully observed wildlife."

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Saturday Review

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Work Is a Proper Noun

SEVERAL YEARS AGO two U.S. Senators, Jacob K. Javits of New York and Vance Hartke of Indiana, proposed that the government and private industry set up a kind of business executives' Peace Corps. This Corps, the Senators said, would provide high-level managerial assistance to underindustrialized countries.

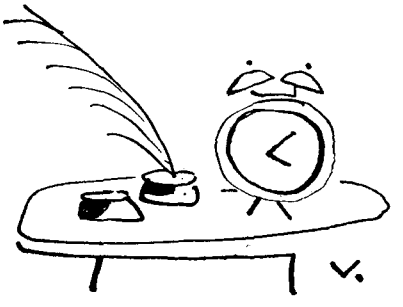
A fine, bold, constructive idea, the critics said, but wasn't it something of a leap in the dark? What made the Senators think that American executives, retired or otherwise, would be willing to leave their patios, travel perhaps thousands of miles overseas, and go to work among strangers at a small fraction of their usual salaries? Wouldn't the retired men, especially, rather spend their time sitting at the country club bar, singing that old Noel Coward ditty about the verb "to work" being "a most improper noun"?

Fortunately, the critics did not win the day. The Senators' idea was soon taken up by David Rockefeller of the Chase Manhattan Bank, Sol Linowitz of the Xerox Corporation, and others prominent in business and government. Eventually, a representative group created the International Executive Service Corps, a privately administered, government-aided organization, which opened its New York offices early in 1965.

Today, after less than two years of field operations, the Corps is a thumping success. Several thousand executives, some of them retired and some in mid-career, have volunteered, and hundreds of foreign firms have asked that consultants be assigned to them. Of these, about a hundred volunteers have been assigned to one hundred projects in thirty-five countries of Latin America, Asia, and the Middle East. In each case the project has been carried through most successfully—both the client firms and the free economies of their countries have been greatly strengthened.

AT the moment, the IESC has such a backlog of volunteer-applicants and so many urgent aid requests from abroad that the Corps' thirty-man home-office staff must feel like a ground crew trying to hold down a racing balloon in a high wind. But IESC president Frank Pace, Jr., former Secretary of the Army and former president of General Dynamics, has no intention of letting the organization sail off into the blue. The Corps is not, he says, ". . . playing the numbers game. The executive volunteers we send abroad have set very high standards of managerial competence and personal dedication, and we do not intend to dilute these standards."

IESC's vice president for overseas operations, John Dieffenderfer, is equally plain on this point: "We're not just spewing guys out on the landscape. Each of the projects requires a man with a particular skill or experience."



One of the first volunteers sent out was George F. Salman of Manhasset, New York, the retired controller of a trading corporation. He was assigned to a whaling company in Port Paita, Peru, and advised the firm to such good effect that a company official wrote to the IESC office, ". . . [His counsel] will save our industry from economic collapse; will create new job opportunities. . . and will help the country's economy. . . ."

Like most of the volunteers, Mr. Salman was given by his client firm a place to live, his traveling expenses, and a per diem allowance. The scale of living enjoyed by him and other volunteers is invariably quite comfortable by local standards. As another early volunteer, Omer Lunsford, remarked dryly, "This analogy to the Peace Corps shouldn't be pursued too closely. We are not going to live in thatched huts. If I had to carry water from the pump to the house, the whole business would lose its glamour pretty fast."

Though most of the volunteers have been "retirees" like Salman, more and more of them—about 15 per cent currently—are "mid-career men" who have taken three- to six-month leaves of absence from their companies. Another trend is for IESC to draw ever larger percentages of its income from the business community. Private firms now contribute about one-third of its budget, and the governmental Agency for International Development contributes the remaining two-thirds as a pump-priming gesture. (The AID has, however, no voice in the Corps' operations.) If all goes well, IESC should end up drawing almost all its support from private industry, while undertaking between 400 and 500 overseas projects annually.

But whatever happens in years ahead, the Corps has already done several most significant things. It has shown that business-to-business resuscitation is feasible between nations, without strings and without any direct government role. It has proved in classic fashion that free-enterprise economies can be strengthened through the friendly transfer of managerial skills. And it has demonstrated strikingly that, as Frank Pace has put it, "There is a quality of idealism in American businessmen that most often isn't recognized abroad—and it's not fully recognized here at home."

Volunteer Arthur K. Fox made the same point even more feelingly when he wrote, "What I got out of this is the satisfaction of knowing I am not a has-been [at 68]. . . . I found that there are places where I am a lot more useful than I ever was before. . . . It's better than getting a hole-in-one, or cutting five strokes off your score."

—Hallowell Bowser.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To a Winner

IT WAS a real joy to read the article "How I Bet My Life" by Horace M. Kallen [*SR*, Oct. 1]. We are witnesses here to one of the most moving testaments I have ever read from any philosopher, but especially so since Professor Kallen related to American philosophy and American culture.

It was not merely the mention of Alain Locke which prompted this letter, although I have at last finished a biographical study of Locke on which I have worked since his death in 1954. As Professor Kallen pointed out in his essay, there was more than reciprocity in the relationship with Locke as a Negro and Kallen as a Jew. There was also a host of similarities in their philosophical positions, in their attitudes toward teaching (especially adult education), and awareness of the problems arising out of difference, identity, pluralism, and cultural indefeasibility.

EUGENE C. HOLMES,
Department of Philosophy,
Howard University.
Washington, D.C.

HORACE M. KALLEN reveals a life that is moving evidence of the exciting possibilities of existence. Obviously, Dr. Kallen won the bet!

TOLBERT H. MCCARROLL,
Executive Director,
American Humanist Association.
Yellow Springs, O.

A Government Responsibility

REGARDING Paul Hoffman's plea for expanded overseas programs, in his article, "The Rich and the Poor" [*SR*, Sept. 17], medical help is not just another form of vitally needed assistance, but is a *sine qua non* to other help. Other technological programs will fail if intestinal parasitism, malnutrition, and high death rates continue to vitiate a nation's sinews. [Yet] the image and the moral responsibility of America in this overseas area have been neglected by the U.S. Government. The burden has been shouldered [only] by volunteer nurses and doctors who work on shoestring budgets in the sacrificing "missionary" atmosphere of projects such as HOPE and MEDICO.

Certainly, the time has come for the United States Government to take the expense of our overseas medical image from the shoulders of these volunteers who have done so well with so little.

EVERETT SHOCKET, M.D.
Miami Beach, Fla.

French Neighborliness

N.C.'s EDITORIAL, "The New Mood in France" [*SR*, Sept. 24], was bound to catch the eye of Francophobes as well as of Francophiles and might have given the hasty reader some misconceptions.

As part-time residents of France for the last four years, my wife and I would agree that the French are willing to see their tourist trade go down because their economy is going up; that de Gaulle is good for France; that while enjoying sweet revenge for past diplomatic rebuffs he is at the same time giving the French people a healthy feeling of genuine national sovereignty free from American hegemony. Yet, as N.C. himself hints, we have not found these facts translated into an antagonism toward Americans as people. As tenants in a farmhouse north of Chartres, we have experienced nothing but friendliness since de Gaulle.

C. EDWARD HOPKIN,
The Divinity School in Philadelphia.
Oreland, Pa.

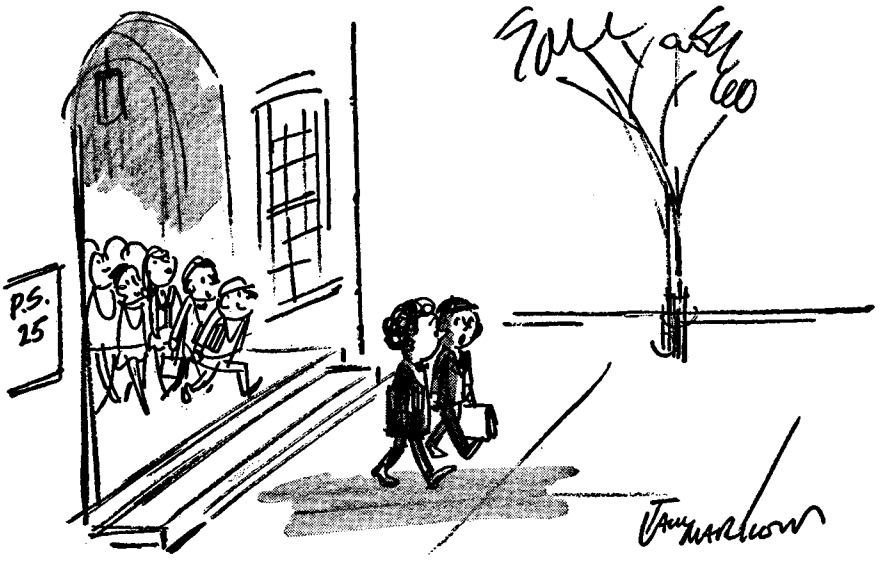
On Bullfighting

I HAVE ALWAYS admired *SR* for its accurate and informative reporting, and for this reason I was totally shocked by the article "The Placid Corrida" [*SR*, Sept. 10] by Virginius Dabney. In my opinion as a bullfight critic, this piece was totally unfounded, slanderous, and disgusting.

In effect, the theme of the article was that Portuguese bullfighting is far superior to Spanish bullfighting, for moral and religious reasons. This is understood to be merely an opinion, which any critic has the right to express. But in describing the Spanish *corridas*, the author employs numerous incorrect facts and slanted arguments intended, in my opinion, to convince the American public of something that is totally untrue.

MARCIE TUPMAN.
Bloomington, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Dabney replies, "This letter is just the sort of reaction that I anticipated from ardent aficionados of the Spanish corrida. Anybody who says that this type of bullfight is less than noble and inspiring is apt to be written off by these worshipers at the shrine as mentally afflicted. Perhaps I did exaggerate the stupidity of all bulls, although I have read a similar statement elsewhere, and my own observation of Spanish and Portuguese bullfights tends to bear out what I wrote. Other points boil down mainly to matters of opinion."*



"I get mixed up on ancient history. Was Mussolini before or after Caesar?"

Not at Home on the Range

I READ with grim fascination the report by Horace Sutton on the Jackson Hole country [*SR*, Oct. 1]. I am not a camping nut, but I enjoy it and it saves money. Unfortunately, I saw in Mr. Sutton's words the attitude that will destroy places like this.

He complains of prices and mentions the beautiful sights that may be seen from a car. He also wonders why some of the lodges at Jenny Lake are set into hollows instead of on the ridgeline. If he had only walked to the other side of the lake he would have seen how this would have destroyed the view. It is this kind of person who wants grove-destroying roads cut so he can see the redwoods, and take bus tours to the back regions of Zion Park.

MICHAEL FIRTH.
Iowa City, Ia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Sutton replies, "Reader Firth can remove his shoulder chip. My complaint about high prices at supposedly low-cost restaurants in the National Parks will not destroy Jackson Hole. Conservation is one thing, but conservation without appreciation is nothing. I am in favor of making the National Parks available first to those low-income citizens from crowded urban areas who need them most. I'm not really concerned about prices charged the over-privileged.*

"My reference to cabins was not at Jenny Lake but at Jackson Lake Lodge, where the first outbuildings were indeed built in a hollow . . . Let Mr. Firth not ascribe to me a move for 'grove-destroying roads' nor more 'bus tours to the back regions of Zion Park.' I'm not in favor of it."

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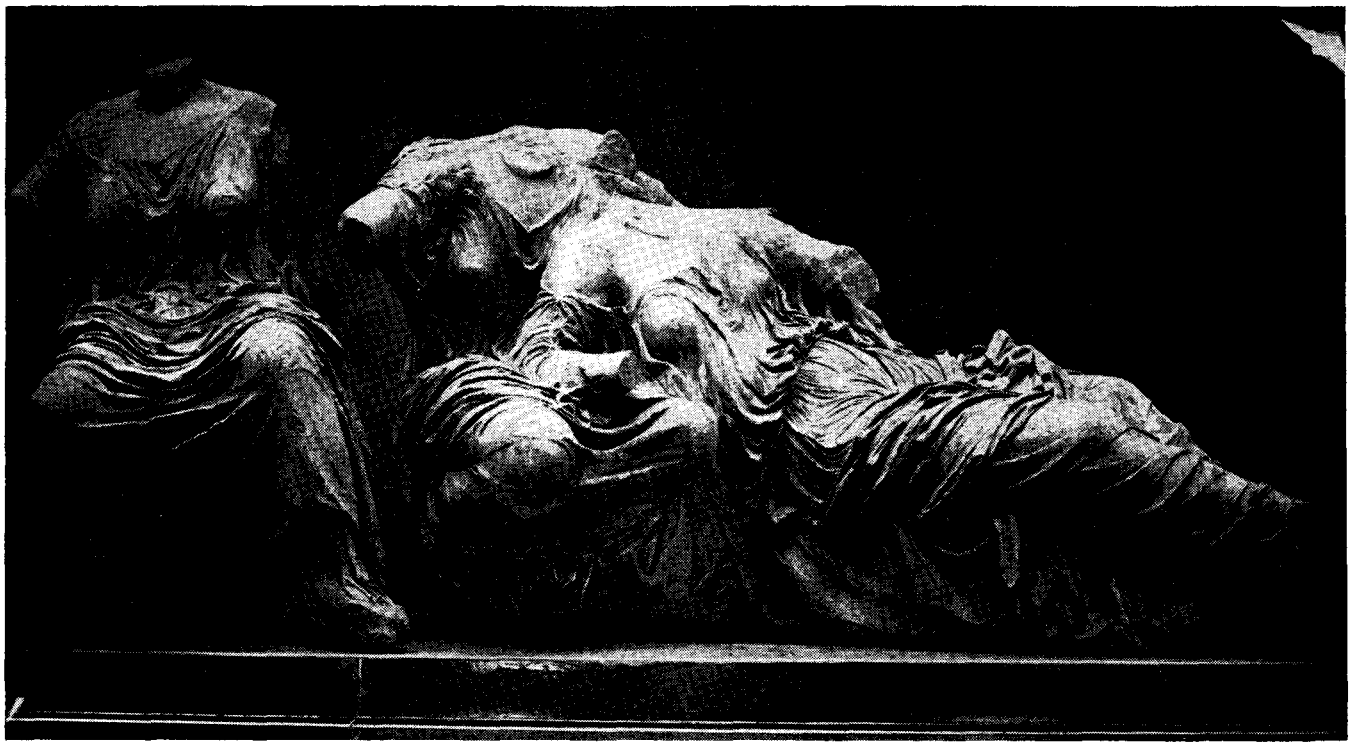

—*Culver.*

"The Three Fates," Pediment of the Parthenon

THE ODYSSEY OF THE ELGIN MARBLES

By P. W. STONE

THIS YEAR marks the sesquicentennial in the British Museum of the outstanding collection of ancient Greek sculptures known as the Elgin marbles. They are one of the proudest treasures of that great museum, for they constitute probably the greatest collection of ancient art that has ever found its way west of Italy. Their long and peaceful residence in the museum stands in sharp contrast to their adventures before arriving there and to the dangers they would have continued to encounter if they had remained in Greece. Their presence in England is due to the foresight and perseverance of the Scottish peer Lord Elgin, whose tribulations in getting them there were as difficult as the fabled ones of Ulysses.

Their removal from Greece aroused as much controversy at the time as Napoleon's seizures of art treasures from conquered countries, or in modern times those of the Nazi, Goering. The controversy still simmers. Only a few months ago it broke into the news again when, in answer to a question raised in the House of Commons, Prime Minister Wilson announced that his government, like predecessors, had no intention of permitting the sculptures' return to Greece.

When Thomas Bruce, the Scottish seventh Earl of Elgin, was appointed British envoy extraordinary to the Ottoman empire in 1799, he was already both an experienced diplomat and a devotee of classical art. Greece had been for several centuries under the then weakening rule of the Turks. Although his diplomatic post would keep him busy at Constantinople, he quickly sensed an opportunity to use his influence there for the furtherance of British knowledge of ancient Grecian art.

Thomas Harrison, an architect in his employ, proposed having both drawings and casts made of Greek masterpieces, especially those at Athens. Elgin's estimate of the importance of the project then led him to try to obtain a grant from the British Government. He failed in this, even after soliciting the help of William Pitt. Nothing daunted, he decided to undertake the task at his own expense. With the aid of his private secretary, William Richard Hamilton, he started to organize a corps of draftsmen, molders, and mechanics. Another setback came when he was unable to obtain the services of the Englishman he first approached to head this corps. Later he engaged an Italian, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, a topographical artist who had been King's Painter for antiquities of Sicily. This proved an inspired move, for Lusieri devoted his whole life to the task, and his knowledge, ability, industry, and shrewdness contributed immeasurably to its success.

Hamilton hired most of the needed artisans in Italy and they were transported to Athens. There they were beset with difficulties from the start. The Turkish governor of Athens and the governor of the Citadel, who had the Acropolis under his immediate control, were antagonistic. The ancient monuments were surrounded and infiltrated by Turkish fortifications and residences. There was even a small mosque on the floor of the Parthenon. Janissaries stood guard over the draftsmen while they worked. When Elgin's men wanted to erect scaffolding around the Parthenon to take measurements and make molds, the authorities objected that a neighboring harem would be exposed to prying eyes of infidels. Some of the Italians turned out to be malcontents or poor workers. Progress was at a snail's pace.

It gradually became evident that only a firman, or permit, from the central government at Constantinople could overcome the political obstructions. Because of recent British victories over Napoleon the "Sublime Porte" was anxious at the time to cultivate the good graces of the

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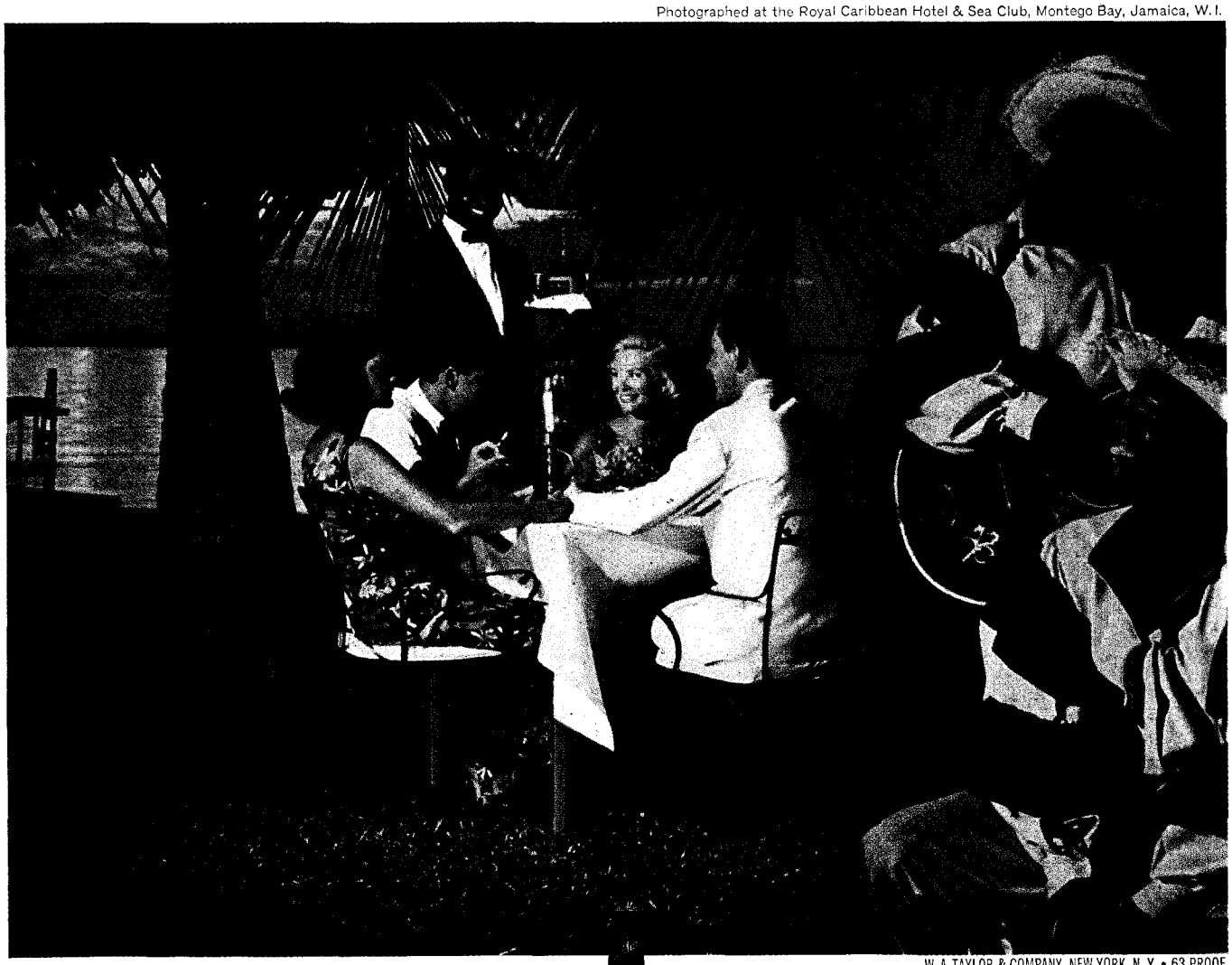
You can bask in the sun all day...
You can dance the Limbo till dawn...
You can raft miles down the Rio Grande...

but you haven't been to JAMAICA...

Photographed at the Royal Caribbean Hotel & Sea Club, Montego Bay, Jamaica, W.I.



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Bonaparte au Mont St.-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

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British empire. Elgin was therefore able to obtain, over the signature of Seged Abdullah Kaimacan, a firman which gave him permission to erect scaffolding, to model ornaments and figures with chalk or gypsum, to measure fragments, to excavate foundations, and to "take away any pieces of stone with inscriptions or figures." This firman was brought to Lusieri in Athens in July 1801 by Dr. Philip Hunt, the chaplain of the embassy, who had been responsible for the inclusion of that last phrase.

This wide-ranging permit threw a new light on the situation. It opened closed doors, and for the first time broadened the project to embrace the removal of art objects. The work of the draftsmen and molders was speeded up. "Pieces of stone with inscriptions or figures" was interpreted to cover sculptures and architectural elements. Plans were made for the removal, packing in cases, and shipping to England by sea of a large number of pieces of statuary, including some of the most outstanding in Athens.

The first shipments began in December 1801. Although he would rely mostly on either commercial or British naval vessels, Elgin had bought one ship, the *Mentor*. Its hatches were found too small for some of the largest cases, but it was loaded full with smaller ones, which contained most of the marbles from the Parthenon. It sailed from Piraeus, the port of Athens, on September 16, 1802, but got no further than the strait south of the Morea. There it was wrecked the following day off the island of Cerigo.

The recovery of this priceless cargo called for all of Elgin's ingenuity. To attract much attention to the wreck was risky, for piracy was rampant. A semblance of British government involvement might provide some protection. Negotiations with one Basilio Menachini led to an odd contract by which Elgin agreed to promote Menachini's appointment as British vice consul at Spezzia if he would carry out satisfactorily the salvage of the *Mentor's* cargo. Two years had passed by the time the cases were recovered from the wreck and buried on the beach for safekeeping. After another six months, by an appeal to Lord Nelson, a ship was obtained to carry them on to England. It was now the spring of 1805.

Meanwhile Lord Elgin had had a personal misadventure. His term as Ambassador had expired in 1803 and he had started for home. He got as far as Paris. Napoleon had issued a decree that all Englishmen between the ages of eighteen and sixty were to be considered prisoners of war. Elgin was declared technically a prisoner. Not until the summer of 1806 was he permitted to leave the country, and then only after signing an agreement to return on Napoleon's request.

In spite of Elgin's detention in France, work on the Greek project proceeded under his orders. The draftsmen were sent home in the spring of 1803, but Lusieri continued collecting, packing and shipping more drawings, molds, and sculptures. Troubles also continued. In 1804 a new governor of Athens refused permission to excavate, claiming that the new British Ambassador disapproved. A little later Elgin's agent in Constantinople, who had been providing funds, refused further advances because of delays in payments to him. In fact, Elgin's expenses had been so great that he was in a straitened financial situation. In 1807 Britain's ally Russia declared war on Turkey, and the Turks seized sculptures that were already packed. One ship was held up for a permit, then delayed again because of claims for payment lodged by the shipowner.

ELGIN succeeded in reaching England, but even then his troubles were far from over. His public-spirited undertaking had brought him a hail of criticism. He was offered no adequate quarters to exhibit his collection. As more shipments arrived he was hard put even to find a place to store them. He first had them taken to a house he bought in the heart of London at Park Lane and Piccadilly. In 1811, at the invitation of the Duke of Edinburgh, he moved the marbles to the latter's Burlington House. Then in March 1815 this estate was sold and he was informed that he must remove them.

As early as 1810 a representative of the British Museum, which had become interested, approached his secretary about acquiring the marbles. In negotiations that followed Elgin offered to sell his whole collection of sculptures, inscriptions, vases, casts, and drawings for a price that would reimburse him for his out-of-pocket expenses. These he estimated at £62,440 (then about $312,200). Objections were raised both to the price and to his rights of ownership in view of his position as Ambassador at the time of his acquisitions. The Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval, declined to consider a price above £30,000, and the negotiations failed.

In June 1815 (the month of Waterloo), Elgin wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, offering to sell for £50,000, although his expenses by then had risen to £74,000. At the same time, he presented a petition to the House of Commons. The House appointed a select committee to investigate the whole situation, including Elgin's right to the marbles. Much debate ensued at committee hearings. At length the committee reported favorably, but with a recommended offer of only £35,000. By a majority of 82-30 the House approved the report on June 16, 1816, Elgin accepted, and in August the main collection was moved to the British Museum.

LORD Elgin thus lost £39,000 ($195,000) in expenses alone for his Herculean labor. But two conditions of the transfer must have given some satisfaction to him. One was that he and future earls of Elgin were to be ex-officio trustees of the museum. The other was that the whole acquisition was to be kept together permanently as "The Elgin Collection."

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Group of horsemen from the north frieze, *ca.* 440 B.C.

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J F K IN DALLAS

The Warren Report and Its Critics

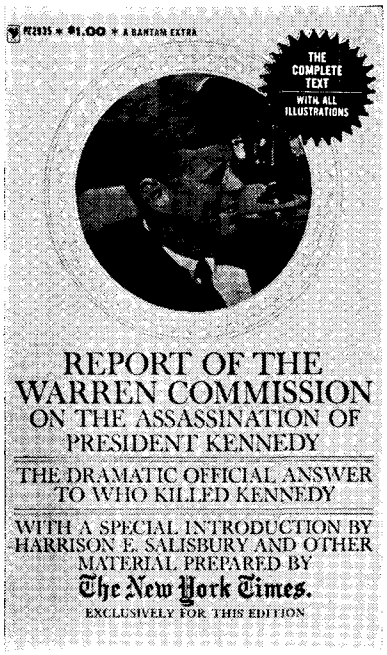
By ARNOLD L. FEIN

AS THE war against the Warren Commission escalates, it is time to take stock. It is time to inquire into the supposed deficiencies of the Commission, its investigation, and its Report. It is time also to inquire into the possible deficiencies of the critics, their inquiries, and their conclusions. We deal here not with a political campaign or a newspaper report, where license in speech and in reporting is, unfortunately, too often the rule. We deal rather with the assassination of a great and gallant young man, the President of the United States. We deal also with the killing of a confused and bewildered man, his alleged assassin, both within the sight and earshot of an unbelieving world.

The awesome responsibilities of the Commission required that it adhere to the highest standards of which men are capable, to make an objective and thorough inquiry, and to render a fair and impartial judgment, without passion, fear, or favor.

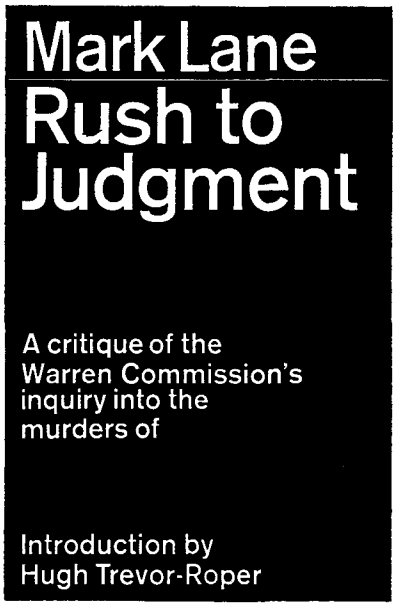
Perhaps the critics are not obliged to conform to the same standards. But at a minimum should they not be required to state the facts as they are, to report the truth, to avoid the dissemination of unsupported rumors, and to refrain from character assassination and unfounded imputations of improper motives? A decent respect for the opinions of mankind and for the subject matter of the inquiry demands no less.

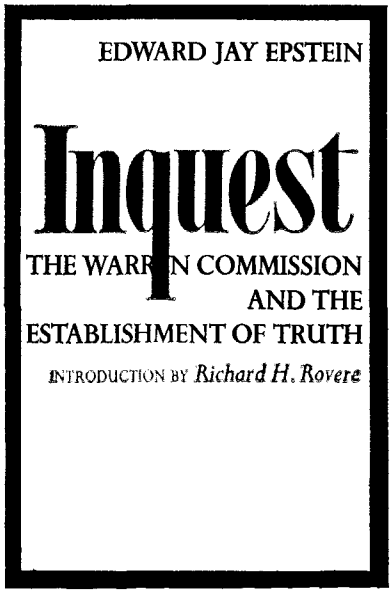
Did the Commission adequately meet its burdens? Leaving aside for the moment comment on the specifics of the investigation and Report, and the critiques, it is fair to suggest that there is justification for many of the general criticisms of the Commission. Mark Lane and Edward Epstein in particular have fairly and credibly made some of the points. It is now reasonably clear that the Commission should have employed full-time, independent, non-governmental investigators and more full-time, independent, nongovernmental lawyers. The members of the Commission probably should have devoted more time to their task and should have heard more of the testimony in full-dress formal hearings. The entire investigation should have been further extended in time and scope. The nature of the inquiry required expedition, but not at the expense of adequacy. Speedy justice is essential, but often the only merit of instant justice may be its immediacy. The time required must be measured by the complexity of the problem. Whatever the merits of the dispute

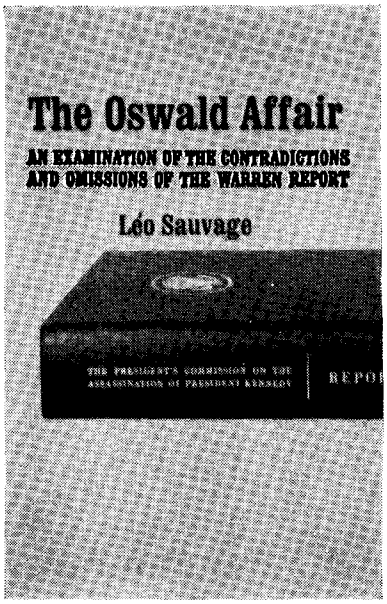

THE COMPLETE TEXT
WITH ALL ILLUSTRATIONS
REPORT OF THE WARREN COMMISSION
ON THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY
THE DRAMATIC OFFICIAL ANSWER TO WHO KILLED KENNEDY
WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY HARRISON E. SALISBURY AND OTHER MATERIAL PREPARED BY
The New York Times.
EXCLUSIVELY FOR THIS EDITION

Arnold L. Fein is a judge in the Civil Court of the City of New York and former special counsel to the Kefauver Committee of the United States Senate to Investigate Organized Crime in Interstate Commerce.

The Dissenters


Mark Lane
Rush to Judgment
A critique of the Warren Commission's inquiry into the murders of
Introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper





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between the Commission and the attorney for Marguerite Oswald, Mark Lane, it is manifest that he and the other critics are on sound ground in arguing that a technique should have been evolved for admitting adversary counsel, with the right of cross-examination. It is apparent also that some clues should have been more thoroughly followed and that certain additional witnesses should have been heard and questioned. So too it is evident that a more complete investigation of and report on the inconsistencies in the evidence heard and the official reports submitted to the Commission were required. Conceding the validity of these criticisms, however, does not necessarily require rejection of the Commission's conclusions.

On the other hand, did the critics meet the minimal standards required of them? It is fair to suggest that in many respects they failed to do so. Perhaps the greatest obstacle to an understanding of the investigation and the Report is the widespread public misconception about the nature of criminal trials and investigations. This underlies and infects much of the approach in these books, although it is expressly articulated only by Léo Sauvage, who remarks:

> The writer of detective stories who wants to keep his readers never lets question marks and unexplained clues linger after the words "The End." One would think the public would be no less demanding when confronted not by fiction but by a real life investigation, and above all when the victim is the President of the United States.

If it is true, as this passage suggests, that life must conform to fiction in order to be credible, the Warren Commission was deficient. It did not answer all the questions nor did it explain all the clues. The Report so states at many points. Does this mean that we must reject the Report and the underlying investigation and accept the alternative theories of these critics who not only disagree with the Commission but with each other?

Only rarely does a trial, inquiry, or investigation—civil or criminal—present a tidy package fit for television dramas. More often than not there are loose ends. Guilt beyond a reasonable doubt does not mean beyond all doubt, and so criminal juries must be instructed. The perfect case is usually the fraudulent one.

It was obvious from the outset that there were so many conflicting clues and reports it would be impossible to reconcile them all. But this does not seem to deter our authors. Seizing these gaps or contradictions, some of which were inevitable and many of which the Commission could have avoided or explained, each of these critics has launched an attack on the motives of the Commission, varying in intensity from the professorial tone of Edward Jay Epstein in *Inquest* to the staccato drumbeat of Harold Weisberg in *Whitewash*. Each implies or states that the Commission assumed at the outset that Oswald alone *was guilty and then set out to demonstrate* or prove it. Perhaps this is so, but these gentlemen have not made the case. It is more easily demonstrable that it is they who have sought to prove their own predispositions.

Although *Inquest* is written in a sober and scholarly law-school style with a remarkable economy of expression, the book is patently tendentious. Its essence is that the Commission was engaged not in the pursuit of facts but of "political truth," that its "dominant purpose" was "to protect the national interest by dispelling rumors" about "conspiracy" and to "lift the cloud of doubts . . . over American institutions," because "the nation's prestige was at stake." This "implicit purpose," deduced by Epstein from newspaper reports and comments taken out of context, is compared with the Commission's explicit purpose stated in the President's directive "to ascertain, evaluate and report on the facts" including "its findings and conclusions."

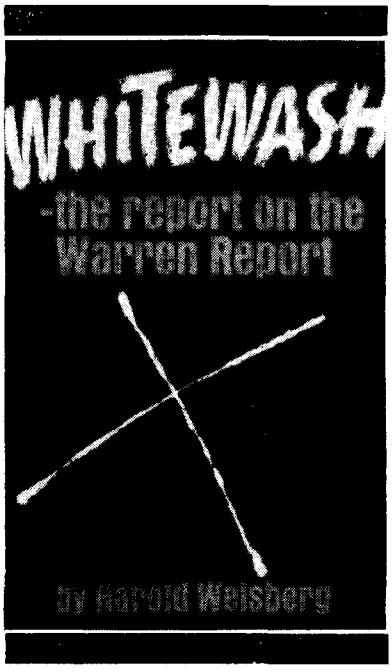
Epstein then argues:

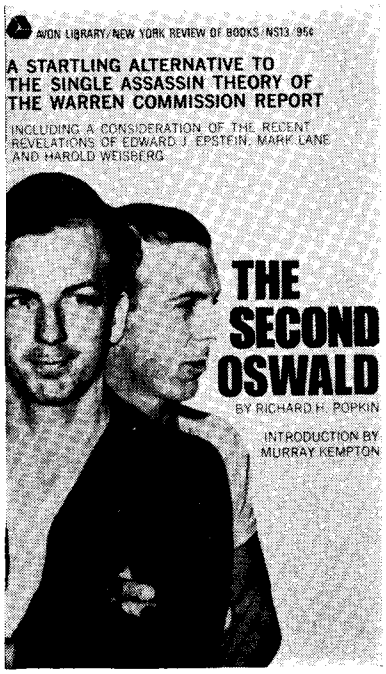
> These two purposes were compatible so long as the damaging rumors were untrue. But what if a rumor damaging to the national interest proved to be true? The Commission's explicit purpose would dictate that the information be exposed regardless of the consequences, while the Commission's implicit purpose would dictate that the rumor be dispelled regardless of the fact that it was true. In a conflict of this sort, one of the Commission's purposes would emerge as dominant.

Mark Lane makes the same point in *Rush to Judgment*, although not so precisely. The others state it more crudely.

Why? Is it naïve to suggest that the truth is the best way to dispel a rumor? What rumor was so damaging to the nation that the truth could not be told? In *The Second Oswald* Richard H. Popkin suggests:

> The Western European critics can only

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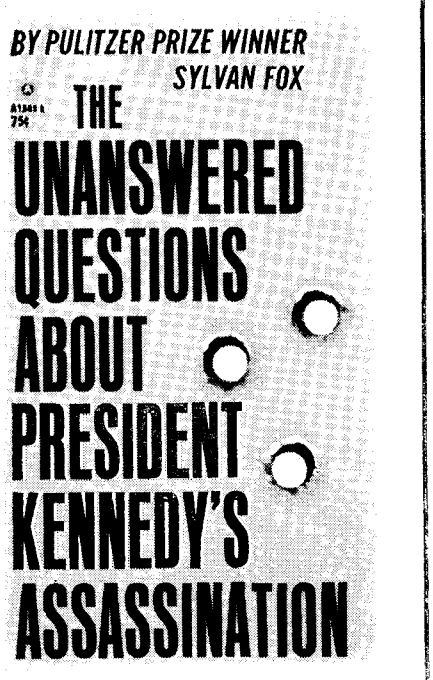
A STARTLING ALTERNATIVE TO THE SINGLE ASSASSIN THEORY OF THE WARREN COMMISSION REPORT
INCLUDING A CONSIDERATION OF THE RECENT REVELATIONS OF EDWARD J. EPSTEIN, MARK LANE AND HAROLD WEISBERG
THE SECOND OSWALD
BY RICHARD H. POPKIN
INTRODUCTION BY MURRAY KEMPTON



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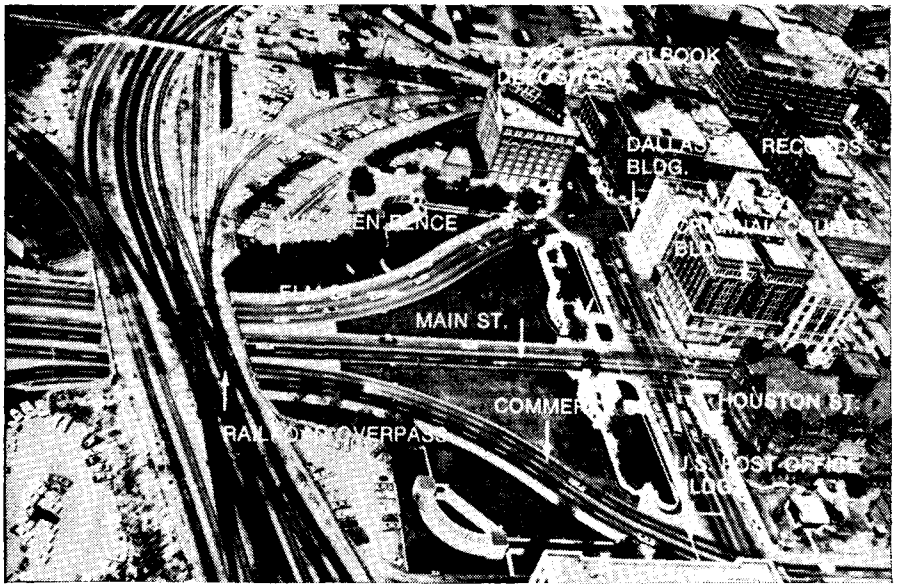

—Photo by Robert Primes in "Rush to Judgment."

Dealey Plaza, Dallas—Was the fatal shot fired from the Texas School Book Depository?

see Kennedy's assassination as part of a subtle conspiracy, involving perhaps some of the Dallas Police, the FBI, the right-wing lunatic fringe in Dallas, or perhaps even (in rumors I have often heard) Kennedy's successor.

This paragraph is perhaps the best critique on Professor Popkin's theories and his book. What further commentary is necessary about an inquiry which will repeat without further explanation, clarification, or comment—critical or otherwise—that complicity in the assassination might be attributable to "perhaps even (in rumors I have often heard) Kennedy's successor"?

How could or should the rumor—repeated and undispelled by this its latest circulator, without any suggestion of basis—be dealt with or investigated? The repetition circulates. It neither justifies, explains, nor dispels.

Mr. Epstein does not go so far. He takes up the alleged conspiracy involving the FBI. This evolved from rumors that Oswald was either an FBI informant or in its employ. Epstein concedes that "no evidence developed to substantiate this possibility" and that even if true the relationship "might not be particularly relevant to the assassination itself." Lane concurs.

Lane and Epstein and the other authors make valid criticisms of how the Commission and its staff handled this rumor. The Commission relied largely on information furnished by the FBI itself for its judgment that the story was without foundation, although the Commission had determined to make its own independent investigation. However, this by no means supports Epstein's conclusion that the Commission's intent was to dispel the rumor whether true or not. And yet this instance is the basis of Epstein's second chapter, "The Dominant Purpose," in which he evolves his theory that finding facts was only the Commission's secondary purpose. In his anxiety to prove his point Epstein succumbs to the device he and the others so often charge against the Commission: ignoring the evidence. He writes, "Nowhere, not even in the 'Speculations and Rumors' appendix, does the Report mention the allegation that had so preoccupied the Commission."

To put it mildly, this is inaccurate. As Mark Lane notes, Appendix XII to the Report, "Speculations and Rumors," in a subsection entitled "Oswald and U.S. Government Agencies," discusses and rejects as baseless the rumors and speculations about Oswald's alleged association with the FBI, stating the Commission's reasons. A similar but more extended treatment is to be found in Chapter VI of the Report proper, "Investigation of Possible Conspiracy," in a subsection entitled "Oswald Was Not an Agent for the U.S. Government." Some of the books under review, including those by Lane and Epstein, make a forceful case that the Commission's investigation of these rumors and speculations was inadequate. Even if one agrees, and even if one assumes the Commission's conclusion in this respect is false, this neither supports nor warrants Epstein's inaccurate assertion that the Report does not mention the "allegation that had so preoccupied the Commission." This unfounded charge by Epstein has been picked up and repeated in articles relying on and lauding his book. Thus a new rumor circulates.

If Epstein intends only a criticism of the failure of the Report to mention Texas Attorney General Waggoner Carr, Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade, newspaper reporter Alonzo Hudkins, and Dallas Under Sheriff Allan Sweatt as transmitters of these rumors this hardly sustains Epstein's blanket charge that the Report does not refer to or treat with the rumors. Moreover, it represents a questionable criticism of the way the Report is written rather than a demonstration of the Commission's so-called "implicit" purpose. This illustrates another point too. All too frequently Epstein and the others mix their criticism of the way the Report was written with a criticism of the investigation. Thus even when they are satisfied with a particular phase of the investigation they point their attack at the form of the Report. At other times, when the Report seems adequately to deal with a problem, they seize on the investigation as being inadequate.

I have dwelt at length on this matter because it is the dubious foundation stone for Epstein's theory that the Commission was mainly concerned with "the dominant purpose" of producing "only political truth," which underlies his entire analysis and provides the theoretical basis for his more serious allegations.

WHEN the doctors at Parkland Hospital ascertained that the President was indeed dead, the need for an autopsy was evident. The Dallas hospital officials insisted that the law required it to be performed there before the body was moved. This would of course take some time. Federal intervention was questionable, the assassination of a President not then being a federal crime. Nonetheless, Kenneth O'Donnell was determined that the body be taken immediately to Washington, largely, he said, because Mrs.

(*Continued on page* 43)

The Books

Report of the Warren Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, prepared by *The New York Times* (Bantam. 726 pp. Paperback, $1)

Rush to Judgment, by Mark Lane (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 478 pp. $5.95)

Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth, by Edward Jay Epstein (Viking. 224 pp. $5)

The Oswald Affair: An Examination of the Contradictions and Omissions of the Warren Report, by Léo Sauvage (World. 418 pp. $6.95)

Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report, by Harold Weisberg (Harold Weisberg, Hyattstown, Md. 208 pp. Paperback, $4.95)

The Second Oswald, by Richard H. Popkin (Avon. 174 pp. Paperback, 95¢)

The Unanswered Questions About President Kennedy's Assassination, by Sylvan Fox (Universal/Award. 221 pp. Paperback, 75¢)

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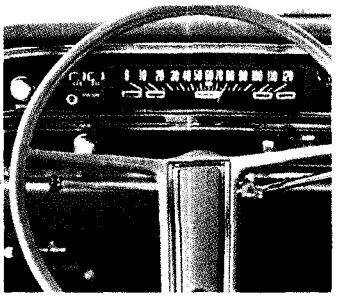

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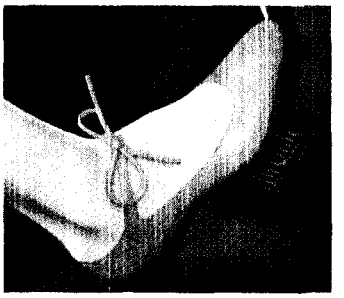
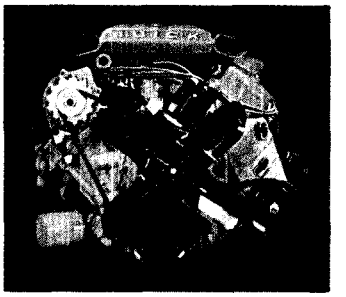


And the new dual master cylinder brake system with warning light. And the seat belts with push button release, front and rear, that come in every Buick. All standard.



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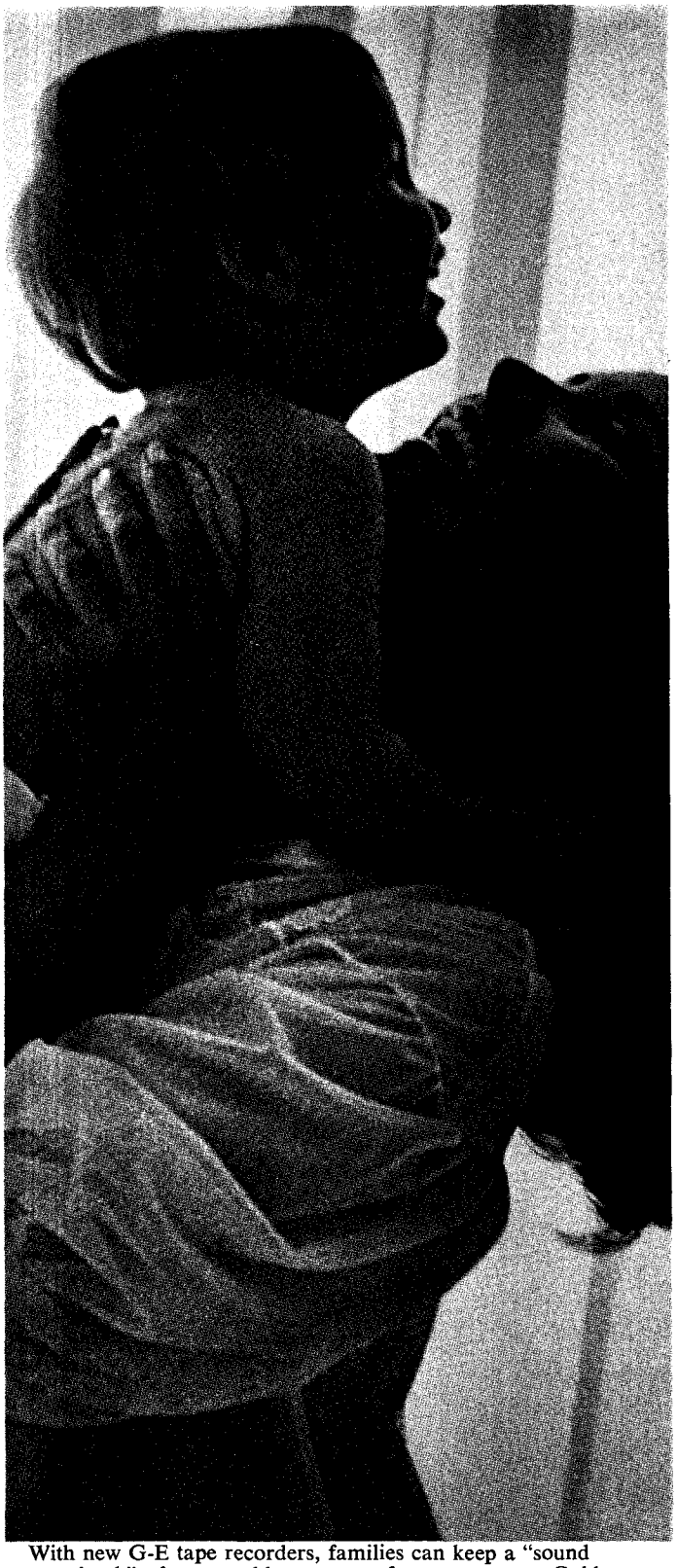

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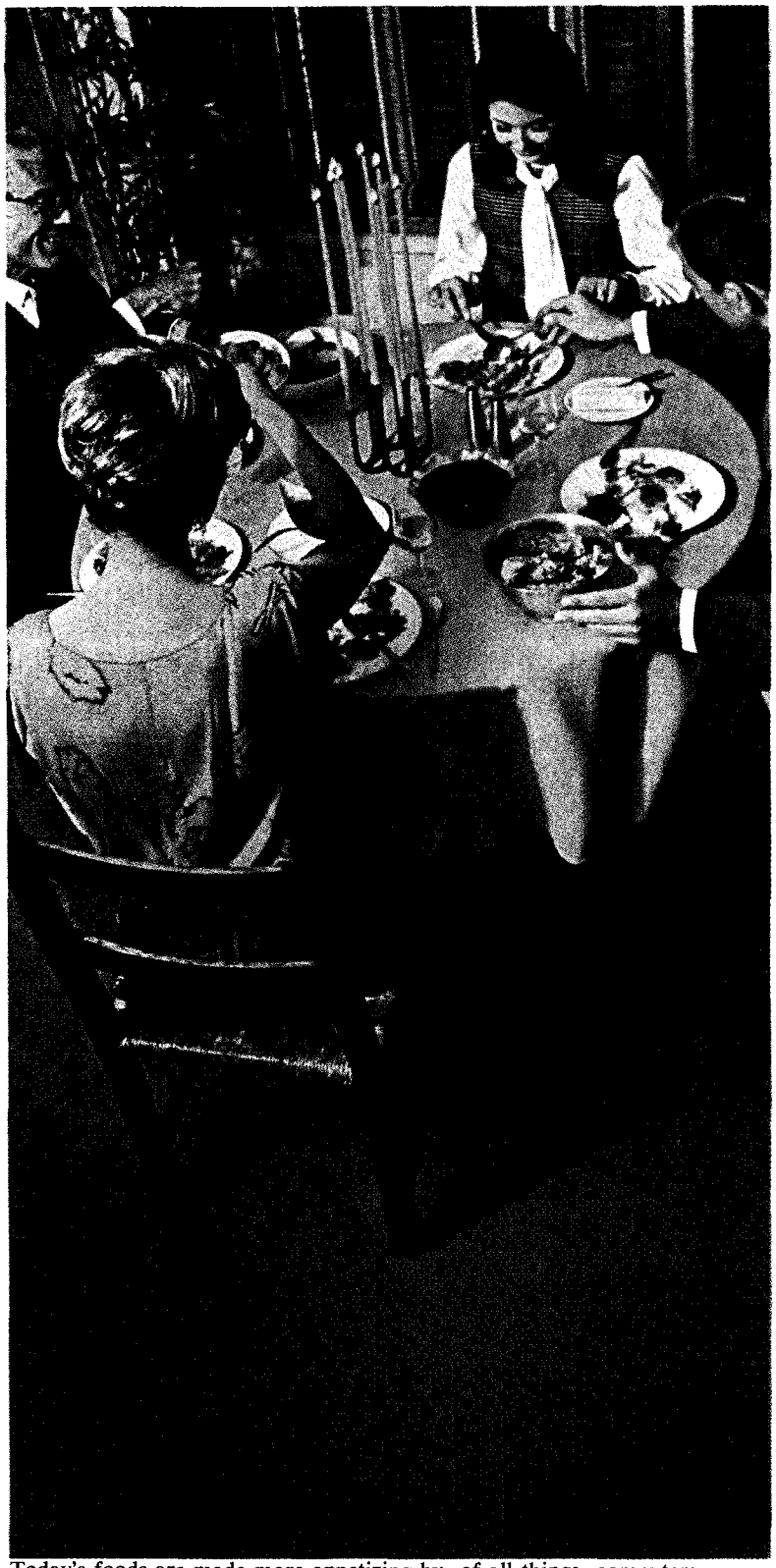

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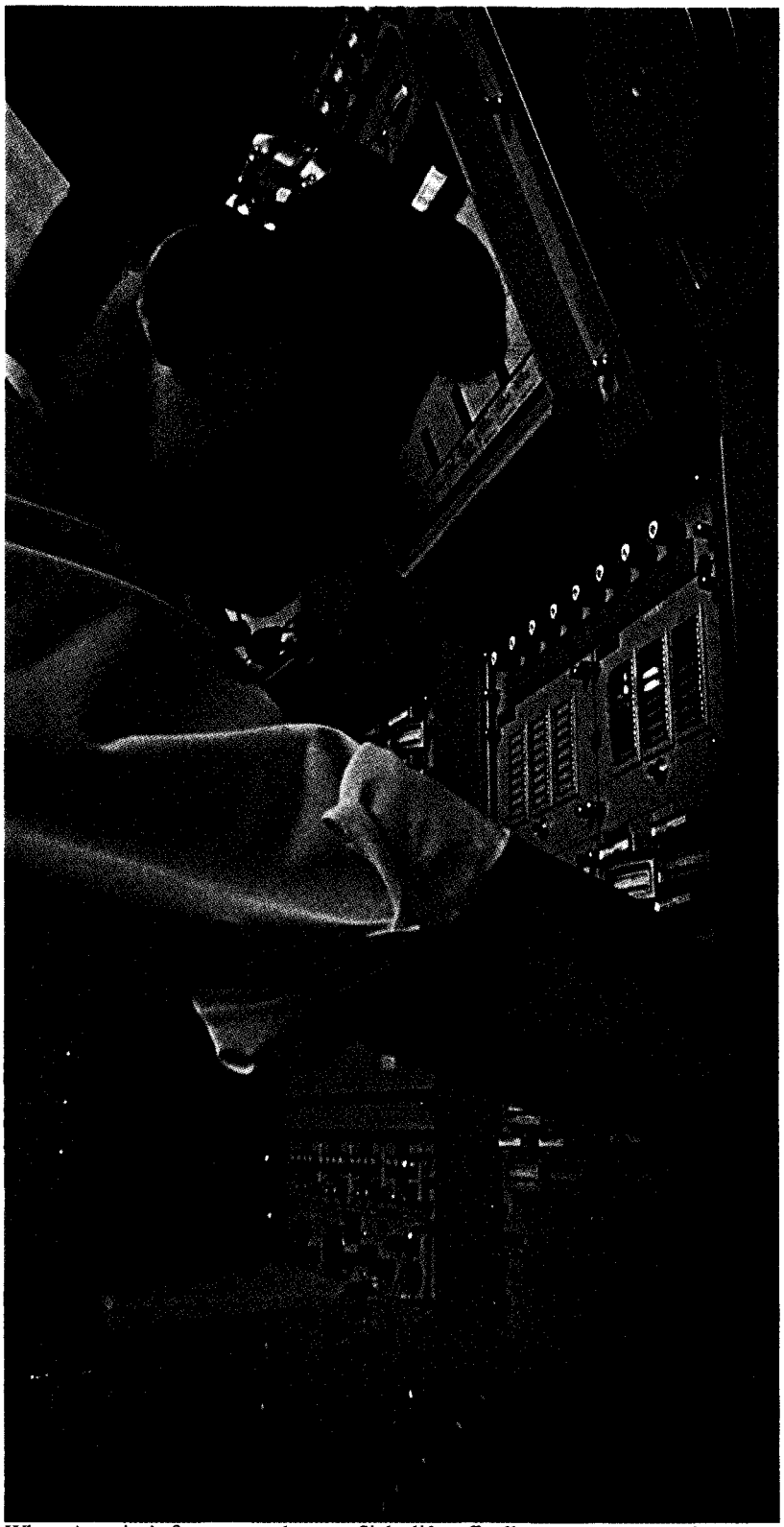
First flight.
Who cares if it reaches the moon?



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Continued from page 38

Kennedy insisted on staying with her husband. By bluff, persistence, and a threat of force O'Donnell, aided by Secret Service Agent Roy Kellerman and others, removed the body from the hospital, took it to the airport, and caused it to be flown to Washington without waiting for a local autopsy.

The use of this incident in some of these books is curiously revealing. Sauvage explores it in some detail as an event of "political significance," which established a basis for federal jurisdiction over the investigation of the assassination. He cites it as evidence that the Justice Department legally could and should have taken over the entire inquiry. This is part of his rather complicated and murky argument that the Justice Department delayed intervention or avoided it in order not to embarrass the state of Texas, and his contention that the Texas officials were determined to establish Oswald's sole guilt before such federal intervention. Why is not apparent. Everything is grist to this mill. Sauvage glides over the whole complex question of federal-state relations and ignores the fact that the Justice Department's investigation did continue and that the Warren Commission is in fact a species of federal intervention.

Sylvan Fox at no little length uses the incident to demonstrate the pettiness and "ghastly ineptitudes . . . displayed by the Dallas authorities."

Contrast Weisberg's description of it as "an abuse of the Texas authorities." This in a paragraph in which he also declines to "embarrass" the "public servants" who "forcibly removed the President's body," but is critical of the Report for failing to do so and for not noting whether a Texas official was invited to observe or participate in the autopsy. Sauvage, however, quotes O'Donnell as suggesting that a Dallas doctor "accompany the body and take charge of the autopsy."

Weisberg goes on to defend the rights of the state of Texas, thus disrespected. He then suggests that had the autopsy been performed in Texas "there might have been no questions"—but a few lines later he indicates that had a Texas doctor or official been present "it is doubtful if the results would have differed."

Thus these authors use the same facts to infer what they will, however contradictory.

Weisberg's hints and speculations are the launching pad for his criticism of the autopsy reports and the doctors who performed the autopsy at the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, the night of the assassination. They were Commanders James J. Humes and J. Thornton Boswell of the Navy Medical Corps and Lieutenant Colonel Pierre Finck of the Army Medical Corps. All concede the expert qualifications of these military doctors. In addition to the medical personnel, FBI agents Francis X. O'Neill and James W. Sibert and Secret Service agents Roy Kellerman, William R. Greer, William O'Leary, and Clinton J. Hill were allegedly present during all or part of the autopsy, which was apparently conducted by Commander Humes.

The autopsy report, signed by the three doctors, states that the President died "as a result of two perforating gunshot wounds, fired from a point behind and somewhat above the level of the deceased." The fatal missile, the doctors found, entered the skull and fragmented; then a portion exited, carrying with it sections of the brain, skull, and scalp.

Much has been written in these books and elsewhere about the head wounds, their source and course. Obviously, the autopsy doctors were not at the scene of the assassination, nor at Parkland Hospital while the doctors there administered to the President in the fruitless effort to save him. The source of the autopsy doctors' conclusion that the fatal missile came from "behind and somewhat above" was necessarily a combination of hearsay and their own observation of the wounds.

These books contain the not unimpressive argument that the head wounds may have been caused by a bullet coming from in front and not from "behind and somewhat above," as the Report states, or even by more than one bullet, and that the bullet or bullets were not and could not have been fired from Oswald's rifle nor by him. Mark Lane's presentation is particularly effective. However, it is fair to say that the conflicts and contradictions and unsupported speculations in these books and the authors' theories on this aspect of the inquiry produce no satisfactory alternative. Here the Commission's Report is the most convincing. The limits of a magazine article do not permit a detailed analysis of the arguments. Nevertheless, on the basis of numerous scrutinies of the Warren Report and its exhibits, as well as each of the books under discussion and their respective exhibits, plus articles in the press and elsewhere, I am inclined to accept the Commission's conclusion that the shot which killed the President was fired from the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository by Lee Harvey Oswald, utilizing his Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. The physical evidence points there and nowhere else.

The other wounds in the President's body present far more difficulties, difficulties with the Commission's Report, but also difficulties with the theories advanced in each of these books. The autopsy report signed by the autopsy doctors states:

> The other missile entered the right superior posterior thorax above the scapula . . . and made its exit through the anterior surface of the neck.

This seems to be saying that one bullet, not the fatal one, entered the President's body just below and to the right of the President's neck above the shoulder bone and exited through the front of his neck. This would be consistent with a wound from above and behind, and with an artist's schematic drawing made later under Commander Humes's direction. However, it is inconsistent with a chart made by the Commander during or right after the autopsy, indicating a lower wound in the back and a higher wound in the front of the throat. It is also inconsistent with the FBI reports of the autopsy and certain newspaper reports, obviously founded on FBI leaks.

The autopsy report is undated. Commander Humes testified it was complet-

—*Wide World.*

Governor and Mrs. John Connally, J F K and Jacqueline Kennedy approximately one minute before the shot—"Mrs. Kennedy insisted on staying with her husband."

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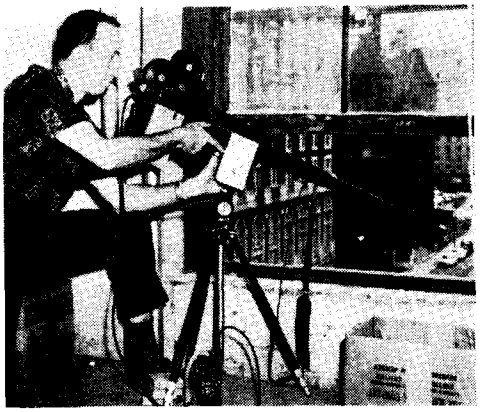

—*Wide World.*

(l. to r.) FBI agent reenacting assassination, Detective J. D. Day of Dallas Police Department with rifle used to kill Kennedy—"an interval of 2.3 seconds between shots."

—*Wide World.*

ed and forwarded to higher authority by November 24, within forty-eight hours of the autopsy. Humes's supplemental report was forwarded to The White House Physician on December 6 and shortly thereafter was turned over to the Secret Service. Thus it appears that in December 1963 the Secret Service had the doctors' autopsy reports indicating the President had been shot near the base of the neck from behind and that the bullet had followed a downward course and exited through the lower portion of the front of the neck or throat.

However, the FBI report turned over to the Commission on December 9, 1963, states:

> Medical examination of the President's body revealed that one of the bullets had entered just below his shoulder to the right of the spinal column at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees downward, that there was no point of exit, and that the bullet was not in the body.

The FBI supplemental report, dated January 13, 1964, states:

> Medical examination of the President's body had revealed that the bullet which entered his back had penetrated to a distance of less than a finger length.

The supplemental report also refers to evidence of "an exit hole for a projectile" in front of President Kennedy's shirt about one inch below the collar button.

These FBI reports to the Commission appear to have been founded upon two reports made and signed by FBI agents Sibert and O'Neill, the first on November 26, 1963, the second on November 29, 1963. The agents' November 26th report states in part that, during the autopsy Commander Humes located a bullet hole "below the shoulders and two inches to the right of the middle line of the spinal column"; that probing by the doctor indicated entry "at a downward position of 45 to 60 degrees" and that "the distance traveled by this missile was short inasmuch as the end of the opening could be felt with the finger." The agents' report notes that the doctors "were at a loss to explain why they could find no bullets"; "no complete bullet could be located in the body either by probing or X-ray" and "no point of exit" found.

The agents state a telephone call was made to the FBI laboratory, which advised that a bullet found on a stretcher in the emergency room at Parkland Hospital in Dallas had been turned over to the FBI; that Dr. Humes was told of it during the autopsy; that he immediately said this "accounted for no bullet being located which had entered the back region and that since external cardiac massage had been performed at Parkland Hospital it was entirely possible that through such movement the bullet had worked its way back out of the point of entry and had fallen on the stretcher."

Further examination of the body, and X-rays of pieces of the skull brought into the autopsy room during the autopsy satisfied Dr. Humes, the agents' report continues, that one bullet "had entered the rear of the skull and had fragmentized prior to exit through the top of the skull," and another "had entered the President's back and worked its way out . . . during external cardiac massage." The agents' November 29 report explains that the piece of skull brought into the autopsy room had been found on the floor of the Presidential car and was taken to Washington in another plane, as was the whole bullet found at Parkland Hospital.

It is obvious that these reports are the foundation for the FBI reports. It is equally obvious that they measurably undermine the elaborate speculations expounded in the books under review about the fatal shots coming from in front.

However, there is also an obvious inconsistency between these reports and the autopsy doctors' report stating that the bullet which entered in the back, near the base of the neck, exited through the throat, despite the doctors' earlier theorizing that this bullet had fallen out. Dr. Humes provided an explanation. During the autopsy he observed that a tracheotomy had been performed on the President at Parkland Hospital, but at the time he had no way of knowing that a projectile wound in the front of the President's neck was used as the point of the incision. Early on the morning of November 23, 1963, following the autopsy, he talked on the phone with Dr. Malcolm O. Perry, who had performed the tracheotomy, and learned of the throat wound, which damaged the trachea and other portions of the neck. From this he concluded that the bullet which entered the President from behind at the right of the base of the neck, or just below it, had exited from the front of the neck or throat. This is the substantiation for that portion of the autopsy report which describes these wounds, stating the back wound was one of entrance and the throat or neck wound one of exit.

It is, as I have said, inconsistent with the FBI reports. It is also inconsistent with newspaper reports based on interviews with the Parkland doctors and with TV statements made by them describing the wound in the front of the neck as a puncture wound, indicating a wound of entrance. Does this mean that the doctors' autopsy report is incorrect or was falsified to sustain a Commission theory or to fasten guilt upon Oswald? It is important to remember that the autopsy report was completed and forwarded to higher authority by November 24, 1963, within forty-eight hours after the assassination, well before the Commission was appointed and before any clear theories of how the assassination had occurred had been formulated. It was also signed by all three of the military doctors who performed the autopsy at Bethesda.

But none of this prevents five of our authors—Messrs. Weisberg, Popkin, Fox, Lane, and Epstein—from launching more or less harsh attacks on Commander Humes and the doctors' autopsy report. The attacks are premised on three grounds: First, that the report is undated—overlooking the fact that the report form provides space only for the date and time of death and date and time of the autopsy, both of which are indicated. Second, that Commander Humes certified in writing on November 24, 1963, that he had "destroyed by burning certain preliminary draft notes." Third, that the autopsy report is inconsistent with the FBI reports. The last is particularly curious because these authors have all been extremely critical of

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the FBI with respect to this and other aspects of the investigation; they have freely attacked the FBI's credibility and implied that it was the main sponsor, in addition to the Dallas police, of the theory that Oswald alone was guilty. Sauvage, in his addendum, "American Postscript," uses the inconsistency to damn both the FBI and the Commission. Weisberg also seizes on the alterations made by Humes in his draft of the report and his notes of his telephone conversations with Dr. Perry as evidence of deliberate falsification of the record.

They all prove too much. Perhaps the autopsy report is inaccurate or contains excessive speculation. If we accept the FBI report we must remember it was founded on Humes's prior speculation; it remains undemonstrated that the autopsy report was falsified or altered at a later date to fit a Commission theory. The real animus for the onslaught on Commander Humes is the fact that the autopsy report cuts the ground from under the theories that the shots came *from in front.*

The most circuitous attack is made by Epstein. Having established to his own satisfaction that the dominant purpose of the Commission was to dispel rumors and establish political truth, he posits the theory that the FBI reports are accurate, that the doctors' autopsy report was altered more than two months after the autopsy, and that the autopsy report published in the Warren Report is not the original one. Hedged with enough "ifs," he ventures that this indicates the conclusions of the Report "must be viewed as expressions of political truth." His technique is interesting. He uses the phrase "purported to be the original" when referring to the published report, and he calls it the "Commission's autopsy report" rather than the "autopsy doctors' report." Like Sauvage, Epstein suggests that the inconsistency presents a dilemma, one horn of which is that if the FBI distorted its report on this basic fact doubt is cast on the entire investigation because the Commission's investigation and conclusions were premised on the accuracy of the FBI reports. Epstein overlooks the fact that he himself has already spent a chapter attacking the credibility of the FBI. He also ignores the fact that the Commission accepted the doctors' autopsy report, not the report of the FBI, which indicates that the Commission's conclusions were not entirely premised on the FBI report. Sauvage sees the point and damns both.

Epstein, like the other authors, chooses to accept what the FBI and Secret Service bystanders at the autopsy report that they heard (obviously hearsay) but rejects what the doctors who did the autopsy wrote and have not denied.

The second horn of the dilemma, says Epstein, is that if the FBI Reports are accurate, the doctors' report must have been altered after January 13. He and Sauvage imply that the alteration was designed to bolster the Commission's theory that the President and Governor John Connally were both hit by the same bullet, and that it went through the President's neck and was the bullet found at Parkland Hospital. Epstein ignores the fact that, as he himself reports, it was not until March, four months later, that the single-bullet theory was first advanced and that it was never fully accepted. One might observe that his line of argument, supported by innuendoes such as "purported," "purportedly," and well-sprinkled "ifs," needs far greater demonstration. Lane advances the same argument and concludes there was a belated alteration in the doctors' report.

ALL of these books except *The Second Oswald* seem to ignore the fact that the FBI reports were based on the reports of Sibert and O'Neill, who were present at the autopsy; furthermore, that the doctors' autopsy report, which was revised or written in final form the next day, after the phone conversations with Dr. Perry at Parkland Hospital, was forwarded to the Secret Service, not the FBI. As Popkin notes, the FBI reports are phrased in the language of Sibert and O'Neill, rather than the technical language of the doctors.

Why is it necessary to assume falsification and a plot? Why cannot the third possibility, the unmentioned possibility —that Commander Humes's explanation is the truth—be accepted? It is not even discussed, except by Popkin. The alternatives proposed by the others involve either falsification by Humes or distortion or worse by the FBI. And although the FBI is their favorite whipping boy on other aspects of the case, here they point the finger at Humes. They do so, I suggest, because this fits more easily into their theories of conspiracy and plot. And if there was a plot to falsify the record, is it inappropriate to ask, "Why didn't somebody tell the FBI?"

It is interesting to note Epstein's comment that the FBI supplemental report implies that the wound in the front of the neck was an exit wound, caused by a fragment from the other bullet, presumably the bullet which entered the head and fragmented. The FBI supplemental report does no such thing. It refers to a wound of exit caused by a "projectile." Since Epstein does not advance the theory of shots from the front and wounds of entrance in front, he has no need to attack the FBI reports, as do the others.

I have expanded on this entire area because I believe it is typical. It is demonstrable that these books use the same technique in dealing with such matters as the identification of the rifle, the proof that it belonged to Oswald, the identification of Oswald, the ques-

—Wide World.

Warren Commission members at murder scene (l. to r.), Representative Hale Boggs, Secret Service Agent John J. Howell, Senator Richard Russell, Senator John Sherman Cooper—"vicious attacks."

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tions concerning Oswald's marksmanship, the descriptions of J. D. Tippit's murder, the proof that Oswald was Tippit's killer, the source of the bullet found at the Parkland Hospital, the question of how many shots were fired, the sequence of the shots, the number of shots that hit Governor Connally, the source of the shots—front, rear, or both—, how Ruby got into police headquarters, the alleged relationship between Oswald and Ruby, etc. If one were to catalogue the way each of these books treats each of these matters and to list the theories put forth by each writer as to what happened and who was guilty, it would quickly appear that the pattern of treatment reflects the theory advanced. This is perfectly proper if it does not involve distortion and contradiction and the easy assumption that all who disagree are either corrupt, dishonest, or incredible. That is nonetheless the practice. Only Weisberg is consistent. He finds malevolence everywhere.

Nor is the Warren Commission without fault. With respect to the inconsistencies in the doctors' autopsy reports, the FBI reports and the FBI agents' reports, the Commission had a clear duty. Its obligation was to inquire into the inconsistencies, to question all who were involved. It had a duty to report the facts and to include all of the reports in its own Report. Unlike that of a jury, the function of the Commission was not merely to render a verdict of "innocent" or "guilty." Its duty was to disclose the facts and explain its conclusions. It failed to do so.

THIS leads to the single-bullet theory. The autopsy doctors reported that a bullet had entered the President's body at the base of the neck or in the back above the shoulders and exited through his throat. The theory is that the same bullet then entered Governor Connally's body through the back, emerged under his right nipple, went through his right wrist, and pierced his right thigh; later it fell out, landing first on his stretcher and subsequently on the floor at Parkland Hospital, where it was found and turned over to the FBI.

I am dubious about this theory. It flies in the face of evidence, expert and otherwise, concerning direction, velocity, and effect. First advanced by Humes and Commission counsel Arlen Specter in March of 1964, it was a useful hypothesis. By that time examination of films taken by an amateur named Abraham Zapruder had indicated Governer Connally was first hit 1.8 seconds after President Kennedy. Experiments with Oswald's bolt action rifle showed it could not be fired within less than an interval of 2.3 seconds between shots. The single-bullet theory would reconcile this. The Commission and most of the staff lawyers were doubtful about it, as were all the doctors and ballistics experts. Governor Connally insisted he must have been hit by a different bullet because he had heard a shot before he felt the impact of the bullet striking. Since a bullet travels faster than the speed of sound, he reasoned he could have been hit only by a second bullet. The evidence was clear that Kennedy had been hit by the first bullet.

According to Epstein, after the single-bullet theory was thoroughly explored and tested, the members of the Commission were of divided opinion about it. Epstein reports that Commissioner John J. McCloy, who accepted the hypothesis and wanted a unanimous report argued there was evidence both men had been struck by the same bullet but, in view of other evidence, the Commission could not concur on the probability of this. Representative Gerald R. Ford wanted to say the evidence was "compelling." Senator Richard B. Russell, who was doubtful, wished to say merely that there was only "credible" evidence. Commissioner McCloy proposed that the word "persuasive" be used, and this was agreed. The Report states:

> Although it is not necessary to any essential findings of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally, there is very persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. However, Governor Connally's testimony and certain other factors have given rise to some difference of opinion as to the probability, but there is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.

Epstein and others have made much of the fact that this paragraph represents a compromise in language and does not completely accept the single-bullet theory. It seems appropriate to comment that almost any decision, report, or opinion by a court, commission, or committee made up of several independent-minded men or women must necessarily include compromise language when there are conflicting items of evidence. Not until now had I heard that this was either wrong, unfair, or dishonest. I suggest that this paragraph and others in the Report's conclusions tend to indicate fairness rather than the technique of a prosecutor's brief, as the commentators claim.

THIS brings up the whole question of credibility of testimony. A theme that runs through all of these books is that the testimony of many of the witnesses relied on by the Commission must be rejected because in some respects their statements were demonstrated to be incorrect or false. The authors do not ask that the same standards be applied to their own witnesses, or those upon whom they rely. But this is not the real point. It is a general proposition of law, applicable in all courts I know anything about, that the jury be charged that if it finds a witness has lied about one material point it may reject all of his or her testimony, but is not required to do so. The jury may reject so much as is false and accept so much as it finds credible. This is not a rule solely for legal fact-finders, but a rule of life, utilized by most men in all their decision-making. It is logical and sensible. Why the Commission did not have a right to follow the same practice is unclear.

In this connection the Commission's utilization of Helen Louise Markham's testimony identifying Oswald as the Tippit murderer is of interest. There are obvious difficulties with her testimony, particularly in the light of Mark Lane's attack on her credibility. However, the portions of the transcript of Lane's tape-recorded telephone conversation with her, quoted by Lane and Sauvage, do not support the comments by them and by some of the others that she varied in her descriptions of the killer or that Lane adequately identified himself in his phone call. He never told her the phone call was being tape-recorded or whom he represented. Both of these matters are the main bases for the vicious attacks on her credibility and on the Commission. The Commission's Report gave her testimony only "probative" value. Epstein reports that Commission counsel Joseph Ball, who wrote the first draft of Chapter IV of the Commission's Report setting forth the case against Oswald, did not wish to rely on her testimony, nor that of Marina Oswald, nor that of Howard Brennan. Epstein also writes that Commission counsel Wesley Liebeler, the source of much of Epstein's material, also disbelieved Mrs. Markham. In this connection it is worthy of comment that several of our authors have sharply criti-

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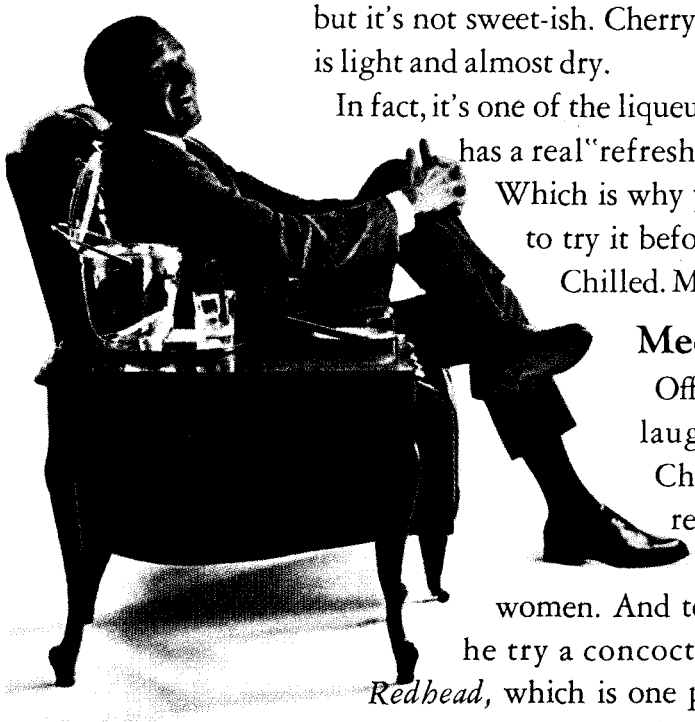
The most misunderstood drink in the world.

Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

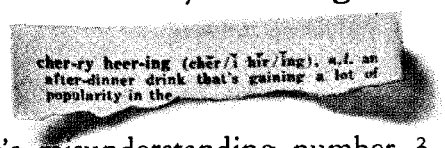
Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Anyway.



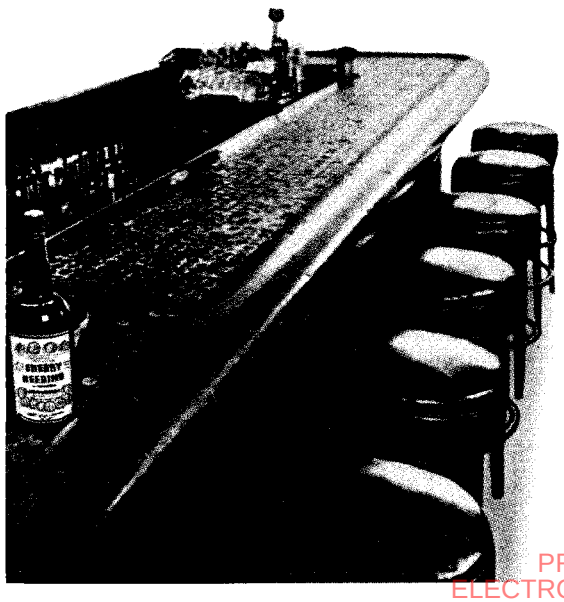
Meet misunderstanding #2

Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead,* which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.



CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
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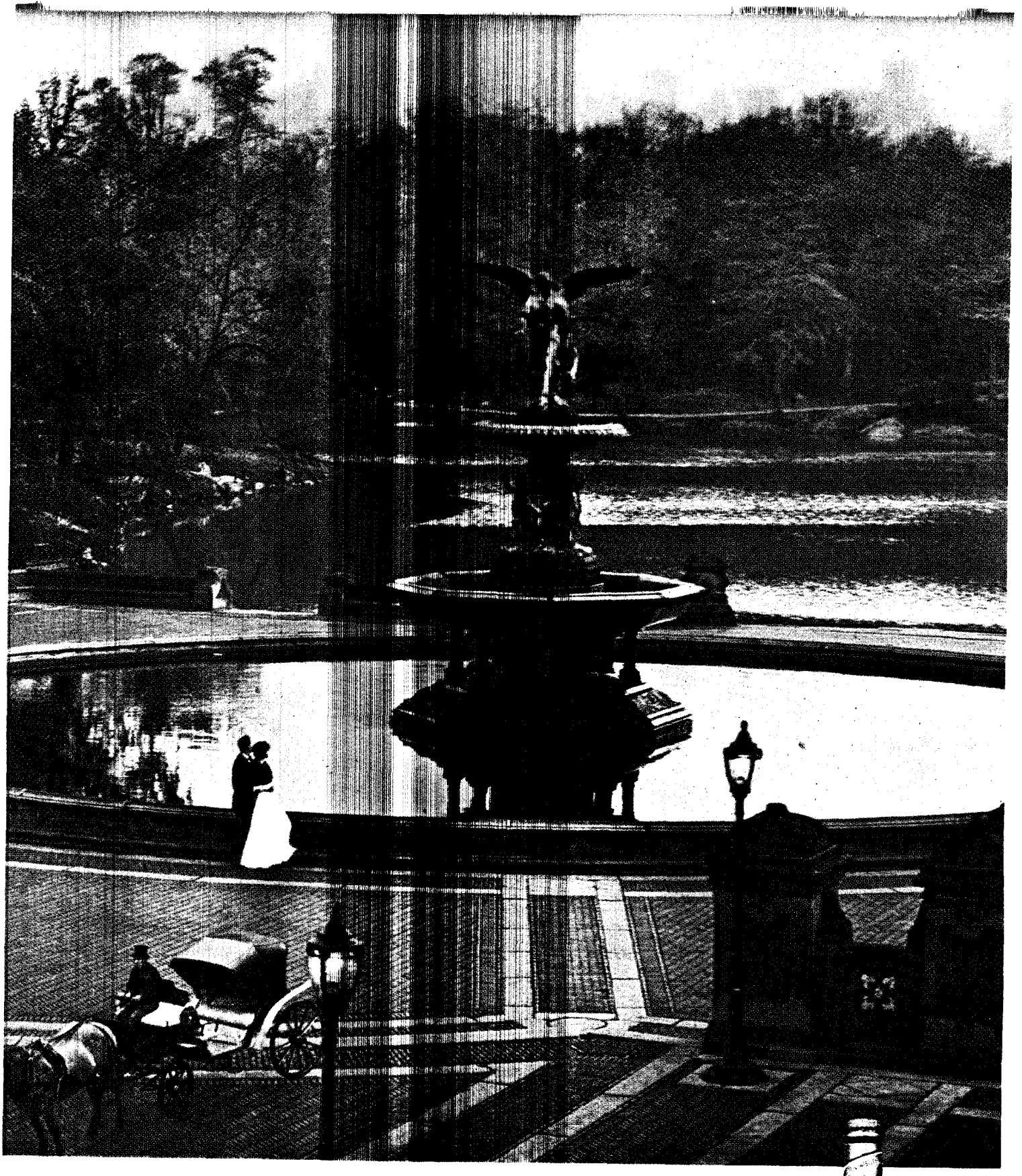

Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base

C & D

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cized both Liebeler and the Commission on the ground that Liebeler's examination of Mrs. Markham as a witness was too weak and too friendly and designed only to protect her and her story. Now we are told he did not believe her. Commission counsel Norman Redlich, who wrote the final version of the chapter, utilized the testimony of all three as support for its conclusion.

Epstein makes a big point of this, as proof that the Commission relied on unreliable witnesses. He ignores the significant fact that Ball and Liebeler, both of whom had doubts about these witnesses, did not disagree with the Commission's conclusion that Oswald alone was guilty, as shown by other evidence—the ultimate concern in this chapter. That every paragraph had to be written and rewritten until it met the approval of all seven Commissioners would seem to warrant Epstein's commendation rather than his criticism.

Despite the attacks on the Commission and the evidence it relied on, there remains adequate evidence that Oswald was guilty. If there was another assassin, he left no trace.

Popkin's suggestion of a second Oswald is sheer speculation. The allegations of conspiracy are equally tenuous. No physical evidence supports the theory that the shots were fired from the railroad overpass or the grassy knoll. If the shots came from in front, how does one explain Governor Connally's wounds? If the FBI reports are correct concerning the President's back wound, as all of these writers except Popkin seem to accept, the shot must have come from behind. The FBI report would also indicate that the bullet found at Parkland Hospital fell out of the President's back during cardiac massage. This bullet was clearly identified as having been fired from Oswald's rifle.

Popkin avoids this implication of Oswald's guilt by hinting that Ruby planted the bullet at the hospital, as farfetched and unsupportable a conjecture as could be imagined.

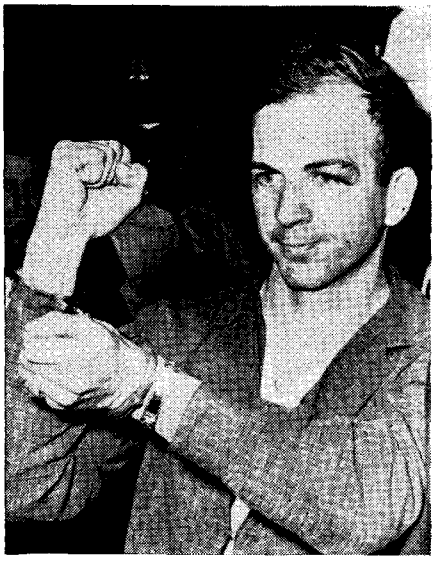
THE ascertainment of truth is not easy. The adversary method is undoubtedly superior, although it has weaknesses. That method was difficult if not impossible in the case of the Warren Commission. The Commission was appointed because the killing of Oswald meant there could be no adversary trial. If the local officials in Texas believed, as they intimated, that Oswald was the sole assassin, they would pursue the matter no further. However, there were obvious doubts, both about Oswald's guilt and the performance of the Dallas police. An investigation seemed called for. Epstein and others stress the political nature of this Commission. Any Commission would, I believe, be subject to the same criticism.

The Commission had to find the facts. At what point would adversary counsel be appointed? Whom would he represent? And in what manner? Suppose the Commission found evidence indicating someone other than Oswald was guilty? What procedure would it follow? And when would counsel be appointed or permitted? Even though Mark Lane's legal standing was dubious, since he represented Oswald's mother and not his widow or his estate, it might have been better if he had been permitted to act as adversary counsel. How this could have been handled in the light of the Commission's procedures is difficult to determine. Nevertheless, a technique should have been devised. The Commission not only had to be just; it had to appear to be just.

For the same reason, the Commission should have heard several other witnesses and given a more adequate explanation in its Report of the reasons why it accepted certain evidence and rejected other evidence. Of the conclusions postulated, I believe the Commission's are the most credible, and that it made a case against Oswald. Whether guilt beyond a reasonable doubt could have been established in an adversary trial is another matter. Marina Oswald could not have testified. Hearsay testimony would not have been admissible, and adversary counsel would have been present. However, it is fair to say that much of the stuff in these books could not have been utilized either.

As I said at the outset, the critics also have a duty. They have failed it. Each of them in one way or another suggests there was a conspiracy involved. Weisberg asserts, without any evidence in support, that the Commission "exculpated" "Presidential assassins." Again without credible evidence Sauvage maintains that the assassination was the product of a right-wing racist plot and that Oswald was killed as part of a Dallas police plot to prevent discovery of the first plot. Fox finds Oswald guilty, but suggests, on the most tenuous basis, that there was a plot in which Ruby and Oswald were involved. Lane makes a strong defense of Oswald, points the finger at Ruby, also on a flimsy basis, and likewise suspects a conspiracy.

Lane's is the strongest case for Oswald. He makes some telling points, vigorously and effectively. *Rush to Judgment*, however, is marred in great measure by name-calling imputations of motive, which remain undemonstrated, and by inconsistencies and contradictions in the attack. I have already noted the forced conclusions he attempts to draw from his tape-recorded telephone conversation with Mrs. Markham. Positing a second Oswald, engaged in a conspiracy with the known Oswald to assassinate the President, Popkin holds that the second Oswald and a third man were the real assassins. According to him, the known Oswald was the patsy; the second Oswald was on the sixth floor of the School Book Depository, where he fired some of the shots while the third man fired other shots from the grassy knoll. Popkin concedes the known Oswald killed Patrolman Tippit. All this theorizing arises from evidence that a man who looked like Oswald was engaged in suspicious activity during the months before the assassination. Because, at the times and places involved, Oswald could not physically have been present, the Commission found that this activity, attributed by some to the known Oswald, was that of some other unknown man. Epstein's theory is that Oswald was guilty, but he implies a second assassin. The common theme of the books is conspiracy and, in effect making it part of the conspiracy, improper motivation on the part of the Commission. Repeated often enough, the charge may stick. These attempts to set up doubt, without adequate basis, are dangerous and, on the evidence, unwarranted. Conspiracies have an objective. What objective was served by the assassination of President Kennedy? And what steps have been taken to carry it out? Nowhere in these books is there a suggestion of an answer.



—*Wide World.*

Lee Harvey Oswald—"The ascertainment of truth is not easy."

Finally, it should be noted that no one has yet been able to produce a scintilla of proof or a minute reason why the Commission would want to exculpate the real assassin or assassins, if Oswald was even indeed innocent or not alone. Until some credible evidence of this is forthcoming, it is inappropriate so to hint or assert. Or must we just assume that the Warren Commission wished to have the Presidential assassin or assassins on the loose?

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My Favorite Blonde

IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA this past summer I came across an endearingly unpretentious, touchingly funny, and wholly masterful little movie called *The Loves of a Blonde*. It was directed by a young man named Milos Forman, whose earlier *Black Peter* had been shown approvingly at the New York Film Festival in 1965, then promptly disappeared. Was the same unhappy fate in store for his *Blonde*?

Fine pictures curiously resemble fine wines: Not all of them travel well. Many a film has been showered with prizes at the European festivals only to be greeted with critical indifference and public apathy when it reached these shores. Nor is it necessarily the fault of the picture (or, for that matter, of American critics and audiences, either). Most movies are of a certain place and time. Remove them too far from their own *milieu* and they are apt to suffer for want of the basic rapport that made them so exciting to their audiences at home.

I am, therefore, particularly delighted to be able to report that *The Loves of a Blonde* has survived its trans-Atlantic passage not only with its original virtues intact, but with the extra added attractions of freshness and originality in a movie season that has been notably deficient in both these qualities. What Forman has done, with a virtuosity that is

all the more remarkable because everything in it seems so spontaneous and simple, is to lead us gently and ever so discreetly into the intimate details of the life of a little Czech factory worker. Andula, the blonde of the title, is a snub-nosed teen-ager, neither very bright nor spectacularly pretty. There are probably millions like her in Czechoslovakia—which, I suspect, is at least part of Forman's point. At a dance arranged for the factory hands, Andula jilts a trio of middle-aged military Lotharios for a fling with the youthful pianist in the dance band. And so ingenuous is she that she interprets his jaunty farewell as an invitation to stay with him in Prague. Not only is this romance, but an escape route from her drab, provincial factory town. A week later, when she turns up on his doorstep, suitcase in hand, the boy has already forgotten her.

What saves this from being a dreary sermon on what every young girl should know is Forman's wry but sympathetic understanding of the problems of youth (with a notable assist from his script writer, Ivan Passer). At the dance in a town where the girls so outnumber the men that the factory supervisor arranges to have a battalion of soldiers garrisoned there for morale purposes, Andula is properly pleased when three of them send a bottle of wine to her table—and properly displeased when she realizes that they take it for granted their small gesture of gallantry entails a far greater gesture on her part.

Typical of the film's humor is the frantic effort of one of the soldiers to remove his wedding band as Andula and her friends approach his table, only to have it roll clear across the dance floor and rest at the feet of a girl he had earlier insulted. Best of all, however, is Forman's handling of the tensions between Andula and the boy's parents when she turns up unexpectedly at his shabby Prague apartment. The gulf between the generations is insuperable, but Forman understands and enjoys them both. And so, through this film, do audiences on both sides of the Atlantic.

Loves of a Blonde succeeds by being genuine. One cannot doubt for a moment the existence of Andula and her friends because their responses to every moment are natural, instinctive, spontaneous. *Georgy Girl*, an English import starring James Mason, Alan Bates, and Lynn Redgrave, is almost the antithesis of this—and, to my mind, fails accordingly. Based on a novel by Margaret Forster, it presents the pudding-faced Miss Redgrave as a free-thinking, free-wheeling nonconformist who is the daughter of a "gentleman's gentleman." When Mason, a gentleman, makes the gentlemanly proposal that she become his mistress since he is saddled with an ailing and vindictive wife, Georgy rather haughtily turns him down. She would much prefer an occasional romp with Alan Bates, the Cockney lover of her fox-faced chum, Charlotte Rampling. But Mason is moodily, even masochistically persistent, and eventually, after the wife conveniently dies, the wedding bells ring out.

It is all very mod, all somewhat angry in its pitting of the Establishment against the disestablished. But whereas in *Loves of a Blonde* one feels that its makers have looked squarely at contemporary Czechoslovakia, in *Georgy Girl* one feels that its makers have looked at rather too many English movies.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

"That wine is as old as I am."

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Problem of Definition

ON SEPTEMBER 20 the Rowland Company, a public relations firm with a Madison Avenue address, held a press conference and cocktail party at the Overseas Press Club to announce the publication on October 24 of *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language*, priced at $25. Bennett Cerf, who is, among so many other things, chairman of the board of Random House, was on hand, as was his successor as president of the company, Robert L. Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein introduced Jess Stein, editor-in-chief of the dictionary, and Leonard Urdang, its managing editor. I was not able to attend the conference, but *SR* was represented by Ruth Brown of the Book Review Department, and I have her notes as well as a stack of press releases.

From the releases I learn that the dictionary weighs nine and a quarter pounds, has 2,091 pages, and contains 260,000 entries. (Its only rival as an unabridged dictionary, *Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language*, hereafter called W3, published in 1961, contains 2,718 pages and 450,000 entries, and sells for about $50.) "The RHD," I learn from one release, "demanded seven years of editorial research and about $3,000,000 to produce." In spite of the use of computers —which in these days is like speaking about the aid of heavenly angels—the services of a large staff were required, and the advice of hundreds of experts was obtained. The purpose of the publishers was to create a dictionary that would be completely up-to-date, would "suit 99 per cent of the people 99 per cent of the time," and would be cheap enough to reach a large audience. President Bernstein said at the conference: "Just as Samuel Johnson produced the dictionary of the eighteenth century and Noah Webster the dictionary of the nineteenth century, we hope ours will be the dictionary of the twentieth century." (According to a release, Mr. Bernstein "has signed President Johnson, Vice President Humphrey, Anthony Lewis, Douglass Cater, Fred W. Friendly, Richard Condon and many others to Random House contracts." This sounds like wholesale forgery, but I don't think that's what the release meant.)

In 1934, when *Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition* (hereafter called W2) was published, its eminent editor-in-chief, William Allan Neilson, spoke with dismay of the large numbers of words that had come into the language in recent years and pointed out that many older words had been omitted. Since 1934, of course, the expansion of the language has been more and more rapid, chiefly because of the development of both the physical and the social sciences but also because the mass media wear out words, especially slang and journalese, at a tremendous rate. There are at least 50,000 words in RHD that have come into existence since 1934. Yet W2 had 600,000 entries as against RHD's 260,000, which seems to mean that approximately 400,000 words to be found in W2 are not in RHD.

Before I go into the question of what has been included and what has been omitted, I must point out that RHD tries to be a one-volume encyclopedia as well as a dictionary. Names of persons and places are included in the main dictionary, which is sound practice. The main body also contains names of characters in literature, which is an innovation so far as I know and a useful one, although anything like a comprehensive listing was obviously impossible. There are a sixty-page atlas and a thirty-five-page gazetteer. There is a lot of miscellaneous information: a directory of colleges and universities in the United States, some historical documents, a manual of writing style, explanations of signs and symbols, a list of reference works, dates in world history, and so on. Most extraordinary of all, the editors have included concise French, Spanish, Italian, and German dictionaries, running to nearly 200 pages. These are so concise that they are never really useful and often misleading. In particular the English-French, English-German, English-Italian, and English-Spanish sections seem to me to be usable only by persons who already know the languages. All these features, as the editors call them, are good selling points, but I would settle for more dictionary and less encyclopedia.

As for up-to-dateness, the editors boast that the user can find *à go go, camp, frug, jet set, kooky,* and *ratfink,* as well as such concoctions as *Franglais* and *Guesstimate*. Definitions of such terms may be useful this year, but they probably won't be next, for you can't keep up with this kind of language unless you issue daily bulletins. The dictionary has *cool* as an adjective in the modern slangy sense but not *cool* as a noun. Yet Arthur Schlesinger recently suggested in the *New York Times Magazine* that we should "recover our cool" with regard to Vietnam. That wretched invention *debrief* is included; but the even worse *de-escalate* isn't—not, of course, because it is a monstrosity, but because it has been coined since the RHD went to press. At any rate, RHD

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is as up-to-date as a dictionary can be, and I am sure many people will regard that as a great virtue.

While we are on the subject of words not in good repute, the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables might be discussed. Of the dozen or so that are in common use W2 included only two, both of which had once been standard English, and these were described as "now vulgar." But a revolution took place between 1934 and 1961, and W3 included all but one of these words, with several described as "usually considered vulgar" and one as "usually considered obscene." RHD omits two, characterizing most of the others as "slang (vulgar)." (At the press conference Bennett Cerf explained that some of the four-letter words were omitted because the editors felt that anyone looking them up would know what they meant. Sometimes a poor excuse is worse than none.) An amusing aspect of the whole silly business is that all the taboo words are discussed both learnedly and candidly in Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang*, published in 1960.

More important than the question of new words or of new meanings of old words to be found in common speech and the daily press is the problem of the words developed by the sciences in dealing with new phenomena. If there are any important omissions in this category, I don't know enough to recognize them; all the words I have thought of are here, many of them defined so clearly that even an ignorant layman like myself can understand them. But not all. Take *laser*, a word that I have been running into lately in the papers. RHD says, "See *optical maser*," and then, "l(ight) a(mplified by a) s(timulated) e(mission of) r(adiation)." I try *optical maser*, and read, "a maser that amplifies radiation of frequencies within or near the path of light. Also called *laser*." And *maser* is defined as "a device for amplifying electrical impulses by stimulated emission of radiation." Or there is *solid-state*, which is loved by advertisers. RHD says: "*Electronics*, designating or pertaining to electronic devices as transistors, crystals, etc., that can control current without the use of moving parts, heated filaments, or vacuum gaps." Best of all is this definition of *farad*, which I hit on by chance: "*Elect.*: the meter-kilogram-second unit of capacitance, equivalent to one coulomb per volt and equal to the capacitance of a capacitor in which one coulomb is transferred from one of the conductors of the capacitor to the other, per volt of potential difference between the conductors." Perhaps there is no way of defining *farad* that would be more intelligible to laymen, but if so, the gap between the two cultures is likely to stay wide open.

Of the hundreds of thousands of words that have been dropped by RHD, a large proportion, I am convinced, will not be missed. On the other hand, since the editors have tried so hard to be up-to-date, I have wondered how the reader of the English classics would fare. Someone at the press conference asked whether high school students of Shakespeare would find the dictionary adequate, and the editors said they thought so. Using the glossary in the Oxford edition of *The Tragedies of Shakespeare*, I made a list of fifty-three words that I thought might give some trouble. Twenty-seven of these words, or just over half, are correctly defined, eleven of them being described as archaic or obsolete. Sixteen are not included, and ten are included but not defined in the sense in which they were used by Shakespeare. This isn't exactly adequate, but it's not too bad a record. I am relieved that high school students can learn not only what a topless bathing suit is but also what Marlowe meant by "the topless towers of Ilium."

RHD has saved space, perhaps for better things and perhaps not, not only by eliminating many words but also by reducing the length of many entries. Etymologies, having been checked by experts, are probably correct, but are scanty in comparison with those in W2, to say nothing of Eric Partridge's *Origins*. A more serious fault is the way in which definitions are illustrated. In W2 there was a vast number of illustrative quotations from standard authors. W3 chose many illustrations from contemporary writers, including journalists and politicians, and was denounced for doing so, though standard authors were also represented. RHD, in its passion for the up-to-date, has permitted its editors to make up illustrations as they went along, and the results are often appalling. Do you want to know how to use such difficult words as *begin*, *contain*, and *naked*? The editors show you with these examples: "Where shall I begin?"; "This glass contains water"; "The children swam naked in the lake." If you have any inclination to use *coffee-klatsch* as a verb, it is simple: "The girls coffee-klatsched every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon." Perhaps a true confession lies behind this use of *dead weight*: "Supporting his ailing mother was a dead weight on his resources." There is this for *far out*: "I would say that his humor is far out." On the other hand, thousands of words that don't occur in daily speech slip by without illustration: *contiguous, entelechy, matriculate, thermodynamics, racism, doublethink*, etc., etc. But as for *double-date*: "They double-dated the two sisters."

One of the weaknesses of the RHD, but one that is not peculiar to it, is the failure to give any clear indication of the way in which the meaning of many words has changed in the course of history. The great *Oxford English Dictionary*, which appears in thirteen volumes, is arranged on historical principles; that is, the meaning and form of the words are traced from their earliest appearance on the basis of nearly two million quotations. The OED is too expensive for most individuals and for many libraries, and it is certainly not up-to-date, not having been revised since 1933. The one-volume *Oxford Universal Dictionary* is so abridged that it often proves disappointing, but sometimes it answers questions that W3 and RHD leave unanswered.

W2, although its arrangement is not consistently historical in the manner of OED, does give some indication of the way meanings developed and often dates its illustrations. W3 abandoned the historical principle altogether, and RHD has gone even further in the direction of nonhistoricity by using only made-up illustrations. It would take a lot of space to show exactly what I am complaining about, but let us glance at a tricky word such as *liberal*. The *Oxford Universal* lists five meanings, each dated and each illustrated. W2 follows the same order, uses fewer illustrations, but does have an enlightening paragraph on synonyms. RHD gives fourteen meanings, arranged in no particular order that I can see and not well illustrated. With a word of this sort one often has to know when it was used in order to understand how it was used.

Finally there is the problem of usage. W3 was attacked—especially by Dwight Macdonald, who worked himself up into a lather of moral indignation—because it largely relied on popular usage and set no standards. RHD is somewhat more careful in making distinctions. Although it gives *imply* as one of the definitions of *infer*, it states that this usage is not in good repute. In the same way it deals reasonably well with such pairs as *oral/verbal, deprecate/depreciate, continual/continuous, disinterested/uninterested, nauseous/nauseated*. But it accepts *anxious* as *eager*, a *cohort* as a *companion*, *demean* as *debase*, and *fortuitous* as *fortunate*. All this in spite of the fact

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—*WOODROW WILSON, 1890.*

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that Theodore Bernstein, who deplored many of these confusions in *The Careful Writer* (*SR*, July 17, 1965), was RHD's consultant on usage. *Like* as a conjunction, which is O.K. with W3, is here described as "nonstandard," but *quote* as a noun is acceptable. So is *wise* as a suffix, though RHD does not go so far as W3, which offers *stylewise* as a respectable word. RHD cannot be regarded as the ultimate authority on usage—not by any means – but dictionaries can be worse, as W3 proves.

At the press conference Robert Bernstein said: "If you compare this volume in size and scope to other reference works, we think you will decide that if it's as *good* as we claim it's a tremendous bargain." It isn't anywhere near so good, with or without italics, as "they" claim, but it is a bargain. It is well printed, so that even the small type is legible; it is nicely bound, and it is not impossibly heavy. The pronunciation key is simpler and easier to use than W3's, and is given at the bottom of every other page. RHD has faults aplenty, some of which I have tried to point out; but W3, though not the calamity some of its critics have maintained, is far from flawless. W3 is better in some ways; RHD is better in others, and it is a good bit cheaper. This is a book—as I hope it's unnecessary to say—every word of which I haven't even tried to read. I have simply applied such tests as might serve to indicate what the purchaser will get and won't get for his money, and I conclude that he'll get quite a lot. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1211

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1211 will be found in the next issue.

FSCUZVCWB ZQ DAAX EX IQEY-

HBA CU BQQN XYHIZCIA OQY

FSCUZVCWB. —SHUDCWU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1210

A deaf woman would be displeased at your shouting if she were conscious of it. —STENDHAL.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Whose Territory?

EVEN WHEN I AGREE with Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* [*SR*, Sept. 17], the way he drives his thesis to large generalized conclusions and then applies the conclusions to concrete political situations seems to me unscientific and dangerous. . . . Another recent book by a true scientist, *On Aggression*, by Konrad Lorenz, seems to me sounder, its animal stories more believable, its wisecracks fewer. . . . He clarifies well the various ways in which aggressive impulses are deflected, to allow the species to survive—except for the species Homo Sapiens.

Fighting in defense of a territory (Ardrey's prime thesis) is indeed natural, but it may be difficult to identify the territory. Who is the rightful possessor of Cyprus, for example?

MARIAN TYLER CHASE.

Georgetown, Conn.

IT IS A GREAT MISFORTUNE for the clarification of our perplexity in history that modern anthropology, biology and psychology still start their premises from the Aristotelian obsession that man represents an animal set afoot with political impulses and objectives. For in this way they cannot help but conclude that if historic man is an intelligent brute how much more of a beast must he have been in his ancient state of life? . . . These disciplines could render essential assistance to the investigation by furnishing all the conceivable evidence to the contrary. That is, by attesting to the fact that in all the vast beyond of our recorded time no reliable proof can be found with which scientifically to support the assumption that man is an aggressor by nature, indeed, a born killer. . . .

Man strives not for the control of his allegedly inherited "evil instincts." In truth, he strives for the riddance of his acquired historical impulses. For—Freedom from Politics in its largest sense.

KARL OSKAR PISK.

Seattle, Wash.

ANIMALS SELDOM KILL their own species because various inhibiting mechanisms, rituals and ceremonies prevent this. Ritualized contests decide which animal is stronger without injury to the weaker. *E.g.*, rival rattlesnakes push with their heads until one gives way; they do not use their formidable biting power. Evolution has achieved this for the survival of each species. . . .

As soon as man invented weapons and no longer was fighting solely with parts of his own body and meeting rivals face to face, he was no longer protected by his own "social instincts" that guard most animals from killing off their own kind. His powers of thought, so much greater than those of other animals, did develop moral responsibility, but social and technological changes have come so fast that his natural instincts and inhibitions have difficulty in keeping pace.

CORA WELLMAN.

Milford, N.Y.

Immoral Flowering

FAR FROM BEING "a slice of childhood memory" slapped "between two great hunks of political sermon before serving it up," Han Suyin's *A Mortal Flower* [*SR*, Sept. 24] is a frank revelation to the entire white race, which for several centuries dominated, oppressed, and degraded the nonwhite races and even considered it was justified in doing so in the name of Christianity. *A Mortal Flower, The Crippled Tree,* and the other volumes to follow in the series should be "must" reading for every person with an undiluted white skin. It might help to reestablish in some of us a proper sense of historical perspective and racial conscience —something deficient in our race since Cortez began plundering the New World. Was it really an accident of history that the first atomic bomb was used by a white nation against a nonwhite nation?

LAWRENCE H. BATTISTINI.

East Lansing, Mich.

Misidentified

ALEXANDER CALDER, the noted sculptor and painter, whose book *Calder: An Autobiography with Pictures* will be published Nov. 16 by Pantheon Books, is incorrectly identified as "Thomas" Calder in *SR*, Oct. 1.

CAROL HILL.

New York, N.Y.

Fusillade on Firearms

I KNOW OF NO FACTS that support Hal Lavine's charge in his review of *The Right to Bear Arms* [*SR*, Aug. 27] that the NRA ". . . assiduously has spread the misconception that it (the Second Amendment) also protects the right of teen-age hopheads to carry pistols," or that ". . . The reason for the NRA's attitude is simple greed. . . ." In fact I find the NRA most often on the side of good law enforcement concerning guns.

AUSTIN J. MACINNIS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

IT IS SIMPLY NOT TRUE that NRA has opposed all bills. It is actively working with legislators and has supported the Sikes (H.R. 14268) and Hayden (S. 3369) bills as well as the Casey bill.

L. A. KING.

New Concord, Ohio

THE REALITIES OF THE DODD BILLS are that they would profit my business as a local licensed store-front gun dealer most enormously—up to a point. Dodd's proposals would dry up all sources of supply of guns except through the local gun dealer. . . .

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Lillian Smith: 1897-1966

"You Do It Because You Love Somebody"

By GEORGE P. BROCKWAY

LILLIAN SMITH was a great writer. She was a master of four genres —the novel, the parable, the essay, and the oration—and was a fascinating practitioner of several others, not the least of which was the personal letter.

Like all great artists she was inevitably ahead of her day. At the time of its publication *Strange Fruit* was attacked by some for its sensationalism and dismissed by others as merely a very good problem novel. Twenty-two years later, when the sensations have become commonplace and the problem at least recognized as worthy of solution, the novel stands forth for what it is—a tragedy that can speak to all men everywhere, a work of range and depth and power with few equals in contemporary literature.

Similarly, *Killers of the Dream*, thought in 1949 to be sensation-mongering because of its linkage to sin and sex and segregation, is today the acknowledged—or, often, the unacknowledged —source of much of our thinking about race relations. Without its perceptions the present posture of affairs could hardly be understood—and, it should be added, could not have been achieved.

Everything Lillian Smith wrote was informed by a profound psychological insight that was at the same time a profound moral insight. In *Killers of the Dream* she put it this way: "I began to understand slowly at first, but more clearly as the years passed, that the warped, distorted frame we have put around every Negro child from birth is around every white child also. Each is on a different side of the frame but each is pinioned there. And I knew that what cruelly shapes and cripples the personality of one is as cruelly shaping and crippling the personality of the other."

This is an extraordinarily powerful idea. She herself would not have said so; but it is nothing less than an extension, a clarification, a reinforcement, indeed (it is not too much to say) an authorization of the Golden Rule. No longer a sort of balance between competing self-interests, the Rule comes to read: What I do to others, I do to myself. The Golden Rule permits one to hope that one's fellow man may not be able to return a disfavor; as restated it is inexorable: If I diminish my neighbor, I diminish myself; we are both pinioned to the same frame.

Lillian Smith came at this idea from many directions—from literature, from psychoanalysis, from history, from travel, from the religion in which she was raised. Not least did she come at it from her experience of living. In *Killers of the Dream* she wrote that "the mainstream of art has always involved itself with the profound experiences of its age and men's commitment to them." This she deeply believed and resolutely acted upon, often at great risk, always at great cost in the limited time and energy that she had for writing.

In a letter to her publisher she said: "You do what you must do, what seems right, what would make you despise yourself if you didn't do. Or you do it because you love somebody, or a lot of people, so much that you just have to do it. Then when things happen, you stay as steady as you can and that's that."

For fourteen years Lillian Smith fought cancer. Her life was a round of operations, cobalt treatments, hormone treatments. She never gave up. It was perhaps in tribute to her fight that the Atlanta hospital where she died announced that the cause of death was "cardiac arrest."

During those fourteen years she suffered another blow that would have defeated almost anyone else. Her home was destroyed by fire. One completed novel was lost, along with substantial parts of others and her voluminous correspondence.

Yet after that disaster she published four new books, new editions of two others, and wrote enough articles and speeches to make a pile of manuscript three or four thousand pages high. "One wants to yowl, sometimes," she wrote a friend, "at this never-ending struggle. It has to be; God, I wish I were as courageous as my friends think I am. But when I can work I am happy and content."

Another time she wrote: "But life opened for me, too. . . . The experience of facing my awesome anxiety, then the things you go through again and again (not too painful, remember; painful, yes, but not unendurably so); then death, learning not to fear it really, any more; learning that pain can actually be forgotten especially when one is writing or concerned about others; learning that there is a strange energy inside one that pulls pulls pulls. . . . Yesterday I felt for several hours that I am not going to make it much longer; and the old sadness (but not terror) swept over me; it is really nearly over, I felt. Yet I got up, moved around, messed around with Christmas. . . . I was able to throw off the false or true premonition."

She made it for nine, almost ten, months longer; but she is gone now. She is mourned.

AT HER REQUEST, passages from Lillian Smith's *The Journey* were read at the memorial service for her on September 30. The following is the last passage of the ceremony, and of the book:

"A century from now, men may think it strange that we so long spoke of our times as the age of anxiety; that we let the greed of ordinary men and the power-lust of dictators and demagogues get out of bounds even for a brief span of years; for parallel with the anxiety and the terror and the inquisitors and exploiters and the awful poverty and ignorance there is another way of life building firmly, steadily, swiftly on scientific facts and technics and on men's newly discovered humility and dignity and on their concern for each other. . . .

"I believe future generations will think of our times as the age of wholeness: when the walls began to fall; when the fragments began to be related to each other; when man learned finally

George Brockway is president of W. W. Norton Company, which publishes Lillian Smith.

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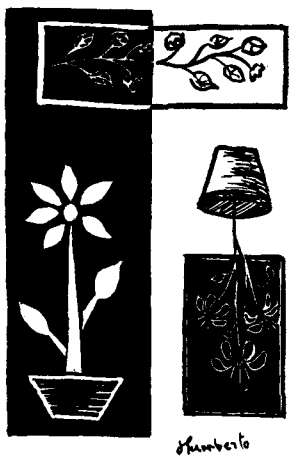
to esteem tenderness and reason and awareness and the word which set him apart forever from other living creatures: when he learned to realize his brokenness and his great talent for creating ties that bind him together again; when he learned to accept his own childhood and in the acceptance to become capable of maturity; when he began to realize his infinite possibilities even as he sees more clearly his limitations; when he began to see that sameness and normality are not relevant to human beings but to machines and animals; when he learned never to let any power or dictator cut his ties to the great reservoir of knowledge and wisdom without which he would quickly lose his human status; when he learned to live a bit more comfortably with time and space; when he learned to accept his need of God and the law that he cannot use Him, to accept his need of his fellow men and the law that he cannot use them, either; when he learned that 'what is impenetrable to us really exists,' and always there will be need of the dream, the belief, the wonder, the faith.

"To believe in something not yet proved and to underwrite it with our lives; it is the only way we can leave the future open. Man, surrounded by facts, permitting himself no surmise, no intuitive flash, no great hypothesis, no risk is in a locked cell. Ignorance cannot seal the mind and imagination more surely. To find the point where hypothesis and fact meet; the delicate equilibrium between dream and reality; the place where fantasy and earthy things are metamorphosed into a work of art; the hour when faith in the future becomes knowledge of the past; to lay down one's powers for others in need; to shake off the old ordeal and get ready for the new; to question, knowing that never can the full answer be found; to accept uncertainties quietly, even our incomplete knowledge of God: this is what man's journey is about, I think."



Review of the Presidential Record

Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power, *by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak (New American Library. 597 pp. $7.95), and* ***The Johnson Eclipse: A President's Vice Presidency,*** *by Leonard Baker (Macmillan. 280 pp. $5.95), comprise respectively a scrutiny of LBJ's political tactics and an account of his thousand days in the nation's second highest office. Donald Young, an editor for American Heritage, wrote "American Roulette: The History and Dilemma of the Vice Presidency."*

By DONALD YOUNG

ON JULY 14, 1960, in Tokyo, Japanese Premier Nobusuke Kishi was stabbed by a would-be assassin during a political meeting at which Kishi's successor was being chosen. On the same day, in Los Angeles, John Kennedy asked Lyndon Johnson to be his running mate on the Democratic national ticket.

During a lull at the 1960 convention, NBC's David Brinkley and another television reporter pondered the two events. They concluded that, for all its faults, the system by which power changes hands in the United States is superior to the violence seen so often in some other countries. Faults there are, in the means by which we nominate and elect candidates and in the means by which those who are elected manipulate the levers of power once in office. As for violence. . . . The death of President Kennedy accounts for the publication of both of the books under consideration here.

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, authors of a nationally syndicated newspaper column, have written in *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power* a political biography that outstrips by far the previous examinations of the President's public career. Leonard Baker, a Washington correspondent since 1958, has a more specific subject in *The Johnson Eclipse*: the thousand days of Johnson's Vice Presidency.

Evans and Novak allot no space to Johnson's youth, family life, and business affairs, which—despite the sometimes labored efforts of other writers—contain few elements either very unusual or very interesting. However, through the pages of this long book stream the names of almost every prominent Washington figure of our time. But readers who fancy that careers are made and broken and legislation passed or rejected at Washington cocktail parties will find little to support their views. Instead, the authors direct their attention to the Senate floor and offices and to the White House. Much of the material is familiar, and much has appeared in the Evans-Novak columns, but it is drawn together into a smooth narrative.

The techniques by which Johnson gained and retained leadership were and are unique, though subject to certain limitations which Johnson himself has discovered in recent years, to his chagrin. His attempts to establish himself as a national leader were handicapped not merely because he was a Southerner, but more particularly because he was from Texas, where the brawling, fractious Democratic Party was unable to provide any Texan with a secure power base. Every move that Johnson made in the Senate was in some degree governed by political considerations back home. Johnson was elected assistant Democratic leader of the Senate in 1951, but he and the majority leader, Ernest McFarland, had less authority than Senator Richard Russell, the real leader of the Democrats. Johnson avoided overplaying his hand, but added to his store of information about the Senate and noted mentally how he might someday improve its operation. After succeeding McFarland in 1953, he gradually displaced Russell as the most important Senate Democrat.

With Dwight Eisenhower, a Republican, in the White House, Johnson proved that divided government could work. He supported the President when he could, but helped write a legislative record for the Democrats when opportunities arose. The familiar wheeling and dealing and the excruciating refinements of the Johnson "Treatment" that marked so many legislative battles have never been documented better. Johnson fought constantly to steer the Senate between McCarthyite reactionaries on the one hand and fire-breathing liberals on the other. He assiduously cultivated allies, and they became, collectively, the "Johnson Network," which spread across party, ideological, and geographical lines. These were the Senators who could be counted on to deliver the key votes. Their ranks included the ultraconservative George Malone ("the chamber's

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most crashing bore"), the fiery young liberal Hubert Humphrey, the eccentric William Langer, Delaware's Allen Frear (a "pleasant little nobody"), and Margaret Chase Smith.

And then there was the "Johnson Intelligence System . . . a dazzling multiplicity of sources tucked away in surprising places all over Washington. . . . The distillation of intelligence was the head count—the report on how each Senator would vote on a given issue. This delicate judgment was entrusted to Bobby Baker [the secretary of the Senate majority, and a Johnson pal]. . . . Baker's invariably precise count not only gave Johnson the odds on a bill, but what votes he had to switch. This enabled Johnson to energize the Network and get a sufficient number of Senators to change their votes."

To increase the harvest of legislation, Johnson disciplined a notoriously undisciplined Senate. To cut off windy oratory, he secured the adoption of "unanimous consent" motions, forcing Senators to limit debate on given issues. He instituted night sessions, where rebellious opponents would be reduced by fatigue and drink to mumbling acquiescence. He arranged for periods of frantic activity, during which he would push through a cluster of bills before opponents or foot-draggers could rally effective resistance. Occasionally a Senator would seek to "reform" Lyndon Johnson's Senate, but the majority leader, in the authors' words, rebuffed "gratuitous suggestions for bringing democracy to such an inherently undemocratic institution."

Retelling the story of the 1960 convention serves at least two purposes. First, we are reminded of the enormous miscalculations of which Johnson and his staff were capable when they sought to win objectives outside the Senate milieu. Johnson's quest for the 1960 Presidential nomination is termed a "comedy of errors." Second, after reading again of Johnson's selection for Vice President—amid journalistic mob scenes, bitter acrimony among some principals, and utter confusion—even one who supports in general the convention system must wonder if it is not possible to nominate men under less chaotic conditions.

The Evans-Novak account of Johnson's Vice Presidency is enlivened by reports of some eyebrow-raising escapades in several foreign capitals. The authors depict an ambivalent Lyndon Johnson who was bored by the Vice Presidency but also obsessed by fears that he would be dumped from the ticket in 1964.

Evans and Novak describe at length the smooth transition of power from the Kennedy régime—one of Johnson's enduring achievements. The 1964 campaign is all here: "the Bobby Problem," the contrived suspense over the Vice Presidential nomination, the game of frontlash politics against Barry Goldwater, and Johnson's anxious efforts to find out if the voters really loved him.

As early as 1961, after a trip to Southeast Asia, Johnson warned that the greatest danger to the United States was posed not by Communism but by hunger, ignorance, poverty, and disease. The authors describe the awful impact of the Vietnamese war on the Johnson Presidency; it was, they say, "a war he had not started and could not end, a war that broke his consensus, alienated the liberal wing of his party, and threatened to undermine his higher purposes; a war fought without major allies, without front lines, and without the comfortable and easy goal of total victory that glorified other wars." Johnson's bias against the military is traced ("I won't let those Air Force generals bomb the smallest outhouse north of the seventeenth parallel without checking with me. The generals know only two words—spend and bomb.")

VIETNAM stymied Johnson because he had no way to manipulate the forces involved, no way to exercise power in his traditional ways. The Evans-Novak account demonstrates anew that, despite contrary views by his critics, Johnson has prosecuted the war with restraint, compassion, and an unswerving determination to secure an honorable settlement.

Even skillful writers cannot do full justice to Johnson's career in one volume. De Gaulle gets only four pages. Three serious problems—Cyprus, Laos, and the Congo—are swept aside in a single sentence. The authors do not adequately discuss government by consensus. Why are times now propitious for a rule by consensus? In a consensus government what are the roles played by the President, by Congress, by the opposition party, and by public opinion? To what extent did government by consensus become more of a slogan than a reality, and why? No answers are forthcoming. The authors correctly tag Johnson's voting rights speech in 1965 as "the zenith of the first three years of his Presidency. . . ." But his famous statement of principles in a 1958 issue of *Texas Quarterly* receives only a passing reference. The same is true of his great 1965 State of the Union address, in which he unveiled his blueprint for the Great Society.

Leonard Baker, in *The Johnson Eclipse*, has the challenging task of chronicling the three most unproductive years of the Texan's career. The book opens with Johnson's inauguration as Vice President and ends in Dallas. But the author resorts to frequent and prolonged flashbacks that often are not closely related to the subject at hand and that prevent the development of a coherent narrative. One flashback, however, effectively evokes the sights and sounds of the Texas hill country.

The section on Johnson's trips abroad omits the "inside" gossip one finds in Evans and Novak. The two books differ in their explanations as to why the Vice President went to Spain, and they disagree on Johnson's reaction when asked by Kennedy to fly to Berlin in 1961 after the construction of the wall.

Baker ticks off the major crises of the Kennedy administration—Bay of Pigs, Ole Miss, Big Steel, Cuban missiles—and

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carefully notes where Johnson was when big decisions were being made. Alas, in the tradition of American Vice Presidents, he was often somewhere else, only tenuously in touch with events.

An important contribution by Baker is his discussion of the causes of friction between Johnson and Robert Kennedy. However, the author devotes too much space to speculation about whether John Kennedy would have dropped Johnson from the ticket in 1964. Baker duly reports every rumor afloat in Washington in those days, even the preposterous idea that Robert Kennedy was trying to smear Johnson with corruption so that he could take his place on the ticket and run with his own brother. Johnson would have been renominated for Vice President in 1964 because he had done a good job and because political considerations dictated his renomination. To make endless speculation to the contrary a recurring theme in this book taxes the reader's patience.

BAKER has not provided a thorough appraisal of Johnson's Vice Presidency. And one would like to know how Johnson's experience as Vice President influenced his own search for a running mate in 1964, and how he has endeavored to spare Hubert Humphrey some of his misery.

Both of these books rely heavily on unidentified sources. The reader is asked to take a lot on faith. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the Evans-Novak book is marred by a number of errors (all of them minor). Baker's book is virtually free of factual errors. Evans and Novak provide an excellent index.

The Snore

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

LIKE wet roaring snails rushing
through small apertures comes the
snore up pipes of pink into the organ
dominated night: oh haunted

vibrant sound from the house
of midnight flesh, empty, except
for one small light left burning
for the subterranean wanderings of its
mind.

a tale wailed in Germanic tones,
echoing down parallel passages of fright
. . . and then the under dunder
sound of thunder . . .
rising, rising, rising,
until death becomes a sound and life
a silence and grunts and groans
and grimaces and swallowing of snails
the object of the tomb

Return of the Prodigal Father

***Pursuit,** by Berry Morgan (Houghton Mifflin. 241 pp. $4.95), concerns a father's obsessive concern for the destiny of his illegitimate son. David Hales was for many years with the University of California Press.*

By DAVID HALES

AS THE title suggests, this is a fast-moving novel, and its action is matched with a sharply pointed dialogue which provides a humorous commentary. Our laughter, however, is cut short by the urgency of the chase, and the comedy is dark indeed. The situations are wild and surprising, and the novel appears at first to be a parody of Southern life but when the compelling theme of the book asserts itself, *Pursuit* is revealed as a parable. Perhaps that of the prodigal father.

Ned Ingles has returned to his Mississippi plantation, embittered by the failure of his life in New Orleans. Here, at least, he will not be rejected although he must make a strong effort in the beginning, gathering up the threads of the past and then preparing his illegitimate son, Laurance, to be a suitable heir and master. A glance in the hall mirror as he deposits his baggage assures him that he still looks young and vigorous at forty-seven. Obviously he is up to the tasks ahead.

His father's return is only a matter of polite interest to the boy, who has spent most of his seventeen years with the servants and the nuns at the convent school; Laurance soon returns to the intricacies of the fugue he has been practicing on the piano. He is not a robust boy and lives in a world of his own. When his father talks of plans for the future he rejects them quietly and confides that he is already determined to enter the Church. This announcement touches off the conflict that rages through the pages of this book.

Ned sees the world he is determined to create already crumbling and tries desperately to save it. Blaming himself for the boy's neglect, he casts about for allies. He must search diligently in this isolated part of the country—so few of the people are Catholic—but eventually he finds Anna, an attractive widow who lives in the nearby town. What is more, she has a priceless asset for his plans—Annabella, a beautiful teen-aged daughter. Anna agrees that the boy can come to her house of an evening for coaching with his lessons. Although Annabella is in the same class at the convent, the two have never become friends.

Laurance enjoys these evenings and even finds love, but in a way that does not accord with his father's reckoning. Also, although the boy accepts the ways of the world with ease, he has not lost sight of his ultimate spiritual quest. Ned becomes a shocked bystander as his scheme, misfiring, provides a springboard for others in their urgent but calculated maneuvers. He tries to crack the whip but finds it is more likely to be himself who is flagellated. Nor are the shades of his ancestors any help. Their lives can throw no light on his present predicament but remain frozen, frieze-like, in the background. Intermittently, Ned turns to Roosevelt, his Negro manager and friend, for understanding and advice. Constantly, he turns to bourbon for the respite oblivion offers. For the chase is on, and at times it is hard to distinguish the pursuer from the pursued. The boy's destiny takes on an obsessive interest for the father as though the only meaning, perhaps the only grace his life affords lies in it.

The novel is beautifully paced. One senses the net being laid, the gradual tightening and then the unbearable tension at the end. It makes for compulsive reading as in a good mystery story, which, in the older sense, I suppose *Pursuit* really is.

—Holly Callery.

Berry Morgan — sharply pointed dialogue, humorous commentary.

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A Tale of Two Sisters

***A Matter of Time,** by Jessamyn West (Harcourt, Brace & World. 310 pp. $5.75), recalls with nostalgia the family life of two sisters, one of whom is dying of cancer. Alfred S. Shivers, associate professor of English at Stephen F. Austin State College, is currently working on a critical-analytical study of the life and writings of Jessamyn West.*

By ALFRED S. SHIVERS

ONE OF Jessamyn West's more touching stories, "Reverdy," which appeared in the *New Mexico Quarterly* in 1943, depicts a relationship between two teen-aged sisters, one a shrewdly dutiful mother's pet, the other a proud yet innocent victim of maternal suspicion. At last the chagrined Reverdy runs away, and life for the sister left behind is never again the same.

Six years later Reverdy reappeared in a *Ladies Home Journal* story called "Love." She has had three marriages and a daughter, and is fatally ill with tuberculosis. During the few days remaining to her she philosophizes about love, voicing her conviction that it is absurd and tragic to ignore its physical aspect.

Reverdy was so entrancing, she seemed so strongly to have had a basis in actuality or to be one of those near-tangible phantoms that are supposed to perch on the typewriter or pen of some artists, that the reader longed for a novel-length treatment of her. It has finally come in *A Matter of Time*, in which, now named Blix Murphy, she is a middle-aged woman dying of cancer.

More than most of her other books, this one draws upon Miss West's family recollections. Her work as a whole, and particularly the best of it, has not been dependent on her own experience. *The Friendly Persuasion* only hinted at her Indiana Quaker background. *The Witch Diggers* (one of the most unjustly neglected novels of this century) was set in a time and place essentially remote from the author's life; the distance summoned up in her a richness of imagination. *South of the Angels*, a wonderfully complex story demonstrating further artistic growth, dealt with early twentieth-century pioneers to the orange groves of Southern California.

With *A Matter of Time* Miss West is content to deal with the present and recent past, though it is doubtful if the book is any the better for it. She also employs the first-person narrative technique for the first time in an extended work. The style is lucid, crisp, and colloquial, though it lacks the poetic charm that pervades some of her other writing, for example the incomparable reverie in the first chapter of *Cress Delehanty*.

"Sister, dear sister, there are things I must know," begins Blix's letter to Tassie, which opens the story. What she wants is information about the lethal dosage of sleeping pills. She plans to kill herself, with Tassie's help, when her pain becomes unendurable.

This is the thin fabric upon which the more interesting parts of the book are woven: vivid character portraits of other family members; Blix's early affair with a Priapean nonentity; Tassie's futile efforts to humanize her repressed first husband. Contrary perhaps to what Miss West intended, it is Tassie, not Blix, who emerges as the really vital figure; it is hard to make an invalid seem robust of personality especially when we are told about her life mainly through the lips of others.

But *A Matter of Time* is written with love and nostalgia. And now that the "Reverdy" story is ended, what will happen to Tassie?

Oedipus on Horseback: The fifth and final volume of Frederick Manfred's "Buckskin Man Tales" is a spectacular fable, a black comedy, a pop tragedy, or —have it as you will—an upright, downright, folk-mythic Western.

Compounded of equal parts of Alfred Henry Lewis's Wolfville tales, *Oedipus Rex*, grade-Z Westerns ("You'd better board that horse again, pilgrim. And dust."), period costume melodrama, *Candy*, and Pecos Bill, *King of Spades* (Trident, $5.95) defies not only description but categorization as well. It is, and it is not, a novel.

A plot summary would be gibberish, and would be quite unfair both to Manfred's talent and to his accomplishment. *King of Spades* travels a route that meanders far enough to encompass the real frontier and the fanciful; it contains both the history of Deadwood and a cast peopled by an incestuous amnesiac, a white-Indian girl who converses with birds and animals, a paranoiac doctor, and some who are completely beyond labeling.

Manfred's cheeky fable is touched here and there by historical inaccuracies, but no matter. It is not history but folk-history that concerns him, and folklorists of the future may suffer monumental headaches trying to unravel the sources and implications of his work. With disregard for ethnic distinctions, the author fuses classical mythology with Indian and American frontier legend in a mixture stirred by Henry Fielding, Sigmund Freud, and Vladimir Nabokov.

Perhaps all this means is that no reviewer ought to attempt to untie what Manfred has so lovingly knotted together. Perhaps all one need do is remember Henry James's admonition that the only requirement of a work of art is that it be interesting. *King of Spades* is not merely interesting, it is curiously fascinating—for its defiant boldness, its spirited freshness, its outlandish tongue-in-cheek unbelievability. It is one of the tallest of all possible tall tales.

—BRIAN GARFIELD.

"Do you suppose you could back up to where it was only fifty cents?"

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A Mixture of Logic and Magic

***Rudyard Kipling,** by J. I. M. Stewart (Dodd, Mead. 245 pp. $5), combines biography with a critical appraisal of the once-popular writer whose conservative political opinions have obscured his literary merits. Orville Prescott, who recently retired from his position as book critic of The New York Times, is the author of "In My Opinion."*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

WHEN Rudyard Kipling died in 1936 his popularity was enormous, but his critical reputation was low. The prolific genius who had written more fine short stories than any other writer in the English language, who was the most popular poet of his time, had exasperated liberal and literary people the world over by conservative political opinions and by his flaming faith in the British Empire. So they denounced and exaggerated his literary lapses and scorned his politics. But politics are ephemeral. Who blames Balzac for believing in absolute monarchy? What matters is creative imagination and literary magic. So for some years now critics and scholars have been rediscovering Kipling. T. S. Eliot proclaimed the merit of Kipling's verse. Somerset Maugham was emphatic and, I believe, right, when he said: "He is our greatest story writer. I can't believe he will ever be equalled. I am sure that he can never be excelled." And now comes J. I. M. Stewart with his excellent and pleasantly unpretentious book, *Rudyard Kipling.*

J. I. M. Stewart is an Oxford don with a split literary personality. As Michael Innis he writes detective stories of marvelous wit and erudition, but with preposterous plots. As J. I. M. Stewart he writes able serious novels and excellent works of literary criticism. In *Rudyard Kipling* he has combined a highly condensed biography of Kipling with a judicious and appreciative critical appraisal of Kipling's works. The biographical material is deft and lively. Mr. Stewart has told the familiar story well—the miserable childhood, India and the outburst of precocious genius, the stormy sojourn in Vermont, the years of fame, wealth, and social isolation in England.

—*Portrait by Sir William Rothenstein.*

Rudyard Kipling—"literary magic."

THOSE interested in all the details of Kipling's life can find them minutely chronicled in C. E. Carrington's stately biography. But the psychological mysteries of Kipling's character remain unknown. Mr. Stewart has refused to speculate about them, probably wisely. He records conditioning circumstances and describes the prickly personality Kipling presented to the world, his belligerence, his tactless bluntness, his arrogance, the crudity of his humor, and the streak of cruelty that flawed some of his stories and poems. Kipling had been the victim of cruelty as a child. He believed that the world was a harsh place and that only fools and children expected life to be fair.

But he also believed in the moral importance of duty, of work well done, of courage and of compassion. He was an idealist of a peculiar sort, a self-consciously tough idealist who combined romanticism with cynicism. In other words, Kipling was not a logical thinker with a neat system of values all ready to be dramatized in his works. In this he resembles most other writers of stature. Their vision of life is intuitive, emotional, inconsistent, based upon experience but not upon a rational philosophy.

Mr. Stewart's most important achievement in this lucid and penetrating little book is to analyze the elements that make so many of Kipling's stories immortal. He points out that much of Kipling went into them: his intense curiosity, his interest in the working of the world and in why and how things are done, his delight in exact particularity and in "inside" information, his seemingly intuitive understanding of many kinds of people, and his astonishing historical imagination.

Kipling often wrote about the supernatural, of dreams and of magic. Mr. Stewart says that "there is a general agreement among critics that the greatest of Kipling's powers is his intuitive penetration into primitive states of consciousness in which reason merges with magic." He also says truly about the *Mowgli stories*, which, although written for children, are the most universally beloved of all Kipling's works, by adults as well as children, that much of their appeal is based upon "Kipling's almost unexampled command of the sense of wonder."

Mr. Stewart recognizes that Kipling was an uneven writer who produced crude, flat, and inferior stories. He doesn't mention that all productive authors are uneven. What he does emphasize is the narrative power, the technical virtuosity, the brilliance, and the subtlety of many of Kipling's stories. So, in effect, this book is a study of appreciation. As an introduction to a very great writer it is superb. And for lovers of Kipling it should be enlightening, because Mr. Stewart is adept in performing one of the critic's most useful tasks—pointing out the less obvious merits, the nuances, and the true significances which hasty readers can easily overlook.

Mr. Stewart devotes most of his space to the short stories. His remarks on Kipling's verse are cogent and well taken. But I wish he had found the time and space to consider more of the poems that rise above the level of verse into true poetry. However, that, as Kipling might have said, would be another story; or another book of criticism.

Phaedo

By Kenneth Rexroth

AFTER Midnight Mass
In the first black subzero hour of Christmas
I take a twig and white piece of paper
And show you the fragile shadow of Sirius
The Dog Star guarding the Manger
Sleeping at the foot of the Cross

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Machinations for a Military Mind

***Ludendorff: Genius of World War I**, by D. J. Goodspeed (Houghton Mifflin. 335 pp. $6), portrays a military mind unhampered by political or human considerations. Richard L. Tobin is managing editor of SR.*

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

THE ORIGINAL title of D. J. Goodspeed's highly interesting work was *War Lord: The Life of General Ludendorff*, and the shift to *Ludendorff: Genius of World War I* suggests a sea-change somewhere along the line. Either author and publisher came to the conclusion that it would do no good to issue an understanding book about a German war lord with those two words in the title, or additional material was introduced into the author's text to substantiate such a [illegible] as "Genius of World War I."

In any case, the story of how the Erich Ludendorff of July 1914, a professional soldier without much apparent future, developed into virtual dictator of wartime Germany is something this correspondent found almost impossible to put down. Here is a machine mind accompanied by a will and attention to detail astonishing even in a German military man, one of the truly great tactical officers of World War I (or any war, for that matter) yet who lacked the foggiest notion of the rights of little men or of democratic protocol or, indeed, protocol of any sort. Bethmann-Hollweg, one of the Kaiser's last chancellors, said in 1916 while close to despair with the bull-necked Ludendorff: "With Falkenhayn we lose the war strategically, and with Ludendorff we lose it politically."

Among the excellences of this unusual book is its view of the Eastern Front through German eyes: the incredible botching on the part of the Russian General Staff by which unprepared and underserviced troops were hurled practically defenseless against the most precise military machine the world had ever seen. The Grand Duke Nicholas had fourteen divisions to pit against von Mackensen's five on the left wing; but the Germans simply outflanked the Russian hordes in the best Stonewall Jackson style and, with the ever-present help of Colonel Hoffmann up front and Ludendorff and von Hindenburg at staff headquarters, the odds meant absolutely nothing. Ludendorff and Hindenburg emerged from well-earned professional triumphs in the East to become the spearheads of Germany's final effort to break through Verdun, the Marne, Château-Thierry, and the other four-year-old roadblocks to Paris by the summer of 1918. And, German-like, it was Ludendorff, hero of the Eastern Front and virtual dictator of a starving Germany, who was blamed for the Western debacle in September-November 1918, and fled to Sweden, where he entered an asylum.

I must say I didn't realize before reading this Canadian writer's informative biography how much Adolf Hitler depended upon and used Ludendorff in the early years of the National Revolution. I had known, of course, that von Hindenburg had been of enormous help in rekindling German martial spirit and national pride, so necessary to Hitler's success; I had been unaware of Ludendorff's brief but intense entry into the Nazi cause near its inception. For this alone—and there is much more here, particularly for the detail-hungry military-maneuver aficionado—we should be grateful indeed to Goodspeed, a distinguished military historian capable of recreating the fanaticism of a professional soldier who was undeniably obstinate, politically stupid, and probably a true military genius in the very worst sense of that offensive word.

Memoirs of a Merchant-Scholar

***Rare Books and Royal Collectors: Memoirs of an Antiquarian Bookseller**, by Maurice L. Ettinghausen (Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $5), and **A Primer of Book Collecting**, by John T. Winterich and David A. Randall (Crown. 228 pp. $5), demonstrate that enthusiasm for scarce editions is unlikely to be affected by computerized methods of reproduction. William Targ, editor-in-chief of G. P. Putnam's Sons, edited "A Bibliophile in the Nursery" and other works on book collecting.*

By WILLIAM TARG

DESPITE the alarums of the computerniks and the current promulgation of the notion (from over the Canadian border) that bound volumes are doomed to obsolescence, the book would appear to be here to stay. Men of sensibility continue to cherish and pay high prices for rare books; they continue to read, study, and preserve them in private and public libraries. The possessive or custodial instinct is strong, the tactile and visual responses are still factors in man's regard for the book, and no electronic device imaginable is likely to replace it. Sentiment and love, scholarship and respect will continue to move men to savor, collect, and give shelter to books. Computerized information, taped recordings of data will not be confused with the printed and bound volume. The book's purpose is twofold: to give pleasure and to illuminate. No one, we feel certain, will ever want to curl up with an electronic machine or a tape on a rainy afternoon.

Collectors of rare books are, happily, not a vanishing race, despite the paperback revolution and the disinclination of many to assemble private libraries. But knowledgeable booksellers are becoming scarce; we refer of course to the kind of bookseller who knows the difference between a Book of Hours and a World Almanac, the bibliophile-merchant who combines scholarship, intelligence, taste, fervor, and good business sense. Such a man is Maurice Ettinghausen.

In this engaging and urbane memoir (which its publisher had the good judgment to encourage) we find confirmation of man's continuing devotion to books. Mr. Ettinghausen, one of the leading scholar-bookmen of our time, worked for the firm of Ludwig Rosenthal in Munich, and specialized in old manuscripts and incunabula. His life story, though too sketchily related, discloses much of the drama and romance of the rare-book world. He presents anecdotes and vignettes of notable European and American collectors, including J. P. Morgan, Prince Victor Napoleon, Henry E. Huntington, T. J. Wise, King Manuel of Portugal, and many others. His account deals briefly with his youth and education, and mainly with the pursuit, acquisition, and sale of world-famous books and manuscripts to collectors and libraries.

One of the interesting chapters here concerns a Berliner, Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, who sold to the Library of Con-

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gress a Gutenberg Bible on vellum and a large collection of fifteenth-century books, for one and a half million dollars. Dr. Vollbehr's activities in rare books indicate how it is possible to make a killing in this highly specialized field, if one chooses to live dangerously.

Another highlight is the author's account of his visit to Russia in 1931, which led to the purchase of the great *Codex Sinaiticus Petropolitanus*. This is the earliest manuscript of the Old and New Testaments, written on vellum in large uncial Greek letters in the first half of the fourth century. This extraordinary treasure (it comprises 347 leaves from an estimated original of 730), thanks to the author's talent and efforts, was acquired from Russia by the British Museum for £100,000.

While Mr. Ettinghausen does not possess the writing felicity of a John Carter or an A. Edward Newton (whose books fired so many young collectors in the 1920s), and though one would wish for more details regarding his bookselling apprenticeship, his autobiography nevertheless conveys much of the lore and allure of the rare-book world and the breadth of vision and virtuosity of its author. *Rare Books and Royal Collectors* is unreservedly recommended to all devotees and hunters of old and rare books.

IT is a pleasure to see the venerable *Primer of Book Collecting*, first published in 1926, reissued in a third, revised and updated edition for collectors of the 1960s. For it is still by far the best single introductory volume on the subject. Lively, broad in scope, written by two eminent bookmen, it introduces the beginner to the collecting hobby and its exotic vocabulary, and will save him much hardship, confusion, and heartache. For book collecting is a pursuit calling for the most fastidious knowledge, and the field is encumbered with countless booby traps.

John Winterich and David Randall explain the meaning of a first edition; they point out in the most lucid terms what makes a book rare and desirable; they discuss the matter of the mint-condition compulsion, the mechanics of collecting, points and point mania, tools of the trade, and countless other essential matters. They are also practical and sophisticated in their discussion of that delicate subject, dollar value.

There are in *A Primer of Book Collecting* many useful hints about were to buy books, auction-room activities, housing a collection, subjects to collect (including Americana), early printing, press books, modern first editions, etc. The book will appeal to the uninstructed and the non-affluent collector as well as to the man with the ready checkbook—and to all who like books about books.

A Child's World of Difference

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

IN THE last several years many books have appeared about the problems of Negroes and many, many books in which the illustrations show Negro characters although they are not referred to as such in the text—the "color me brown" books, an educator at a recent Tarrytown conference called them. There have also been books about Puerto Rican children, Chinese children, Japanese children, Jewish children, displaced children, janitors' children, children of migrant workers, *et cetera*. Some of the output has been excellent, some dull, some painfully contrived.

The good books aren't documentaries or tracts. They are engrossing stories, free of the obtrusive purposefulness that mars numerous well-meant young people's books in which the names or identifying adjectives are carefully introduced—to the detriment of both the author's goal and the reader's edification. For example, in a book about a Cuban family the son is embarrassed by a party menu of Cuban fare, while his mother staunchly refuses to be ashamed of her background. Fine. But the son has a friend, Sammy. "Sammy rubbed his velvety black nose. 'Up Georgia way, we have grits and pork chops and plenty of gravy. Why can't we have that?' His white teeth were like shiny pearl buttons as he smiled, just thinking about it." Stereotype, anyone?

That's one kind. Another, almost a formula, is the sports story in which the members of a team, usually Little League, are named Tony Chrisanto, Otto Wunderbar, Benny Greenberg, Yukio Hayashi, and so on. This doesn't do any harm, and it may possibly do some good; it certainly doesn't face the problem of discrimination.

Now a true story, I am sorry to say: One day last summer a committee of librarians met during a national conference; they were to choose out of the previous year's children's titles one to be given an award for fostering understanding and good will. During the discussion *Berries Goodman*, by Emily Neville (Harper & Row, $2.95), was proposed; it is a story about anti-Semitism in a New York suburb. A committee member suggested that a recently published book dealing with Arab-Israeli relations might well win the award for the following year.

"We don't want Jews two years in a row, do we?" she asked. Well, madam, your question may have been misconstrued but, taken at face value, it seems to be the same old Gentlemen's Agreement. If this attitude exists even in a group designed to encourage brotherhood, one is not surprised that it is mirrored in a tendency to avoid troublesome topics in young people's books. Those that have abrogated the G.A. are few and far between, and the Agreement extends to most American minority groups.

Look, for example, at what has been published recently about Jewish children. Marilyn Sachs has written some pleasant stories about two small sisters in *Amy Moves In* and *Laura's Luck* (Doubleday, $2.95, $3.25), while Leota Keir's *Freckle-Face Frankel* (Coward-McCann, $3) has the humor suggested by the title. Molly Cone's *A Promise Is a Promise* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.75) concerns a girl of eleven who is troubled by cultural conflict. Mina Lewiton in *Rachel* and *Rachel and Herman* (Watts, $2, $2.75) and Sydney Taylor in *All-of-a-Kind Family, More All-of-*

—*Michael Donner.*

ZENA SUTHERLAND, following the resignation in September of Alice Dalgliesh, has been appointed editor of *SR*'s monthly feature BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. Since 1957 Mrs. Sutherland has edited the *Bulletin of the Center for Children's Books* at the University of Chicago, whose Graduate Library School she attended after securing her B.A. in the university's English Department. She is a consultant to NBC Station WMAQ-TV's weekly program *Read Me a Story*, which she helped to create. The author of *History in Children's Books*, soon to be released by McKinley Publishing Co., Mrs. Sutherland was for three years on the Newbery-Caldecott Awards Committee. She also serves on the National Council of Teachers of English as one of a committee that is revising a bibliography of books about Negroes. The mother of three children, she is married to Alec Sutherland, a consultant for the John Price Jones Co.

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a-Kind Family, and *All-of-a-Kind Family Uptown* (Follett, $3.50, $3.95, $3.95) engagingly picture Jewish family life in New York City earlier in the century. Only half a dozen books confront the problem of prejudice. *Berries Goodman* faces it with perceptive objectivity. When Berries brings his friend Sidney Fine home there is a baffling but noticeable coolness; his parents, the author said recently, are "nice cowards"—but Sidney's mother is prejudiced as well. Again, in Lois Santalo's *The Wind Dies at Sunrise* (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95) the reader sees discrimination against and by Jews. In Florence Cohen's *Portrait of Deborah* (Messner, $2.95) the heroine refuses to accept Steve Randall's suggestion that they date secretly because of his parents' objections; in Anne Emery's *Dinny Gordon, Junior* (Macrae Smith, $3.25) the protagonist is dismayed by her boyfriend's reaction to the Jewish family that moves into their suburban, middle-class neighborhood; the young bride in Hila Colman's *Bride at Eighteen* (Morrow, $3.50) relies heavily on the friendship and advice of her husband's Jewish grandmother; and bias against both Negroes and Jews is explored in Gretchen Sprague's *A Question of Harmony* (Dodd, Mead, $3.25). However, Lois Hobart's *Strangers Among Us* (Funk & Wagnalls, $2.95) is an example of the book well meant yet poorly executed: Alison Bedford runs into difficulties when she falls in love with Mark Leopold, but the issue of anti-Semitism, the crux of the book, is evaded; the community's treatment of the Leopold family is represented as simply a small town's response to newcomers.

So that's it. One of the enduring abrasions of our society, and a handful of books reflect it. Concerning other areas of discrimination, there is even less. Just received is a book about an Indian family in Chicago, Barbara Smucker's *Wigwam in the City* (Dutton, $3.75). Why, one wonders, aren't more authors writing about American Indians in a contemporary urban environment? Why isn't somebody writing about the Catholic girl whose family is unhappy because she wants to marry a Protestant? Or vice versa?

I'm not suggesting that juvenile fiction should answer all the problems, but that it should acknowledge their existence; not that we have a proliferation of books about minority groups, but that the paucity of them is evidence of a pervasive and genteel evasion. If the stories are well constructed and are honest in their approach, they should make the young reader aware of discrimination and inspire him to think about it. If he is aroused to condemnation of prejudice, good; if he can see that all prejudice is similar, very good.

A Tale of Middle Length. *By Mary Francis Shura. Illustrated by Peter Parnall. Atheneum.* 105 *pp.* $3.50. A tail of middle length is possessed by Dominie, the gentle young mouse whose ladylike charms have aroused the protective instincts of an older male of the field-mouse colony. Dominie is treated with just a shade of in-group contempt by the field mice; indeed, the length of her tail proves her low status. A house mouse! Dominie's change from pariah to heroine is effected by a truly brave deed: she saves the life of a youngster by flinging herself in his path and into the steely jaws of a mousetrap. The quiet writing style and the gentle illustrations are happily complementary and arouse memories of scenes in Toad Hall, of the miniature world of the Borrowers, and of the murine society reigned over by Miss Bianca. Fifth- and sixth-graders can read it, and younger children will enjoy having the book read to them.

Fall Is Here! *By Dorothy Sterling. Illustrated by Winifred Lubell. Natural History Press.* 96 *pp.* $3.25. Here is a description of the autumnal phenomena in nature, profusely illustrated with drawings in black-and-white and in color. The writing is informal and chatty; the information is accurate but presented in a rather rambling fashion. For children from nine to eleven, although younger children may be interested in the illustrations.

The Taste of Spruce Gum. *By Jacqueline Jackson. Illustrated by Lillian Obligado. Little, Brown.* 212 *pp.* $3.95. In 1903 a fatherless girl of eleven comes to Vermont, where her mother marries the man to whom she has become engaged by mail; Mama had only met Uncle Charles once before—at her own wedding. Uncle Charles is her Papa's brother, and little Libby doesn't want him as a stepfather, she doesn't want to live in Vermont, and she has her doubts about the lumber mill. However, she is immediately entranced by the beauty of the countryside, soon intrigued by the rough but exciting mill community, and she gradually if reluctantly learns to admire and love her stepfather. A good book for girls from ten to twelve.

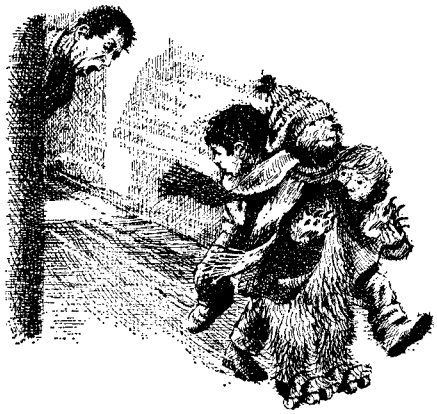
Spring Comes to the Ocean. *By Jean Craighead George. Illustrated by John Wilson. Crowell.* 109 *pp.* $3.50. In a beautifully written, nonfictionalized narrative, the author conveys an enormous amount of information about the life cycles of many forms of marine life. The material is accurate and well organized, communicating a sense of wonder at the intricate marvels of reality. Grades six to nine.

The Space Plague. *By A. M. Lightner. Norton.* 156 *pp.* $3.50. This is another science-fiction novel set on the planet Acoma, scene of the author's *Doctor to the Galaxy*; this, too, is a story about people working in the natural sciences. A group of students come out from Earth to participate in an entomological expedition; they encounter a mysterious plague, which they diagnose and stop. Although its setting, plot development, and scientific background are well done, the story, which includes a mild love interest, the discovery of a hominid race, and a panel of cardboard characters, is a little cluttered. For the science-fiction fan at the junior-high level.

Bobby Hull. *By Jim Hunt. Photographs by Hal Barkley. Follett.* 105 *pp.* $3.95. Here is a book that should appeal to ice hockey fans from twelve years up, since it dwells with enthusiastic appreciation on Hull as one of the greatest of hockey players as well as a man of amicability and poise. Unlike most sports biographies, this one does not have long descriptions of games.

Girl in the Mirror. *By Zoa Sherburne. Morrow.* 190 *pp.* $3.50. Although not unusual in the basic adjustment-to-stepmother plot, this is quite a good story for older girls, written with realism and restraint. Ruth Ann, already unhappy because she is fat, is morose about her father's marriage; but her father's death on his honeymoon trip shocks her into a new realization of her need for affection, and she makes a successful effort to be a friend to her stepmother.

Weaver of Dreams: The Girlhood of Charlotte Brontë. *By Elfrida Vipont. Walck.* 182 *pp.* $3.75. Despite a heavy larding of imaginary conversations and fictionalized episodes, this is an interesting biography of Charlotte Brontë. It gives a really moving and convincing picture of the isolation of the Brontë children and of their family solidarity. The family chronicle is telescoped into a brief conclusion at the end of the book. For the upper grades.



—From "Maurice's Room."

If It Weren't for You. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Ben Shecter. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. In a read-aloud picture book for the very young, the author casts a percipient eye on dethronement, and her bland humor is echoed in the illustrations. An older brother, not very big himself, ruminates about his sibling; if it weren't for him all sorts of wonderful things would be possible. But, the catalogue of only-child delights concludes, "I'd have to be alone with the grownups if it weren't for you."

A Child's Garden of Verses. *By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Watts.* 96 *pp.* $5.95. This oversized edition of the loved and familiar poems isn't the only good one available, but it is certainly among the most attractive. Brian Wildsmith's delectable colors glow, explode, melt, and charm; certain of the paintings are particularly appropriate, as though the well-known words had been waiting for just that unknown brush. Intended for children

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up to third grade, the book will surely be enjoyed by some older children and by anyone who loves color.

Did You Carry the Flag Today Charley? *By Rebecca Caudill. Illustrated by Nancy Grossman. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 94 *pp.* $3.50. Charley yearns to carry the flag, an honor meted out daily at the small school in the Appalachians; since he is an obstreperous beginner, Charley has first to learn something about learning. With the help of a wise and patient teacher, he does. For the pre-school child.

A Ride on High. *By Candida Palmer. Illustrated by H. Tom Hall. Lippincott.* 25 *pp.* $2.95. Here is a good story to read aloud to children in the primary grades, especially to city children. Two small Negro boys start out for a baseball game on the elevated train, and one of them loses his return token en route to the ball park. Resourcefully, they cope with the problem of getting home by staying on the train and riding back.

Maurice's Room. *By Paula Fox. Illustrated by Ingrid Fetz. Macmillan.* 64 *pp.* $2.95. Almost everybody has met, at some time, a small and imperturbable child who conquers adults by blandly refusing to be disturbed or persuaded by their ideas. Maurice, a determined collector of Things and animals, is not swayed by his mother's threats about his crowded room; he is not enticed to new horizons by a pet, and he definitely does not wish to cooperate and take trumpet lessons. He is enchantingly real, his family is real, and his friend Jacob (a satellite personality) is real. They are all charming, and their intended audience of middle-grades readers will be augmented by secret, older admirers.

A Snail's a Failure, Socially; And Other Poems, Mostly About People. *By Kaye Starbird. Illustrated by Kit Dalton. Lippincott.* 53 *pp.* $2.95. Some serious notes are sounded in this collection of light verse, but most of the selections are lightly humorous and a few broadly silly. The subjects are weather, animal life, nature, friends, and neighbors. Fourth- to sixth-graders will enjoy the bouncy rhythm.

The Cabinet. *By Gerald W. Johnson Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow.* 160 *pp.* $3.50. To this author's popular books on our history and government, one about the Cabinet is added. Young people may be surprised to learn that there is not a word about it in the Constitution. ". . . the President does most of his work through assistants, and people call ten of the most important assistants the Cabinet. That is all. There is no law about it; it is merely a custom."

Our Cabinet is contrasted with that of England; the various members of our Cabinet are presented, and Mr. Johnson shows how the organization developed under various Presidents. "Team of Wild Animals" is his assessment of the Lincoln Cabinet. But if the fight between Madison and his Secretary of State is "perhaps just Washington gossip," why give it a two-page action spread?

The pictures are most dramatic, in some cases too much so. A useful book. Ages ten to fourteen.

Book Letters

Continued from page 52

Passage of the strict Dodd bill would stop importation of any interesting "military surplus" arms, and would give to his constituents, Winchester-Western Division of Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., an exclusive right to sell their inferior design of firearms of today.

WILLIAM B. EDWARDS.
San Francisco, Calif.

THERE ARE VERY FEW MURDERS committed by "disturbed" persons, the Whitman episode being quite a rare thing in our society. Most of U.S. murders are committed within family groups and among friends.

R. G. SCHIPF.
Carbondale, Ill.

WHAT WE NEED is not a gun law but, rather, a mental health law. We could outlaw all the objects used to murder and we would never, never affect the mental and social factors that are the true cause of crime.

CARL NAMON BROWN.
Kingsport, Tenn.

LIKE MR. C. H. FIELDS says [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 1] maybe we need to talk to the folks who have and carry guns to know how they feel. Mr. Fields and his comrades in arms know they cannot repel the Communist hordes. However, it is comfortable to fondle, polish and worship that which is so essential for the protection of the Sovereign State of Texas.

The depredation caused by rabbits, squirrels, doves and quail, not to mention deer, a President or innocent passersby, amply justifies extermination of any moving object which appears before the sights.

If this slaughter is necessary for the table in a portion of this nation where abundance is known to exist then the inculcation in the minds of the young to kill, kill, kill is justified. But I doubt it.

WARREN BRUNDAGE SHEPARD.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

RALPH GINZBURG AWAITS IMPRISONMENT, while the number of firearms in the hands of the mentally incompetent (among others) increases daily. Is sex really more dangerous than bullets?

PAUL EZUST.
Cambridge, Mass.

Treason Updated

RE "BOOKS FOR AUTUMN READING," by Rochelle Girson [*SR*, Oct. 1]: "Two years ago Rebecca West published *The Meaning of Treason. . . .*" Rebecca West published *The Meaning of Treason* not *two* years ago, but twenty-one! Two years ago she published *The New Meaning of Treason . . .*

R. T. K. SYMINGTON.
Montreal, P.Q.

Read Romans

WILLIAM G. LYFIELD SAYS [*SR*, Letters to Book Review Editor, Oct. 8], "For reasons which Klausner discusses in detail, the Pauline writings were deliberately anti-Jewish. . . ." As a Bible student, Gentile and Christian, I would recommend a careful study of Romans—especially the ninth, tenth and eleventh chapters. They are so pro-Jewish that I have known of Gentiles who act as if they wish they hadn't been written.

RALPH EMBRY.
Leitchfield, Ky.

ANTI-SEMITISM . . . is rooted in men's hearts not their reading material. The message of the Gospels and the only hope of humanity is that those hearts can be changed—by a crucified, buried, and risen Jew!

LEARY G. HOOD.
Pipersville, Pa.

"Roger and I have stayed in the Republican Party because of the children."

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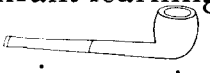
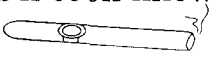
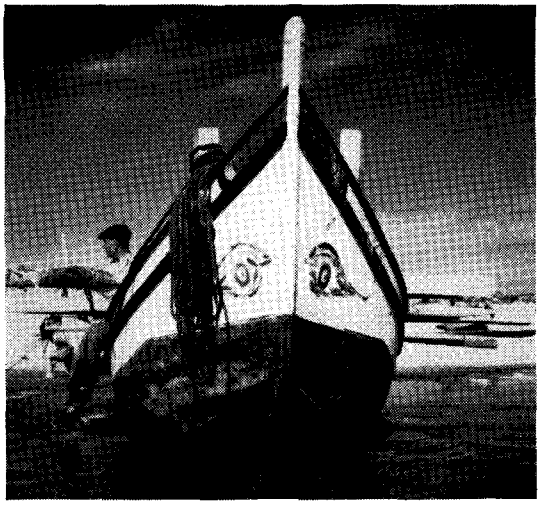
He starts right in with "Bom dia" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between um cachimbo  e um charuto  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as, "Eu prefiro um cachimbo a um charuto."



With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent Portuguese before you can say João Robinson.

Por exemplo, na fotografia you see um pescador and his bote. O bote is not muito grande. But the waves are grande. Muito grande. Poor pescador. And if you read this once again, you will probably understand every word.

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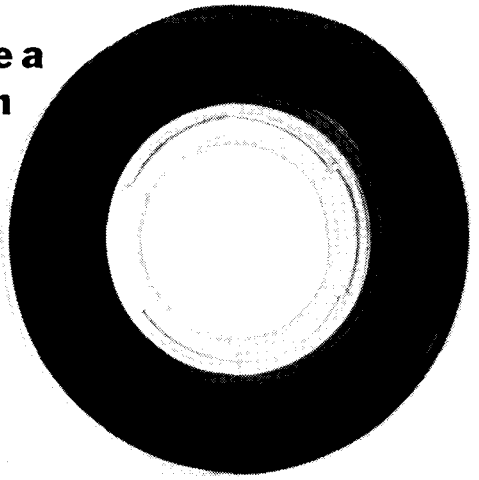
Ever drive a family sedan that corners as if it were taped to the road?



The MG Sports Sedan is a car to enjoy in spite of the road or weather.

It can snip through sneaky curves during a snow storm. Snap down winding lanes in a cloudburst. And even hold its own in the teeth of a gale that makes altogether too many cars behave like ships in a storm.

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If you're hunting for a family sedan with sports car cornering and roadholding, test-drive the car that corners as if it were taped to the road. Your MG/Austin Healey dealer will arrange it—with no red tape at all.

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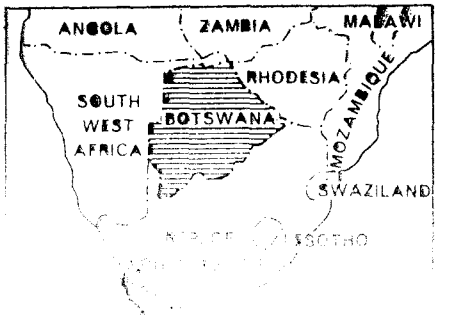
BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Edited by Horace Sutton

Dry Days in Botswana



—Courtesy BIS.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of the following article is a well known Scots writer who, for her services on behalf of the Bakgatla tribe, was made a member of the tribe and was given the honorary titles to which she refers below. She also is author of the forthcoming book, Return to Fairy Hill.*

THE BECHUANALAND PROTECTORATE, perilously balanced between the Republic of South Africa and Rhodesia, with only six miles of border alongside Zambia across the huge Zambezi river, became independent on September 30, as Botswana. I had not meant to go back for Independence Day. But the Chief himself had said, "It won't be Independence without you." One or another of my tribe, when I left them last June, said: "Mother, why do you ever leave us?" It was useless explaining that I had a big family in Scotland, lots of grandchildren, a farm to run, and all these local government committees. This didn't count beside what they knew: that I am MmaBakgatla, mother of the tribe, and MmaLinchwe, mother of the Chief. On that, one goes back.

But what kind of independence will it be with half the population on famine relief and little prospect of the really large capital sums that would give adequate water supplies to develop the country, partly in small subsistence farms and partly in big cattle cooperatives? Very few Africans have the money for cattle ranching, and somehow—do you wonder?—the people of Botswana are eager to see an influx of white owners. Yet, cooperation comes naturally to people who have lived in the deep-reaching state of cooperation which is the essence of a tribe.

If we could get enough water to open up the areas that could be grazed, Botswana would not need to depend on the charity of big neighbors who might decide to influence policy and could do so easily enough through simple economic pressures. One can only hope for good rains in this first year of independence.

Over a quarter of the cattle, the country's main industry and export, have died in the six years of drought. Even white farmers, who usually have been able to afford their own bore holes or are near the few big rivers where there are pools or sand stretches from which water can be pumped, have lost cattle, too. My own tribal reserve, the Kgatleng, has probably lost three-quarters of its herds. In the worst drought months last year there were dead cows lying everywhere; sometimes a feeble live calf by a dead mother. People skinned them and ate what they could. It was the main food we had, made tolerable by cooking the meat in vegetable oil, which is dispensed as part of famine-relief rations.

Botswana means the country of the Tswana-speaking people, for all the eight tribes speak the same language, intermarry, and have the same kind of customs. Tribal warfare long transcended football and choir rivalry, though naturally, on festive occasions, my own tribe, the Bakgatla, go 'round dancing and boasting of the number of Bakwena they have speared and the number of elephants they have killed. There are few elephants around now, although the lions survive. We shoot them when we can. The Chief shot two charging lions last year, and we all wrote poems praising his skill.

My tribe numbers some 30,000 people living in Botswana, of whom nearly two-thirds live in or near the tribal capital, Mochudi, moving out to their cultivated lands and cattle posts whenever they need to. Nobody thinks anything of a 20-mile walk.

Another 30,000 or more members of the tribe live at the other side of the border, in the Republic of South Africa. The

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

In these quotations Mary Adams Krauss of Fort Wayne, Ind., has omitted most of the words that relate to eating and drinking. If you can't fill in the blanks, open the cupboard on page 69.

1. And all the little _____ stood
   And waited in a row.
2. They dined on _____, and slices of _____,
   Which they ate with a runcible _____.
3. The funeral _____ _____
   Did coldly furnish forth the marriage _____.
4. And lucent _____, tinct with _____.
5. _____-ripe, ripe, ripe I cry.
6. Stay me with _____, comfort me with _____.
7. A _____ of _____, a _____ of _____—and Thou.
8. Better is a _____ of _____ where love is, than a
   stalled _____ and hatred therewith.
9. We could cook this little _____
   If we only had some _____.
10. And feast upon _____, _____, and cream.
11. The wholesome _____, chief of Scotia's food.
12. Could we have some _____ for
    The Royal _____ of _____?
13. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
    shall be no more _____ and _____?
14. And like a _____ boiled, the morn
    From black to red began to turn.
15. They fought the dogs and killed the cats . . .
    And ate the _____ out of the vats.

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colonial powers, when drawing their boundaries around map-covered tables, thousands of miles away, chose convenient rivers or latitudes and thought nothing of splitting communities, or, for that matter, families. At one time the boundary between the Bechuanaland Protectorate and the Transvaal mattered little, but now, with two extremely different policies, it matters very much. Those across the border feel increasingly uncomfortable and caged in, though their material conditions may be better. They live in the land of apartheid and all that goes with it.

It used to be easy to cross the border for family occasions, illness, death, the birth of a baby. But now it has been made very difficult. Our women have to give two months' notice of their intention to cross, which is seldom possible. My Chief was married in Johannesburg by the Anglican bishop, for his bride's parents were in Trevor Huddleston's flock, but the ladies of the tribe could not cross to escort his bride back. Nor could I. I am one of the increasing number of people who have received a funny little document which prevents one going into the Republic of South Africa. No wonder. My life in Mochudi, sharing everything with my friends, is a direct negation of apartheid.

Part of the attraction of Africa is the direct attitudes of its people. You quarrel, but, having said what you felt, said it even violently, it is over and you can be friends again without resentment. Courage is valued and expected. That goes for women members of the royal family. My Chief's sister, Tshire, a nurse in the big teaching hospital of Johannesburg, knocked out a young gangster who intended to rob her of her week's wages. Nursing is still a status profession for Africans, but on the basis of intelligence Tshire could have been a doctor.

A chief is thought of not only as the leader, but as wife and mother of the tribe, the food-giver. Chief Linchwe of the Bakgatla, my son, is that kind of chief, but some chiefs have become selfish and tyrannical. They are products of the times when the powers ruled indirectly through the chiefs. The chief was separated from the people and tore down even a primitive democracy.

THE *pitso*, the tribal meeting, was a form of primitive democracy, a kind of democracy that takes up time. I have sat on the steps of the tribal office, watching a *pitso*: the gathering of the men, some carrying little folding stools under their arms, and the arrival of the Chief, when all rise and greet him with a deep *kgabo*. This is our tribal word and means either a monkey or a flame of fire (one of our songs says how small the monkey is and yet he can destroy a town in minutes). The men wear European clothes, mostly ragged and patched; some still have their old army greatcoats, or what remains of them. Some go barefoot, others have battered ox-hide sandals. Only the Chief, who takes his place in the shelter of dark branches, wears a conventional suit, bought when he was a student in England. He will change back into shorts and an open-necked shirt as soon as official business is through.

Since he came to the leopard-skin, symbol still of Tswana kingship, women have been encouraged to come to the *pitsos*. They sit to their own side, in dresses and aprons, almost all wearing gay, flowered head-scarves. It was said that they would be too shy to speak. Not at all! On any subject except cattle—traditionally men's work—they talk loud and long, sometimes brandishing umbrellas. It certainly surprises visitors to Scotland from Botswana to see me milking. The idea of a milkmaid is really rather shocking.

Now, instead of this face-to-face democratic relationship, people have to elect representatives in the approved Western way. Certainly, they vote diligently and with enjoyment, but on rather peculiar grounds. Friendly and reasonable men make the most fantastic promises and allegations at election meetings. And in a country with few radios, no television, and only very occasional movies or circuses, meetings are a popular amusement. Questioners often urge the speakers to better efforts.

Even nonpolitical meetings are a pleasure. Our own Thrift and Loan Society, run under the wing of the Registrar of Cooperatives, likes a meeting at least once a week, preferably electing a new committee and allowing everyone to speak. Our large lady secretary jumps about on the platform, signaling briskly to voters while the rest of us shout, "We don't trust you, Elsie!"

In the Community Center, where we have a hall for meetings, we have also started two small industries. Working on leather comes naturally: sandals and shoes, bags, harnesses for horses or oxen. Our leading craftsman is one of the increasing number of Africans who have left South Africa for a country which is free, though so poor. He is training a class of boys. For a long time the Botswana have made beautiful skin rugs, matching and contrasting furs, sewing in patterns. It could become a small export trade.

Days go by when I don't go near the center. I stay with the Chief, sleeping in the rough stoep where I wake to see the rising sun beautifully gild the leaves of the tree just outside, sliding down from the topmost branches until suddenly all is plain daylight. And hot. We get temperatures up to 120 degrees, but it is dry heat and bearable. It would be nice to have fans and refrigerators and all that. Even nicer to have plenty of water. But the bore holes are drying out as the water table falls with the continuing drought.

When I visit Gaberones, the capital of Botswana—a town full of civil servants, black and white, washing their cars and sprinkling their lawns—I take a jerry-can to fill with water. I come home rich with water, and can invite my friends in for a drink. Gaberones has a great new dam with a lake behind it. It would be quite feasible to lay a pipe the 20 miles to Mochudi, touching a couple of smaller villages on the way. It would cost about $200,000, including tanks and distribution pipes, but it would supply washing and drinking water to some 20,000 people. It would be too expensive for irrigation, but people could have small gardens around their houses.

Five years ago Mochudi was full of citrus trees which people had planted by their courtyards; now they are almost all dead. Hungry goats break in past any barrier and go for whatever else may be planted. I wish we could get rid of them, but nowadays goats are the only source of milk.

Shall we get our water supply? It all, I suppose, depends on whether the great big outside world chooses to support us. And that depends on whether we look

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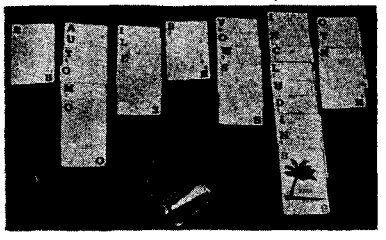

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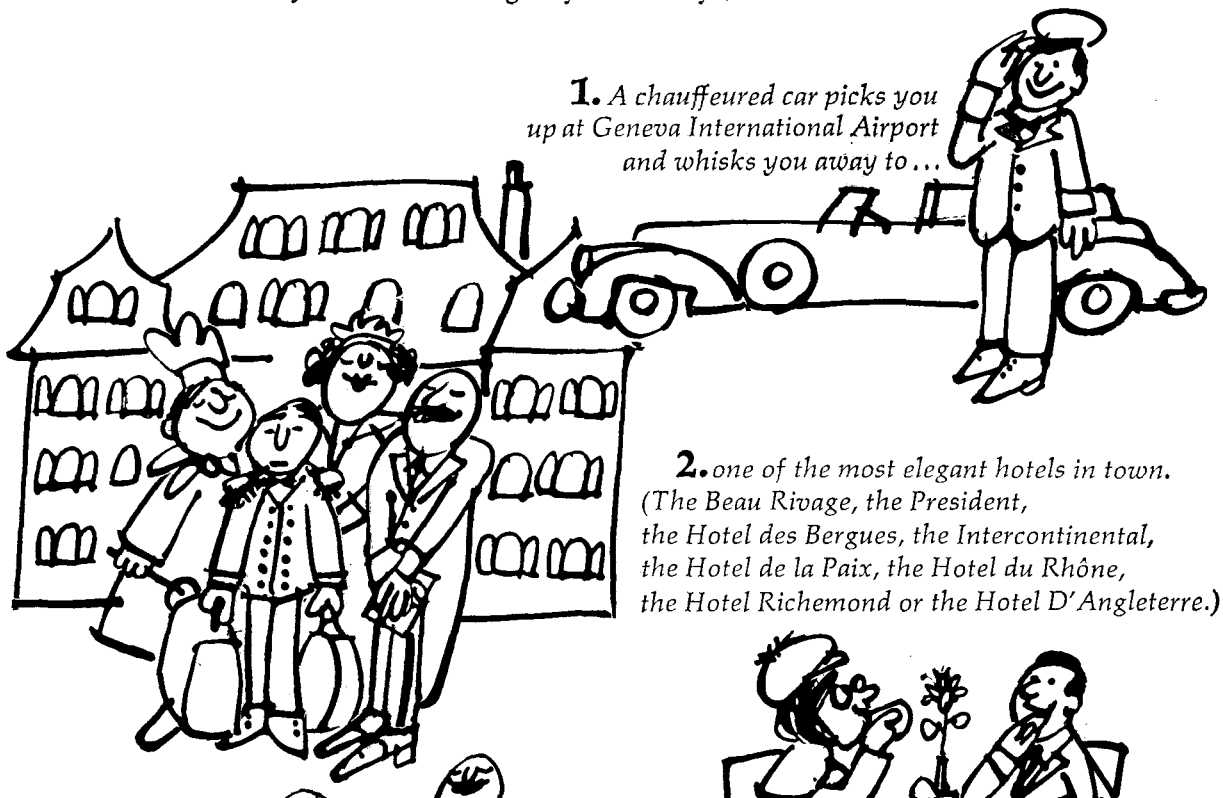

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like a stable country. My own feeling is that Seretse Khama would produce a better and certainly a truer image if he did not crack down quite so hard on the opposition. Only stupid people believe in the ultimate stability of one-party states. Seretse is a fine man, well liked, and the Deputy Prime Minister, Quet Masire, is a charmer. But they must not count too much on total agreement with all their policies. Meanwhile Mathlagodi, the acting leader of the People's Party, the official opposition in the Legislative Assembly, is the member for Mochudi. So we may have to wait rather a long time for our water. Our girls and women may have to go on walking for miles and queuing for hours to get a pailful for all the family's needs.

The Bakgatla are my people. I accept all my obligations to them. The Chief is my dear son; his wife wrote that she was motherless without me. I can walk into any house in Mochudi by day or night. I share the bowl of porridge and the single spoon under the thatch roof, or the full moon. The babies that used to cry when I picked them up don't cry any more. Away from them, I long for the arms around my neck, the touch of the crisp hair and the warm full lips. I had to go back. —NAOMI MITCHISON.

King Kam and the Isle of Love

IT IS nearly six months since King Kam died. During this half year of official bereavement the thousand Melanesian women on the Island of Love have kept their heads shaved and put away their bright-hued grass skirts for more sombre dress. King Kam's male subjects have daubed their bodies with ashes from their mourning fires. The old thatched palace from which this uncrowned white monarch ruled as absolute despot these past fifty years has been left silent and deserted. Soon the jungle will move in to reclaim it.

When King Kam died in Port Moresby Hospital in New Guinea last spring one of the most colorful figures in the South Pacific passed into history, or perhaps into legend. His story reads like the living realization of every frustrated male ambition. Wherever men gathered, in the bars of Port Moresby, Madang, and Rabaul, on the verandas of planters' houses in the Solomons and the Louisiades, they talked of King Kam and his Island of Love—the jealously guarded paradise where no other white man was ever allowed to gain a footing. They talked with wistful admiration of King Kam's harem of native girls, of amorous ritual orgies during the yam-planting season, and of other tales that grew more and more exotic as they passed from mouth to mouth.

King Kam's real name was Cyril Barneveldt Cameron. He was born seventy-eight years ago, reputedly the black sheep of a wealthy Scots family. About 1909 he turned up in New Guinea and went fossicking for gold in the wild interior. Legend says he fell in love with the beautiful wife of a white planter and was rejected. Then, like a character out of Conrad or Somerset Maugham, he bought a schooner and set out to establish a copra plantation on the remotest island he could find.

Chance took him to Kitava in the Trobriands, in the triangle of reef-studded sea between New Britain and the eastern tip of New Guinea. The Kitavans had scarcely seen a white man since the grim days when blackbirders used to raid their coast in search of laborers for the Queensland sugar plantations. Cameron, a big, rawboned Scot with flaming red hair, pitched a tent on the beach. The natives built him a house and helped him establish his plantation. They were, and still are, a simple, docile people and for the next fifty-five years, King Kam's word was their law. Trading schooners called occasionally to pick up Cameron's copra, but no white man ever ventured to try to settle there. If they lingered, King Kam laid a loaded Colt revolver on the table beside the rum glasses. He called it his Peacemaker.

The Pacific War passed Kitava by. No Japanese soldier or American marine ever landed there. Only airplanes droning far overhead and an occasional smudge of smoke on the horizon told the islanders that the ocean all around them was aflame with war.

Until the day King Kam died no male native was ever permitted to set foot inside his palm-thatched palace. But the rule didn't apply to the island women. The Trobriand people are celebrated throughout the Southwest Pacific for their good looks and splendid, coal-black, muscular bodies. How many wives King Kam had is impossible to say. He took them by native custom, not by white man's law, and no jealous male Kitavan ever argued with the authority of the Peacemaker.

When a Sydney newspaperman vis-

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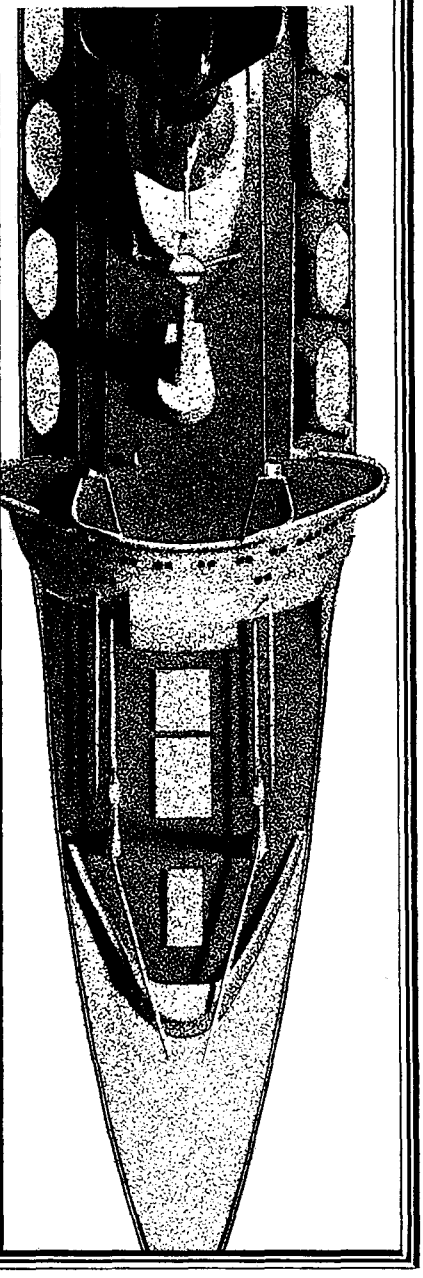

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ited King Kam last year he found a frail, taciturn old man, a pipe clamped in his toothless jaws, his faded blue eyes peering behind thick-lensed glasses. But he was still the king, and his house was full of bare-breasted young island maidens.

"Bloody wooden-headed niggers," was how King Kam described his loyal subjects. But he loved them nonetheless. He died worth nearly $200,000, and almost every cent of it was left to the Kitavans. "He was a good man," say officials of the Australian administration in Port Moresby that controls the Trobriands.

"He carried out all his obligations to the natives." King Kam's harem was none of their business.

After King Kam's death his body was taken by schooner back to his little island kingdom. All his 3,000 people were waiting on the beach—the women with shaven heads, the men daubed with ashes from the funeral fires that blazed along the beach to keep off the evil spirits. To the throb of lizard-skin drums the body was carried up the coral path to a grave overlooking the sea. Then, around a gigantic feast of roast yams, taro, bananas, rice, fish, and chicken, the islanders mourned their monarch.

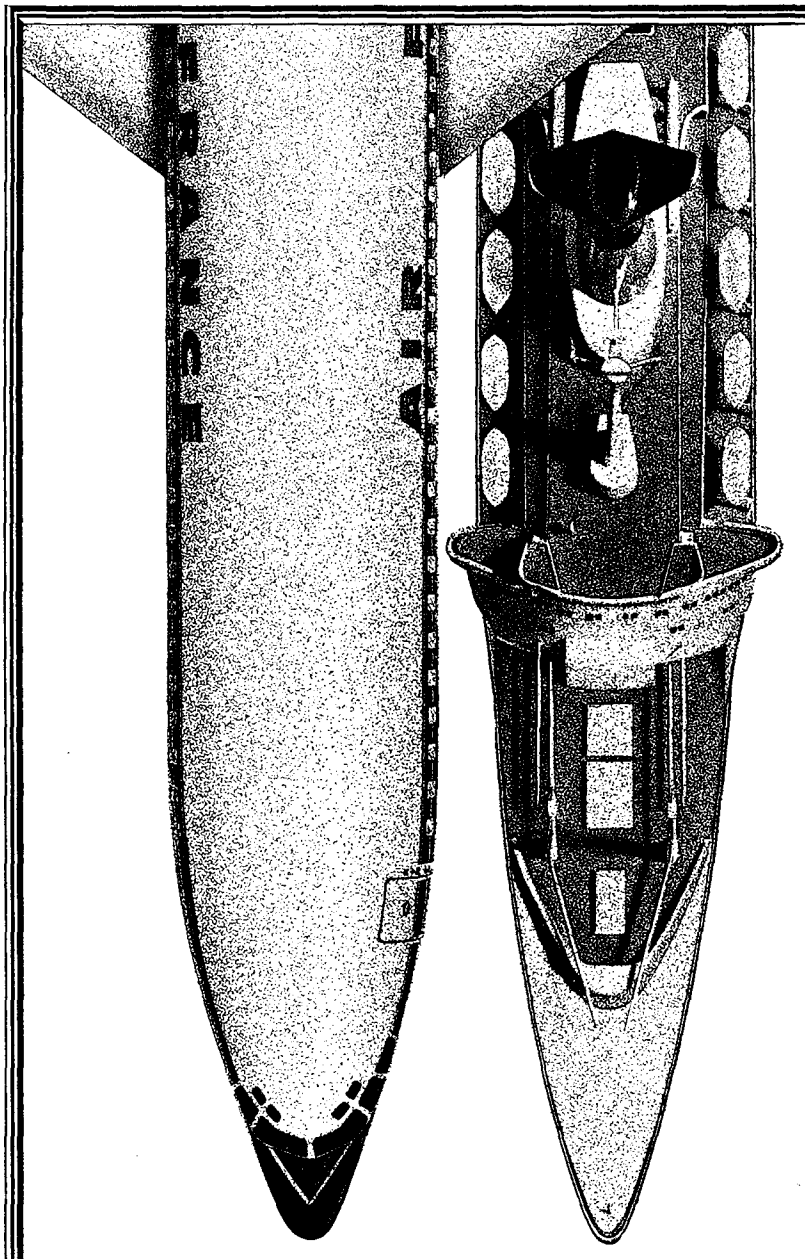
What will happen to Kitava now? Nobody can even guess. King Kam's probable heir is a thirty-year-old son who lives in Port Moresby. But Cyril Barneveldt Cameron will almost certainly go down in history as the last man to rule a private island kingdom in the Pacific.

—GEOFFREY SCOTT.

Geoffrey Scott is a free-lance writer who lives in Sydney, Australia.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Oysters (Carroll: "The Walrus and the Carpenter"). 2. Mince, quince, spoon (Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat"). 3. Baked meats, tables (Shakespeare: "Hamlet"). 4. Syrops, cinnamon (Keats: "The Eve of St. Agnes"). 5. Cherry (Herrick: "Cherry Ripe"). 6. Flagons, apples ("Song of Solomon"). 7. Jug, wine, loaf, bread (Fitzgerald: "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám"). 8. Dinner, herbs, ox (Book of Proverbs). 9. Mouse, stuffing (Lear: "Nonsense Rhymes"). 10. Strawberries, sugar (Mother Goose). 11. Porridge (Burns: "Cotter's Saturday Night"). 12. Butter, slice, bread (Milne: "The King's Breakfast"). 13. Cakes, ale (Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night"). 14. Lobster (Butler: "Hudibras"). 15. Cheeses (Browning: "Pied Piper of Hamelin").



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Four by Mozart, One by Trazom

SUCH is the quantity of music now being performed in New York's halls that one could spend a satisfying week without digressing from the works of one composer. When it is, as it has been in a recent seven days, the turn of Mozart, one could even relegate to "secondary" status such matters as *Don Giovanni* and the *Seraglio* to concentrate instead on the beginning of a complete cycle of his piano concerti and a rare hearing of the *Sinfonia Concertante*, K.297b.

The last named was of special note because it brought together Leonard Bernstein and a prime complement of players from the New York Philharmonic with a composer for whom he has always had a strong sympathy. Occupying the places of prominence were Harold Gomberg, oboe; Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Joseph Singer, French horn; and Manuel Zegler, bassoon; in an exhibition that demonstrated just why they are prime.

It also demonstrated, by means of a singularly rich, beautifully conceived work, the existence of a unique literature to those who might not have been aware of it. This despite a program note of Edward Downes beginning, "It is hard to imagine that this enchanting work may not be by Mozart." His "cloud of doubt" relates to the absence of a manuscript in the composer's hand of a work written for performance in Paris (1778) and very likely its prototype. Says Downes, in discounting the possibility that the two works are the same with a clarinet substituted for the flute: "Mozart authorities are agreed that he would certainly not have substituted a clarinet for the flute. . . ."

The unnamed "authorities" may be in agreement but not necessarily right. The flute part was written for his friend Wendling, who was in Paris at the time. At some later time, it is quite probable that Mozart replaced it with a clarinet to blend better with the oboe and bassoon. Finally, if this vastly refined work is *not* by Mozart, who else could have achieved so miraculous an evocation of his idiom? Perhaps only the one called Trazom, who jokingly tried to pass himself off in Augsburg a few years earlier as another virtuoso, but was undone by his clavier playing. Similarly, the style is the man throughout this work. David Nadien, the orchestra's new concertmaster, played a thoughtful, sweet-sounding performance of the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, after the offering, "in memoriam," of Henry Cowell's *Hymn and Fuguing Tune No. 16* and Edgard Varèse's *Intégrales*.

The qualities of love and understanding which Lili Kraus has manifested for decades in her playing of Mozart have been mellowed and refined by time to make her a choice nominee for the performance of the twenty-five piano concerti which she began in Town Hall lately. What is essential for this task is not merely the ability to grow with five clearly defined expressions, as in the case of Beethoven, but to change colorations and assume new guises of pianistic command for the expressions of a productive lifetime unlike any other.

Miss Kraus took the hard rather than the easy way by accepting this thesis within the first program itself, beginning with a pre-Mozart (No. 4 in G, of the several which are adaptations of works by others), progressing to one indicative of the marvels to come (No. 9 in E flat) and then one of those marvels itself (No. 20 in D minor).

Unlike the D-minor, which to a degree plays itself, so surging is its musical momentum, the E-flat has to be shaped, articulated, projected. This Kraus did with a wisdom of touch, a discrimination of line which put all the "words" together into phrases, sentences, and paragraphs of meaning. This attention to detail was too often lacking in the orchestral aspect of an endeavor which craves mutuality of design as well as of enthusiasm. Conductor Stephen Simon is a young man of talent and good impulses who is, as yet, lacking the professionalism to "pick up" a pick-up group and mold it into an ensemble. Less attention to the outward, apparent line, more concern for the internal structure, would, in itself, be helpful in creating a continuous dialogue of what was, this time, sometimes a monologue by Kraus.

THE happy impulse of the New York City Opera to include a Mozart cycle in its fall season at the State Theater brought a performance of *The Abduction from the Seraglio* which was the fresh delight that only Mozart's music and a well-balanced cast could make it. Virtue began with the conducting of Julius Rudel, which realized a fine balance of the lightness and the longing in the score. It proceeded through a cast that offered an expert Belmonte by John Alexander, a promising Pedrillo by John Lankston (debut), and a passable Osmin

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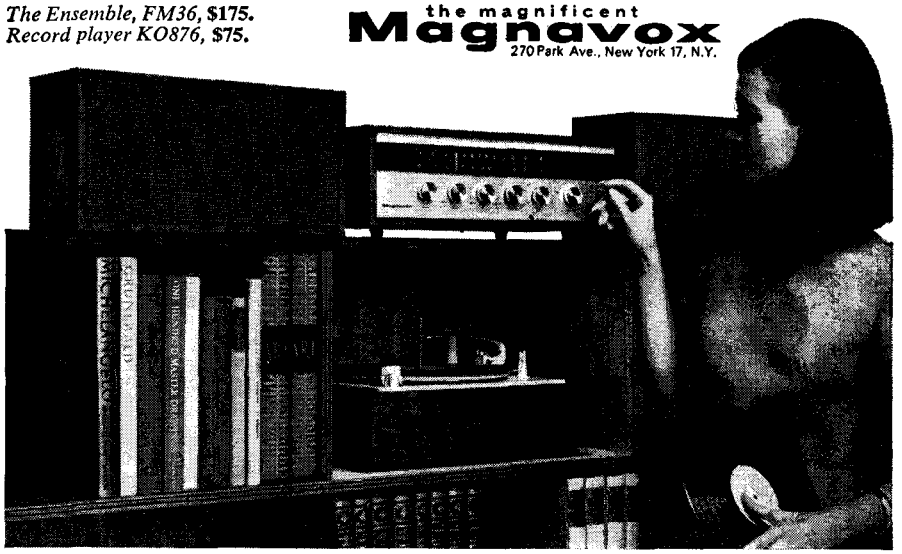

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by Herbert Beattie. However, the crux of the *Seraglio* is what happens to the music contrived by Mozart for a particular pair of female singers, whose counterparts on this occasion were the company's resident prima donna, Beverly Sills, as Constanza, and Anne Elgar as Blonde. Miss Sills sang the G-minor aria ("Traurigkeit ward mir zum Lose" in the original) with affecting artistry and guided her voice through the complications of "Martern aller artern" with excellent musical purpose plus rather more dramatic impact than is commonly heard.

However, the most cheering experience of the evening was the infectious Blonde of Miss Elgar, a tribute not only to her youthful good looks—just what the part requires—but to her singing of "Durch Zärtlichkeit" with bright, firm sound and a more than respectable florid technique up to an E. She is clearly on the way to distinction in the lighter, "personality" roles of the repertory. Jay Harnick's first effort in staging earned him credit for doing just enough, but not too much, in a broadly farcical way. As the Selim Pasha, David Smith distinguished himself in delivering the text of the non-singing role, and maintaining composure when Miss Elgar inadvertently addressed him as "Milady." Close, but no Selim.

As for the Metropolitan *Don Giovanni*, the first in its new home, it was one that should not be too difficult to improve upon. It looked better, both on stage and on paper, than it played. The reasons for this were the enduring appeal of Eugene Berman's production and the presence of promising "names" in all the principal roles: Leontyne Price (Anna), Lisa Della Casa (Elvira), and Rosalind Elias (Zerlina) as the women, and among those contesting for or defending them, Cesare Siepi (Don), Nicolai Gedda (Ottavio), Theodor Uppman (Masetto), Justino Diaz (Commendatore), and Fernando Corena (Leporello). Herbert Graf was also present to supervise his own staging.

All this should have yielded more than it did, for reasons that may be ascribed to lack of tone and propulsion in the conducting of Karl Boehm. It was, as is his norm, methodical but lacking in the urgency to make an ensemble of a cast. Miss Price did not seem quite sure what voice to use, especially in the recitatives, during Act I, carrying off the "Honor" aria by sheer force of will. Otherwise, the lingering memories of last season's Schwarzkopf-Evans-Stich-Randall performance prevailed. The evening also provided an unexpected test of the new house rule against admission of latecomers. It was sustained through the long first act with more than a little heat among those excluded, and demands for refunds (which were met). In an act with so many scene changes, a less stringent policy should be in order.

—Irving Kolodin.

Phoenix Nest

Continued from page 6

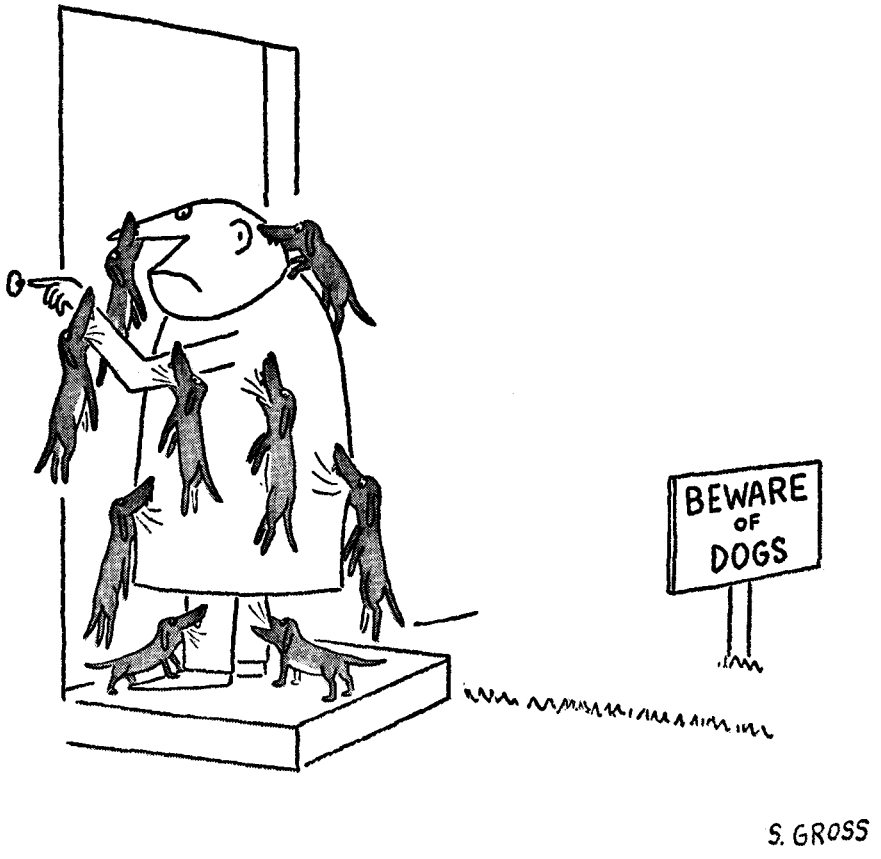
But it was pretty tough to keep it going. It took a lot of nonchalance and sometimes a whole box of wooden matches to get through one undried corn silk cigarette.

The combination of corn silk and newspaper didn't help a fellow who was trying to appear casual and sophisticated, either. A guy usually ended up holding what looked like a cigar that had gone berserk. Sometimes it looked like an ice cream cone that was on fire. It always failed to look like a real cigarette, but nobody seemed to mind as long as it gave off smoke.

As we became more knowledgeable in the ways of the world, we progressed to corncob pipes. They were really hot stuff. Five minutes of earnest pulling on a corncob pipe full of corn silk could make you dizzy as a top and could raise blisters on your thumb and forefinger. That was our style—the thumb and forefinger around the bowl.

There was some other stuff you could put in a pipe. I think it was ragweed seed. Anyway, it was brown and tobacco was brown, so we used to smoke it. It was terrible—worse than corn silk.

But, all in all, it was a lot more exciting than just putting 35 or 40 cents in a vending machine to get a flip-top, hard-pack box of king-size, mentholated filter cigarettes. —Arthur F. Lenehan.



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Foreign Matter

THE CHALLENGE for the epic dramatist is to present history to us in such a way that we look at it freshly and comprehend the dramatist's conclusions. This is particularly difficult when there already exists a universally accepted public attitude about the event in question.

In *The Investigation* Peter Weiss, author of last season's theatrically imaginative *Marat/Sade,* has arranged excerpts from the 1965 Frankfurt trial of ex-concentration camp officials to make vivid for us the horrendous details of the Auschwitz operation. These details would, in an ordinary play, arouse our pity for the victims and our anger at their persecutors. But Mr. Weiss doesn't wish that, because it serves no useful purpose. After all, Man's capacity for cruelty remains a fairly unchangeable attribute through the centuries. Furthermore, he does not want his audience to feel that by sitting through the recital of horrors they feel atoned for some guilt that they may have about not having participated sufficiently in social causes.

Therefore he has stipulated that the play be performed with as little dramatic embellishment as possible. The defendants sit in business suits in a multiple witness box facing the audience. In front of them sit five actors who impersonate dozens of witnesses. And down in the lighted auditorium with us are the presiding judge, the prosecutor, and the defense counsel.

The American version, by Jon Swan and Ulu Grosbard, condenses the original play and also rearranges the position of some of its speeches. In effect, what has been done is to make everything that is said descriptive until the final couple of minutes. The majority of this description makes painfully specific the excessive cruelty and cold-bloodedness of the defendants.

But Weiss is careful to show us a variety of responses to the charges. Some defendants are remorseful, some are defiant, and most are smug in their attempts to lie their way out of it. The common argument is that they were soldiers obeying orders. In retrospect they don't decry what they were ordered to do, only the way it had to be done.

What the playwright may be suggesting is that one-nation patriotism is a dangerous virtue because it justifies blood and brutality as a means of maintaining one country's social system and its industrial profits. Yet since he has pledged himself to sticking to words actually spoken at the trial, this suggestion cannot be made very explicit.

Only in the play's final scene do we get a series of speeches that belatedly give us a strong clue to the playwright's attitude. One witness states that what these defendants did could only have been carried out with the help of thousands of others, and with the knowledge of the spectators who lined the victim's path when he was taken away. He adds, "The accused are only the last in a long line."

Another survivor points out that the difference between the inmates and the camp officers is less than between them and the people outside the camp. He adds that he finds no heroism in the millions who stood and who would stand again waiting to be killed pointlessly. And he ventures the opinion that the politically oriented prisoners at least had the strength that came from knowing why they were there.

The play's final line is poignantly accusatory and foreboding. A survivor quietly tells us, "I came out of the camp, yes. But the camp is still there."

Under Mr. Grosbard's direction, the performers don't entirely avoid a natural inclination to underline malevolence. Nevertheless, they are reasonably effective, with Vivian Nathan, Ward Costello, and Peter Brandon being the most memorable. It is something, after all, not to be monotonous with such an unrelieved recital of equally hideous instances.

"We want something real nice to give our daughter for not rebelling."

THERE is something about *The Killing of Sister George* that makes you want to like it even when you don't. Perhaps it is British playwright Frank Marcus's audaciousness in honestly, unapologetically, and humorously using lesbians as his leading characters. For most of the evening it is funny enough or sad enough to fascinate its audience. What is wrong is that Mr. Marcus lets his play change mood and tone for no discernible esthetic reason.

It begins almost as a burlesque of a dominant-submissive relationship between "George," a tough old actress widely idolized for her enactment of Sister George, the lovable parish nurse in a popular BBC radio serial, and "Charlie," her pretty but childish roommate. Then it turns to satirizing the radio serial. Everything that happens in Applehurst, the small town of the series, is dictated by the measurement of public response. If a character begins to slip in the ratings, the scriptwriters test the situation by afflicting the character with a tempo-

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rary illness. If the sick one is not sufficiently missed, the illness is made permanent and eventually fatal. Not only does this solve the problem of decreasing interest in a character, but it also provides a touch of "reality" to keep the artificial contentment of Applehurst from being too unreal. (This is known as the principle of "flawed credibility.")

Her personal life, however, contrasts hilariously with her fictional benevolence. Her latest escapade is getting drunk and assaulting two young nuns in a taxi. George explains that their black costumes confused her and adds bluntly, "I thought they were bats."

After the funny first act, the mood becomes more insidious as we see a power struggle between George and a sinister BBC administrator named Mrs. Mercy Croft. It is no contest, just a sometimes pathetic, sometimes funny spectacle in which we watch George lose not only the job that has become so much a part of her, but also her girl friend, who accepts a more secure relationship with Mrs. Croft. At the end of the play George sees the ridiculousness of the whole business, as she scornfully practices a couple of "moos" in preparation for the role of Clarabelle the cow in a children's program.

But the most amusing part of all this is to watch the hard-bitten George succumb to the same sentimentalities that her public does. Who is the father of the unwed girl's forthcoming baby? The writers haven't decided yet, but George glows with anticipatory radiance as she informs us, "She confides in me in the next installment." George also takes ridiculous pride in the awards her character has received, such as being nominated Miss Humanity by the *Daily Mirror*.

As George, Beryl Reid gives a bold and expert performance, full of mimicry and sarcasm. Eileen Atkins brings a wonderfully sad innocence to the role of Charlie. And Lally Bowers is pure iced uric acid as Mrs. Croft. Indeed, they and Marcus's often incisive dialogue come close to making us overlook the comedy's unevenness, which seems to disturb us more than it did London audiences and critics.

BRIAN FRIEL, the Young Irish playwright who warmed last year's season with *Philadelphia, Here I Come!* is back again with another tale of two countries, entitled *The Loves of Cass McGuire*. The title role is that of a seventy-year-old Irish alcoholic who has returned home after fifty years of pretty sordid existence on New York's Bowery. At first she gets the sort of welcome she had hoped for from her brother and his family. But they quickly find her rough language and drinking difficult and shunt her off to an old folks' home. There, through the example of a quixotic old gentleman, she learns how to bear old age and poverty by manufacturing beautiful dreams about her miserable past.

The outline is promising and, given inspired dialogue and rich performance, it might have equalled Mr. Friel's previous success. Unfortunately it has too little of either.

Much of the problem may stem from having selected Ruth Gordon to play Cass. Miss Gordon seems about as Irish as Levy's Rye Bread, and her constant effort to impress us with the vulgarity of Cass is not only redundant but a fatal misplacing of emphasis. Of course, this is partly the author's fault, for he has loaded her down with dirty jokes and cynical rejoinders. Not that these are not sometimes amusing, but they are out of proportion to her opportunities to reveal the lost, unhappy soul behind the blatant coarseness. Only once during the evening does Miss Gordon move us. This is when Cass learns that the money she had sacrificed to send back to Ireland each month had, unbeknownst to her, been unused and simply put in the bank in her name. Here Miss Gordon registers the full deep impact of the blow with the simple direct intensity that she should be using throughout.

As the old gentleman, Dennis King is the paragon of fragile eloquence. When he poeticizes his past it is as if he were intoxicated with a glass of milk. It is his performance that on occasion lifts the play out of its drabness.

The rest of *The Loves of Cass McGuire* has a confusing fragmented quality. Why has Friel chosen to tell his story in not always chronologically ordered glimpses? Why has director Hilton Edwards staged the play in a large unit set in which the various backgrounds never disappear sufficiently for new atmosphere to be established? And why wasn't an Irish-bred actress found for the leading role? The sum of such seemingly obvious errors is our disappointment with a demonstrably fine playwright's second Broadway play.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV As Religion

A CROSS SECTION of adult Americans was recently handed a list of subjects and asked to name those in which they had "a good deal of interest." The results of the poll, reported in *The Public Pulse*, an occasional paper of Elmo Roper and Associates, showed that more respondents—49 per cent—named religion than any other subject.

It is difficult, at first glance, to reconcile this data with the fact that religion, formal or informal, is hardly ever visible in television's prime-time entertainment programs, for the medium, presumably, mirrors the broad range of interests of the American public. The apparent contradiction is resolved, however, when one reflects that reassurance is a major element in the appeal of traditional theologies. Reassurance is certainly the theme of the new television programs that had their premieres recently.

This "religious" aspect of television entertainment became very clear to this viewer as he watched at least three hours of programing per weekday night for three weeks. Representative programs will illustrate. Law is stronger than criminals (*Hawk, Felony Squad*). Families, rich or poor, are greater than circumstances (*The Monroes, The Pruitts of Southampton*). Where law fails, private supermen always restore the just balance (*Green Hornet, T.H.E. Cat*). Where no law exists, the honest, tough individualist prevails over his unscrupulous enemies (*The Iron Horse*). In hot war, we are more violently effective than our enemies (*Rat Patrol, Jericho*); in cold war, we are more cunning (*Man Who Never Was*). The young, having come of age, are able to take care of themselves (*That Girl, Love on a Rooftop*). In space, we are mightier than alien creatures of other worlds (*Star Trek*). In time, we may not have the power to alter past events but we can effect small changes in history (*Time Tunnel*). Rich bachelors and discriminating butlers can cope adequately with the problems of orphaned children (*Family Affair*). Junior executives can advance their corporate careers by innocent deception of their bosses (*Occasional Wife*).

If television has become the public's church of the air, what, then, of the real churches? They appear, curiously, to be moving in a direction opposite to that of television. Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant theologians participated recently in a Chicago Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion, under the auspices of The Institute for Religious and Social Studies of The Jewish Theological Seminary of America. Theologians of the three faiths reported that trends in seminary education are moving away from the reassurances of conventional dogma toward a view of a society in need of reshaping by "the intervention of critical intelligence."

"The norm for human behavior," declared one theologian, "is not the world as it is but as intelligent love can make it." "The Death of God thought," said another, "reflects a larger diminution of the cultural and religious confidence of mainstream American Protestantism." Perhaps the new "situational, unpredictable ethics" of the theological radicals are a response to the competition of television – the latter, having preempted the function of the churches, is pushing religion to marginal product differentiation. If, in the words of one speaker, "henceforth doing the will of God is inseparable from the intelligent remaking of prevailing institutions," then the real church is cast in the unpopular role of social critic announcing, "All is not well."

The TV church, by contrast, is "in." This, too, may be a superficial appraisal. In *The Public Pulse* an essay notes "a gradual decline in respect for businessmen as a leadership group." Business, writes the author, has solved its prime economic problem, the creation of wealth, well—but now that there is enough to go around, people, especially the young, are asking for something beyond wealth. They seek "meaningful involvement . . . responsibility toward, and connection with the problems of society."

IF the affluent consumers and television viewers truly are seeking involvement in significant contributions to human welfare, then they may be closer to the radical theologians who are moving the real churches in new directions than to the priests of the television-entertainment church who, nightly on the networks, offer their ersatz rituals of reassurance. The Nielsen ratings may in time reflect the heresy of involvement with the real world. Television, to survive, may then have to change the nature of its own communion. It would probably require a miracle to bring this to pass. But let the industry be reassured. All things are possible.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"You're all tense and knotted up, Sonny. Just slosh it on."

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The Goncourt Journal

By KENNETH REXROTH

ON DECEMBER 2, 1851, as their first book went on sale, the brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt began a diary, written down by Jules at the dictation of them both, as were all their other works. This date, the anniversary of the Battle of Austerlitz, coincided with the seizure of power by the Prince-President of the Second Republic, Louis Napoleon, who dissolved the National Assembly, arrested the leaders of the Royalist and Republican parties, and had himself made dictator of France. On January 20, 1870, Jules died, and Edmond, who at first decided to discontinue the entries, went on, writing a subtly changed journal until 1896.

These dates are of great importance. The second half, but especially the third quarter, of the nineteenth century saw the growth of a new kind of culture in France. There had been the founders and forerunners of the modern sensibility, increasing in number for a century, but these were the years of its establishment among whole classes of the population. They were also the years when France once again assumed the leadership of the world in the arts and literature, when the poems and novels were written and the pictures were painted that would shape the responses of civilized men to life until the breakdown of this synthesis in the First World War. Many of the social forms and customs of French life would persist unchanged and unchallenged until after the Second World War—what we still think of as characteristically French, in dress, food, art, wine, women, "Society," or high life as well as low life. A special taste was consolidated, like a conquering army, and became in itself an historical force.

The *Journal* of the Brothers Goncourt is the most illuminating revelation of this taste, this consensus in important responses to life. We can watch it evolve, reach its highest point, and begin to decline or change into a different historical style. The Goncourts wrote the case history of the style of an epoch. They did more. Of the ironies of history, worked over by their own personal ironies, they created a drama, if not an epic, of the rise and fall of a way of life.

There were Baudelaire, Gautier, Hugo, Flaubert, Dumas (*père* and *fils*), Daudet, Zola, Mallarmé, Degas, Gavarni, Guys, Courbet; all the great hostesses, all the great tarts, from the mistresses of the Emperor to part-time actresses; banquets and funerals; wars and revolutions; the new Napoleon at the beginning, Bismarck and the Paris Commune at the end of the joint diary; the new century four years away at the end of Edmond's, with the notorious Montesquiou, the Charlus of Proust's novel, in the last entry. The age had its own comic and bitter structure. It was so complete and so complex a world, and it produced so many of the great works of art on which our own period is still nourished, that we seldom realize that it has passed utterly away. In brief entries of the *Journal* it is all about us, rustling and shimmering like a whirlwind of dead leaves.

NONE of the other great diarists of literature ever made so telling an instrument of the single entry. Beside the Goncourt brothers, Samuel Pepys seems artless indeed. Each entry tells, not only in itself but as part of a whole. It is as though they knew what was going to happen for a half-century before they ever sat down to write. Characters appear and disappear, grow or decline, but always change. Sometimes there are startling reversals. One of the most poignant entries is the description of the death of their aged nurse, who had cared for them as babies and who continued with them into their own middle age. They mark the day of her passing with prose elegy of tender gratitude for a life lived in devoted love. By the next entry they have discovered that she was a nymphomaniac who stole from them to pay ragamuffins and thugs to sleep with her right up to the time of her death.

The eroticism that underscores the narrative everywhere is as special as the culture it describes. The Goncourts have been called scabrous, malicious, spiteful. For at least the years when they worked on their journal together the reverse is true. It soon becomes obvious to the reader that they could have told much more shocking tales had they wished merely to shock. They were interested not in scandal for its own sake but in revealing the motives and relationships which truly were operating in the society about them. The intimacy is shameless, but the final result is profound pity for the weaknesses and follies and wastes that occupy most of the time and energy of even the greatest lives. A kind of sharp, rutting lust pervades all society and erupts suddenly in unexpected places, much as it does in Simenon's novels.

We can watch little tarts work their way up the ladder of important men until they are completely accepted socially. Against them is counterpointed a contrary movement—writers and generals and ministers age, lose control, decline and fall. The Goncourts were the Gibbon of the brothels, boudoirs, and salons of the Second Empire. They are almost the Toynbee, because from what at first seems only a random diary a philosophy of history certainly emerges—men are brought low by the wars of lust and pride.

It was a time when the newly rich flourished, but they seldom appear. The Goncourts were concerned only with the people who count, who determine a so-

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cial order and a culture. It is their lives as lived that determine history, not the details of politics and war, and, as far as the record is concerned, these lives are usually lived in secret. In the latter half of the nineteenth century the painted façade, the official myth of society, was at least as self-righteous in France as in Victorian England. The Goncourts scarcely bothered to notice the Social Lie, except where its enforcers moved to prosecute or threaten their books and those of their friends. They simply assumed that "everybody knows this is what life is really like." So today they still horrify people who do not know or pretend they don't.

THE Goncourt brothers themselves were certainly a special case. They lived and worked together far more closely than man and wife, with a love surpassing that of brothers and with no record of important quarrels or disagreements. Both had mistresses, but neither seems ever to have entered a close or deep love relationship. Long after Jules's death, Edmond wrote a story of two acrobats who "joined their nervous systems to master an impossible trick," and so they did. Their novels, but even more remarkably their intimate diary, are the records of one sensibility.

As 1870 opened, the age seemed to be at its apogee and the brothers Goncourt at the height of their careers. Then month by month their world fell apart. Jules died of syphilis, Bismarck rolled over France, the Emperor abdicated, the Commune rolled over Paris, and the white terror over the Commune in the first of the immense massacres of classes or whole peoples that are characteristic of our own modern world. Edmond's modern world was totally overturned, and a schism was opened in French society which has never healed.

After the death of Jules in 1870, the *Journal* changes. Edmond never ceases to be sharply conscious that he is an amputee: Half the author, half the experiencer of the diary, is missing. It is probable that the brothers originally planned not to permit publication until long after they were both dead. But the first volume was published in 1887 and the next two the following year, and for the last ten years of his life Edmond more or less made a career of the *Journal*. His detailed, on-the-spot descriptions of the Commune have an unsurpassable immediacy, and, for all his loathing of the lower classes, a sympathy with their agony and a dim understanding of what its results would be. The rest of the volumes are essentially the story of those results, the running down to death of one of the great ages of man, as the narrator runs down alongside.

An excellent translation of selections from the final eleven-volume manuscript is *Pages from the Goncourt Journal*, edited and translated by Robert Baldick (Oxford University Press, 1962, $8.75).

"I'm lonely!"

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 78)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 77)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1698

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sudden violent gust of cold land air along coasts in high latitudes.	15 43 132 194 150 113 98 9
B. Painful scene which is more moving beheld than heard about, acc'g to Shakespeare in *Rape of Lucrece* (2 wds.)	174 46 78 212 61 102 68 146
C. Specifying a precious apple in *Psalms* (3 wds.)	186 87 208 149 161 198 137 75
D. Ill fortune because of something going wrong.	97 121 96 181 5 27 154 213 204
E. Exalting in rank or spirit; exaggeration.	48 26 182 175 31 143 157 122 169
F. Those "Scotch" personages in title of Byron's long satiric poem, 1809.	39 145 215 192 155 178 21 76 166
G. Specific emporium where, it is said, ladies often kill time with no intention of buying (2 wds.)	207 50 34 140 18 187 164 201 216
H. Always withered (2 wds., unlisted as phrase)	71 199 185 103 41 29 217 8
I. Specifying the U.S. bills now being retired (comp.)	49 129 44 58 214 12 167 72 118
J. Agreeable and lovable to an unusual degree (2 wds., familiar phr. but unlisted)	203 10 53 184 106 99 156 135 95 200 74
K. Of a grayish color (comp.)	114 22 110 142 206 54 82 107 85
L. Specifying a great field of exploration, recently, and greatly, expanding in popularity.	2 36 173 189 108 109 162 183 197 127

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Having the characteristics of certain clever devices classified as *balanced, unbalanced, and Foucault.*	123 202 7 51 138 55 209 23 86 151
N. In a manner implying a feeling of conscious, disdainful, superiority.	152 13 170 120 179 93 211 11 168
O. Tolerance; a restricted regular sum of money.	119 92 134 56 148 69 176 33 128
P. Tipped with a very small point.	65 52 90 190 62 112 165 131 171 124 38
Q. What Lightning did to *Death's fearful forehead* in the name of God, acc'g to Joaquin Miller *(With Love to You and Yours).*	133 91 60 153 83 144 30 42 125 159 210
R. Destroys the force of.	147 195 100 32 35 126 64
S. Appearing whitest as from greatest age.	84 25 105 115 89 40 196 3
T. Delightful.	77 45 160 81 67 205 19 14 104
U. The close of day.	63 130 47 188 79 88 16 73 193
V. Capable of being separated into smaller pieces.	158 24 70 59 141 180 1 163 20
W. Any of several herbs, genus *Euphrasia.*	111 17 101 139 172 116 28 80 4
X. Structures going up on many a college campus, especially where there's a good football team.	57 6 191 117 37 136 177 94 66

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes –one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

					1 V	2 L	3 S		4 W	5 D	6 X	7 M	8 H		9 A	10 J	11 N							
12 I		13 N	14 T	15 A	16 U	17 W	18 G		19 T	20 V		21 F	22 K	23 M	24 V	25 S	26 E							
27 D	28 W	29 H		30 Q	31 E	32 R		33 O	34 G	35 R	36 L	37 X	38 P	39 F	–	40 S	41 H							
42 Q	43 A	44 I	45 T	46 B	47 U	48 E		49 I	50 G	51 M	52 P	53 J	54 K		55 M	56 O	57 X							
58 I	59 V	60 Q	61 B	62 P	63 U	64 R		65 P	66 X	67 T		68 B	69 O	70 V	71 H		72 I							
73 U	74 J	75 C	76 F	77 T	78 B		79 U	80 W	81 T	82 K	83 Q	84 S		85 K	86 M	87 C	88 U							
89 S	90 P	91 Q	92 O	93 N	94 X	95 J	96 D		97 D	98 A	99 J		100 R	101 W		102 B	103 H							
104 T	105 S	106 J	107 K	108 L		109 L	110 K	111 W	112 P		113 A	114 K	115 S		116 W	117 X								
118 I	119 O	120 N	121 D	122 E	123 M		124 P	125 Q	126 R	127 L	128 O		129 I	130 U	131 P	132 A								
133 Q	134 O	135 J	136 X	137 C	138 M		139 W	140 G		141 V	142 K	143 E	144 Q	145 F	146 B	147 R								
148 O	149 C	150 A	151 M	152 N		153 Q	154 D	155 F		156 J	157 E	158 V	159 Q		160 T	161 C	162 L							
163 V	164 G	165 P	166 F	167 I	168 N		169 E	170 N	171 P	172 W	173 L	174 B		175 E	176 O	177 X								
178 F	179 N	180 V	181 D	182 E		183 L	184 J	185 H		186 C	187 G	188 U	189 L	190 P		191 X	192 F							
193 U	194 A		195 R	196 S	197 L		198 C	199 H	200 J	201 G	202 M		203 J	204 D	205 T	206 K	207 G							
	208 C	209 M		210 Q	211 N	212 B	213 D	214 I	215 F	216 G	217 H													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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